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COVER ART FOR MAD #170  
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED, OCT 1974  
ARTIST BOB CLARKE

# MAD

NO. 22 DECEMBER 2021

**WILLIAM M. GAINES** FOUNDER

**SUZY HUTCHINSON** ART DIRECTOR

**BERN MENDOZA** ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

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- 04** The Ecchorcist (A MAD Movie Satire), MAD #170, Oct 1974
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**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS** The Usual Gang of Idiots  
**INSIDE BACK COVER** A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson  
**VARIOUS PLACES** Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés  
**COVER ARTIST** Jason Edmiston

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

CONTENTS



There are three methods of taking care of trick-or-treat pranksters on Halloween. The first method is to give them what they want, which is cowardly. The second method is to go to a movie and leave the house dark, which is even more cowardly. The third method is to refuse to answer the doorbell, which is downright stupid because they'll wreck the place. Now, MAD proposes a fourth method, a new way of dealing with Halloween pranksters. Instead of falling for the old trick-or-treat bit, you surprise them with the...

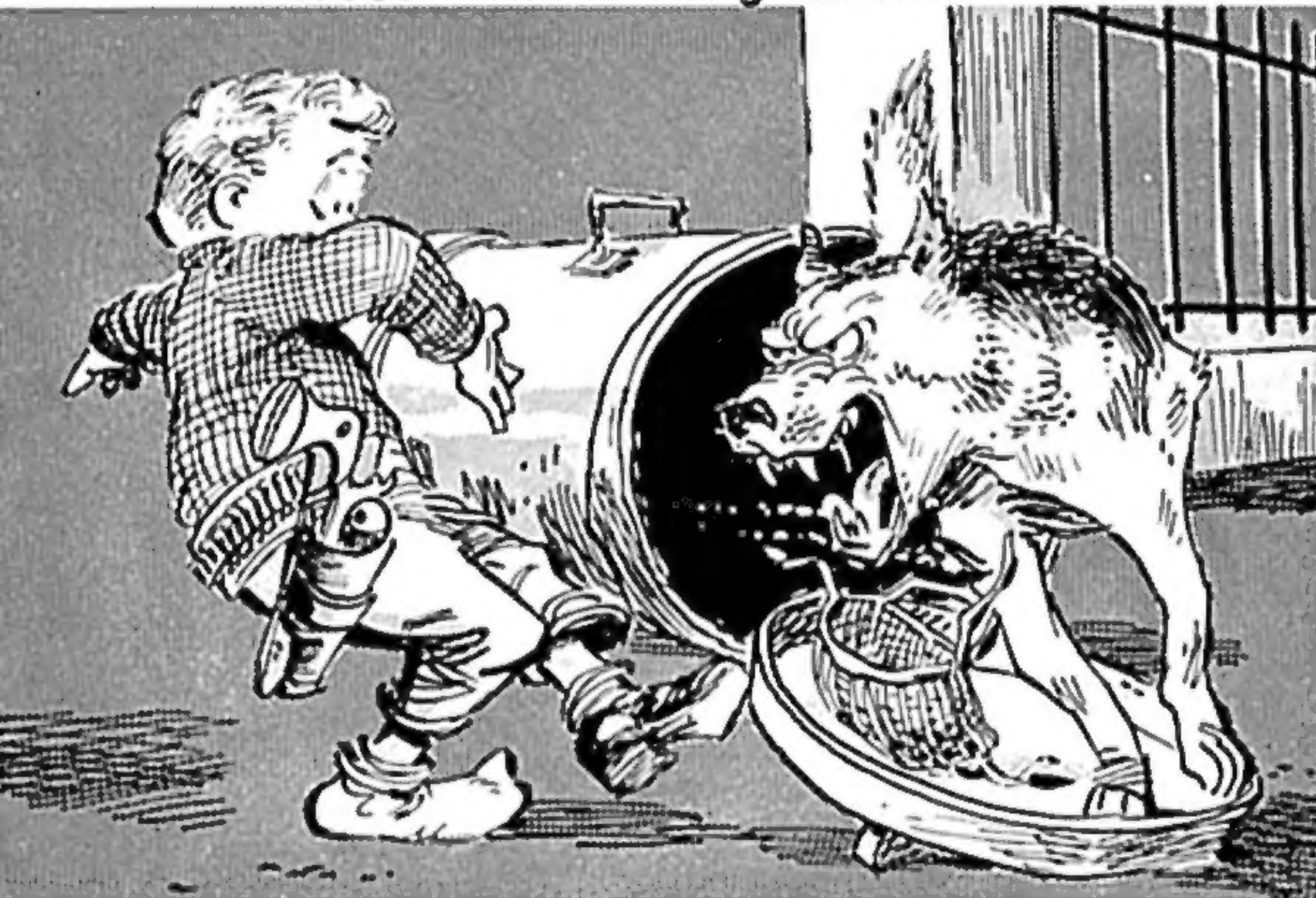
# THE MAD HALLOWEEN TRICK-OR-TREATMENT

WRITER FRANK JACOBS ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

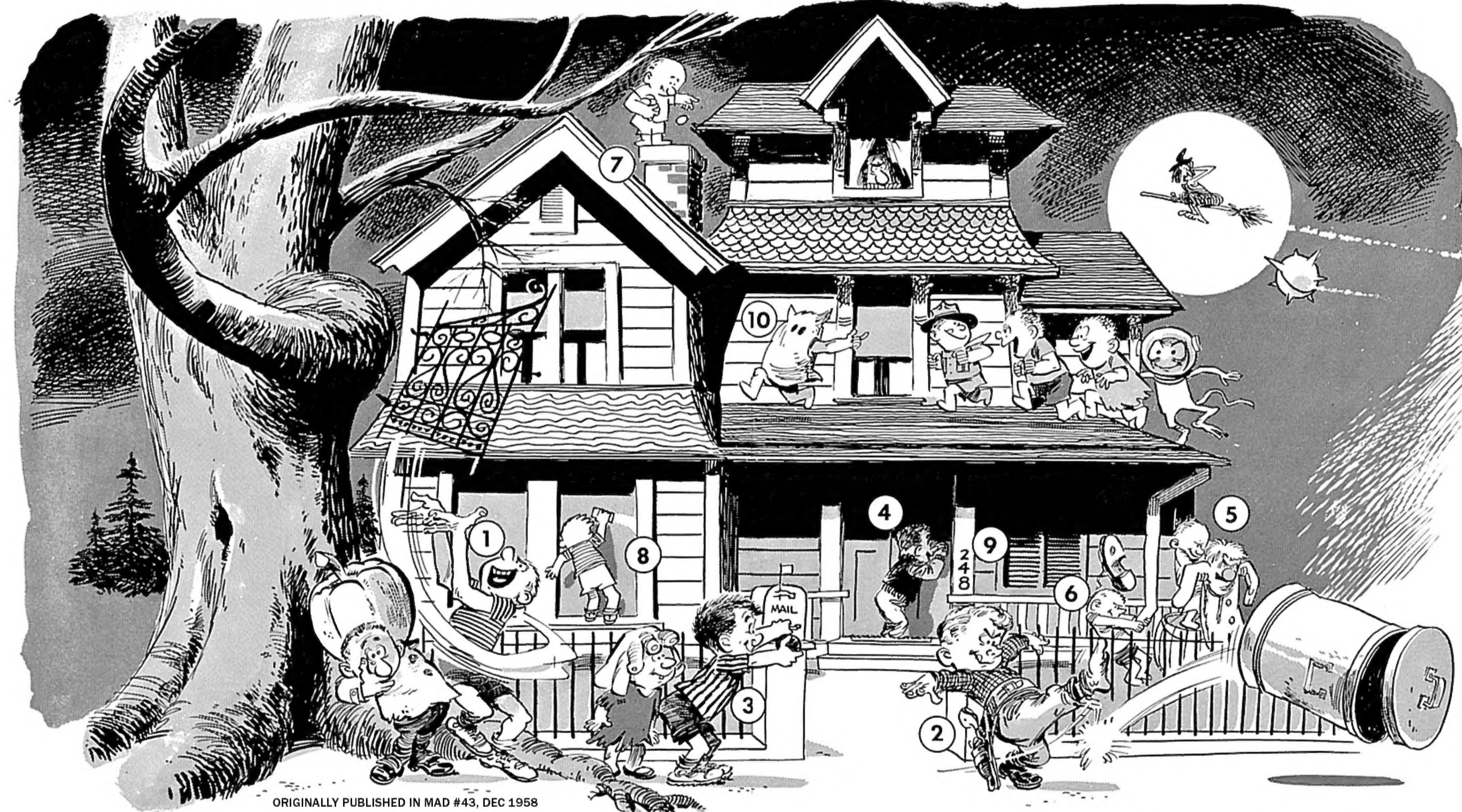
Tradition-bound Halloween pranksters who toss garden gate up into tree (1) find that gate shakes down torrent of rotten tomatoes balanced on branches.



Halloween prankster (2) who overturns garbage can is surprised to discover that falling lid removes muzzle and frees vicious dog hidden inside can.



Prankster planning to leave stinkbomb in mailbox (3) is greeted by swarm of bees attracted to honey released all over him when he lifted mailbox lid.



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #43, DEC 1958

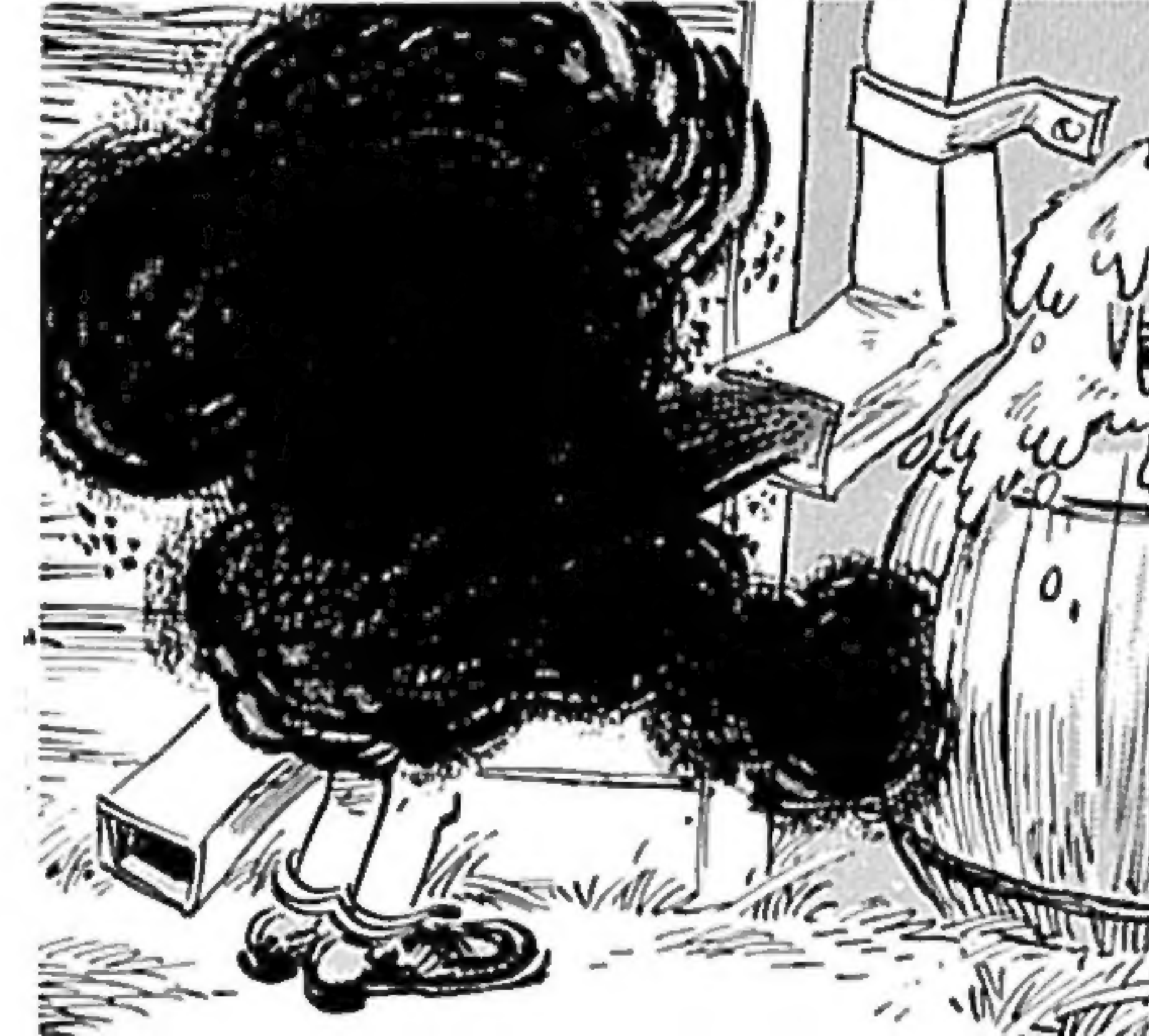
Prankster pulling old pin-in-doorbell gag (4) is shocked when he finds out that he now completes a circuit with the electrically-wired "Welcome" mat.



Prankster planning to hang home-made dummy from roof climbs on rain barrel (5), finds phony top is made of balsa wood, and barrel is filled with glue.



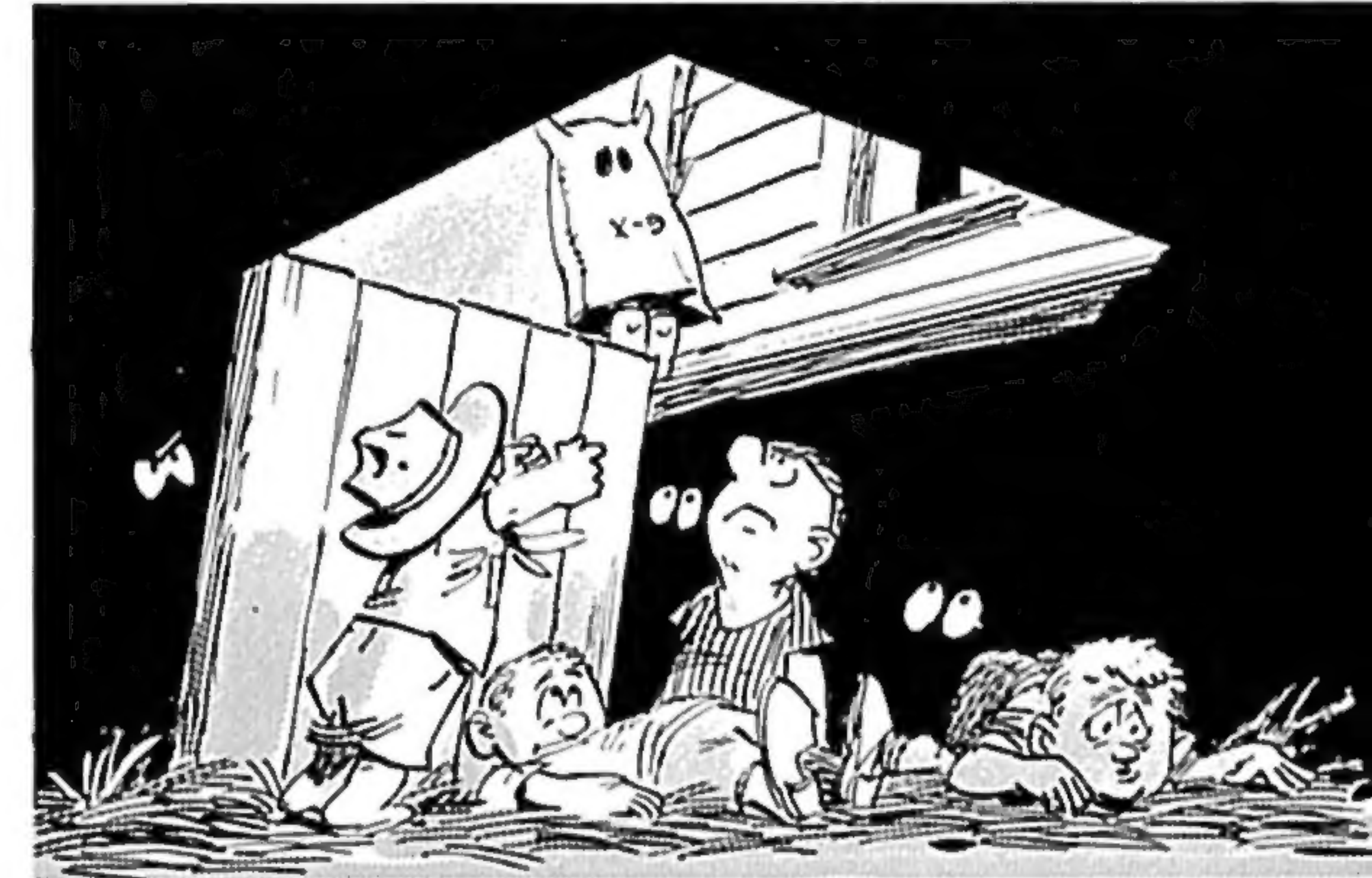
Prankster who decides to remove lower section of drainpipe (6) is shocked to discover upper section is filled with several pounds of chimney-soot.



Prankster aiming to dump rotten eggs down chimney (7) finds it is made of paper maché with catapult inside that hurls spattered eggs back in his face.



Prankster (10) is no prankster at all, but actually counter-prankster hired by home-owner to direct unsuspecting pranksters toward traps and pitfalls.



House number (9) has been temporarily changed from actual 243 to 248 which prevents pranksters from remembering number for retaliation following year.



Old window-soaping routine (8) gets sudden new twist when prankster finds glass is only cellophane and momentum carries him through into tub of tar.







Remember the good old days when Hollywood used to make horror movies about vampires, werewolves, zombies, seventy foot apes and other assorted monsters? Let's face it, they were all disgusting creatures, but there was still something kinda harmless and loveable about them. Well, those days are gone forever. Today's film makers have come up with something *really* disgusting. Yessiree, you screamed at "Frankenstein," you shrieked at "Dracula" and you shuddered at "King Kong," but take it from us . . . those guys were all a bunch of pussycats when compared to . . .

# THE ECCHORCIST

WRITER LARRY SIEGEL ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

**Hello! I am Father Merry . . . a Catholic Priest in charge of this archaeological excavation project here in the Middle East . . . where we are searching for ancient religious artifacts!**

**Dig . . . my Arab children! Keep digging until we find something important!**

**We're digging! Stop bugging us!**

**Yeah, Father! No kidding! You're getting to be a pain in the neck!**

**Hear how they talk to me? But, I will not despair! You think it's tough for Priests to get MOSLEMS to obey them? You should see the problems we have with CATHOLICS nowadays!**

**What in heck are we looking for, anyway, Abdul!**

**The answer to the second greatest mystery of all time!**

**The SECOND?! What's the NUMBER ONE greatest mystery?**

**Why a picture about a horrible thing that happens to a little girl in Washington, D.C., spends the opening fifteen minutes on a dumb mountainside here in Iraq!**

**Father Merry! Come quick! I have dug up something incredible! It is magnificent . . . priceless! Men will destroy each other for its possession! Governments will topple . . .**

**HE WORKS US LIKE DOGS.**

**DIG WE MUST**

**222**

**A POT HOLE**

**CONED**

**MORT DRUCKER**

**Nice try, Abou, but Iraq has enough oil! Besides, we're looking for RELIGIOUS items!**

**But oil IS a religious item! Didn't you hear those American tourists in Baghdad praying, "We need gas! Oh, Lord, how we need gas!"?**

**Very funny! Now . . . get to work . . .**

**Father! I have found something REALLY interesting!**

**Yes! Yes! Indeed you have! This is an ancient hex symbol . . . and this is a modern religious medal!**

**They foretell evil! Their strange juxtaposition signifies that some dreadful supernatural horror is about to strike an unsuspecting home, destroying lives and causing unspeakable havoc!**

**Where did you find them?**

**In this ancient Cracker Jack box!**

**What else was inside? Ancient Cracker Jack! They were delicious—but my TEETH!!**

**Now the story can really begin!**

**It's about time!**

**Okay, let's cut to the house in Washington, D.C. . . . where something evil has been taking place . . .**

**CRACKER JACKS**

**Whoops! Wrong house in Washington where something evil has been taking place! Let's try again, guys!**

**?**

**ORIGINALY PUBLISHED IN MAD #470, OCT 1974**

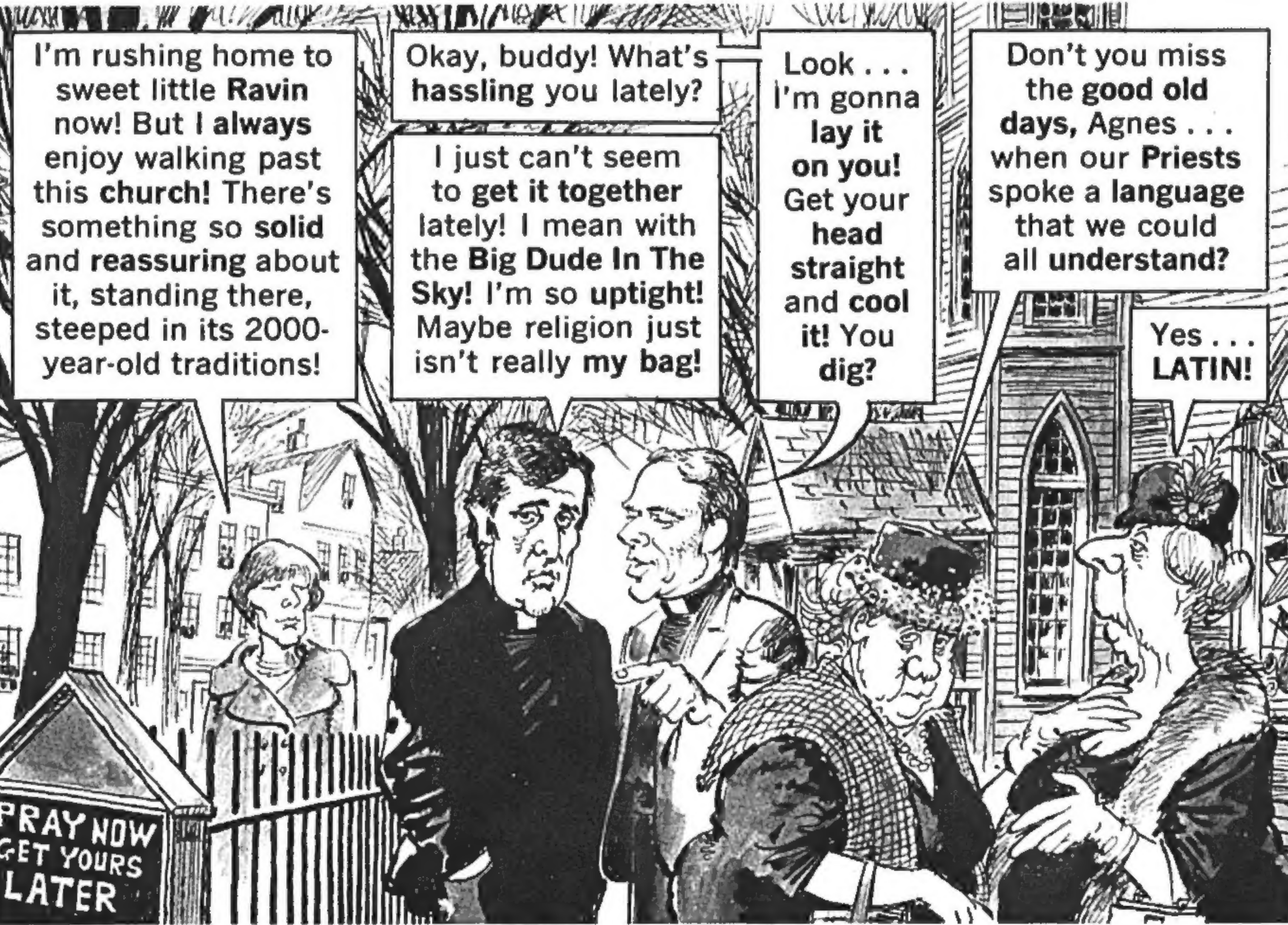
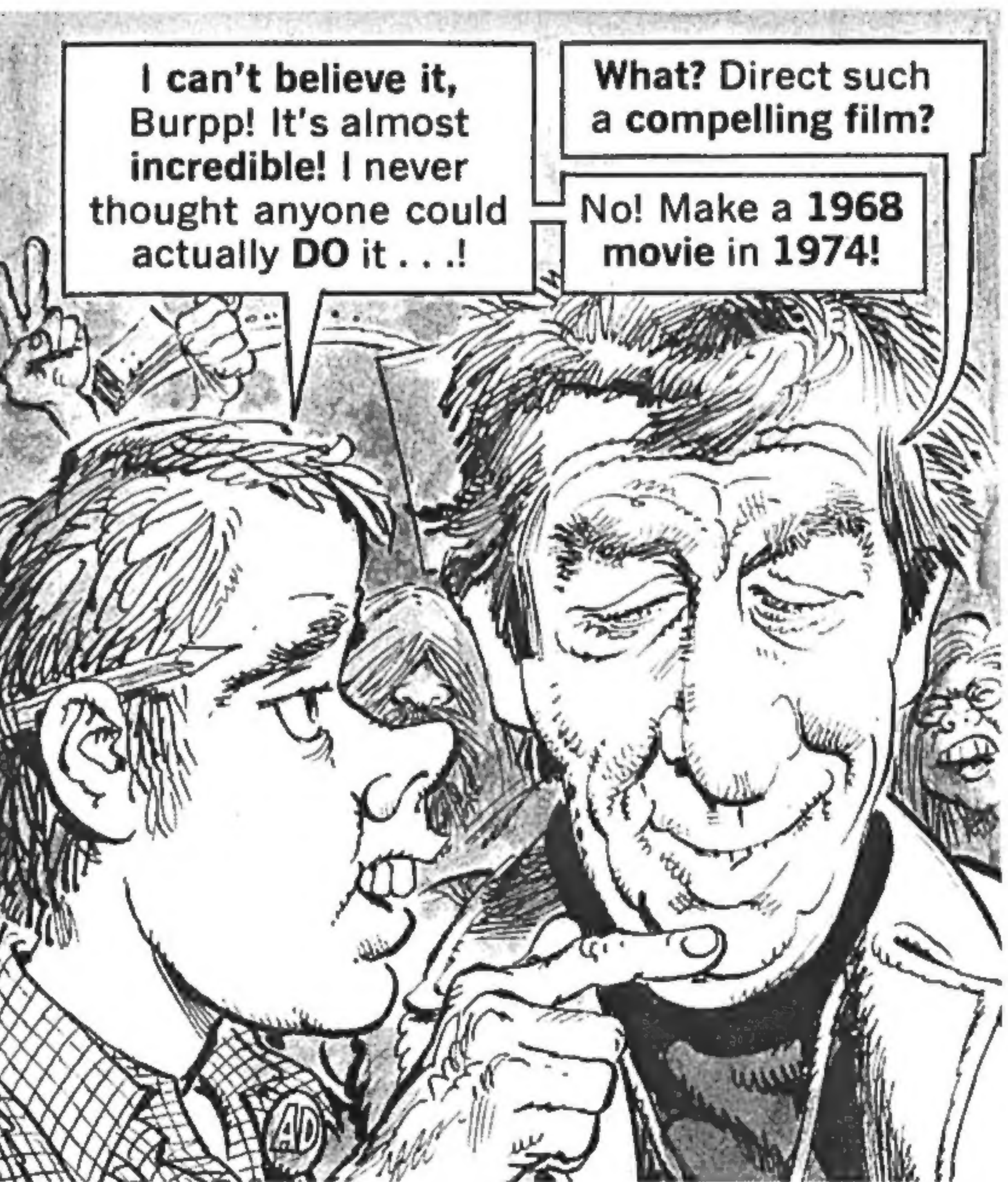
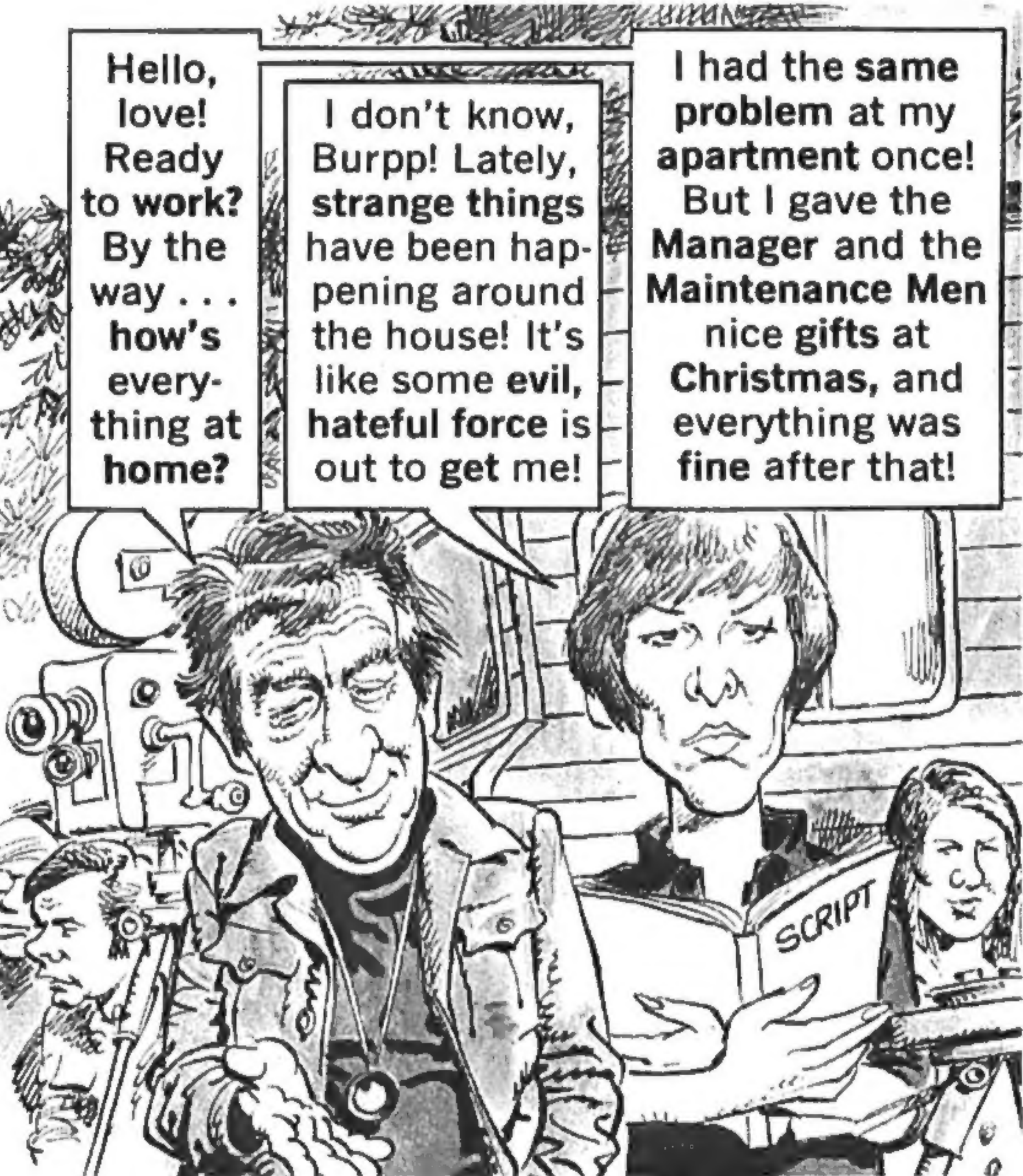
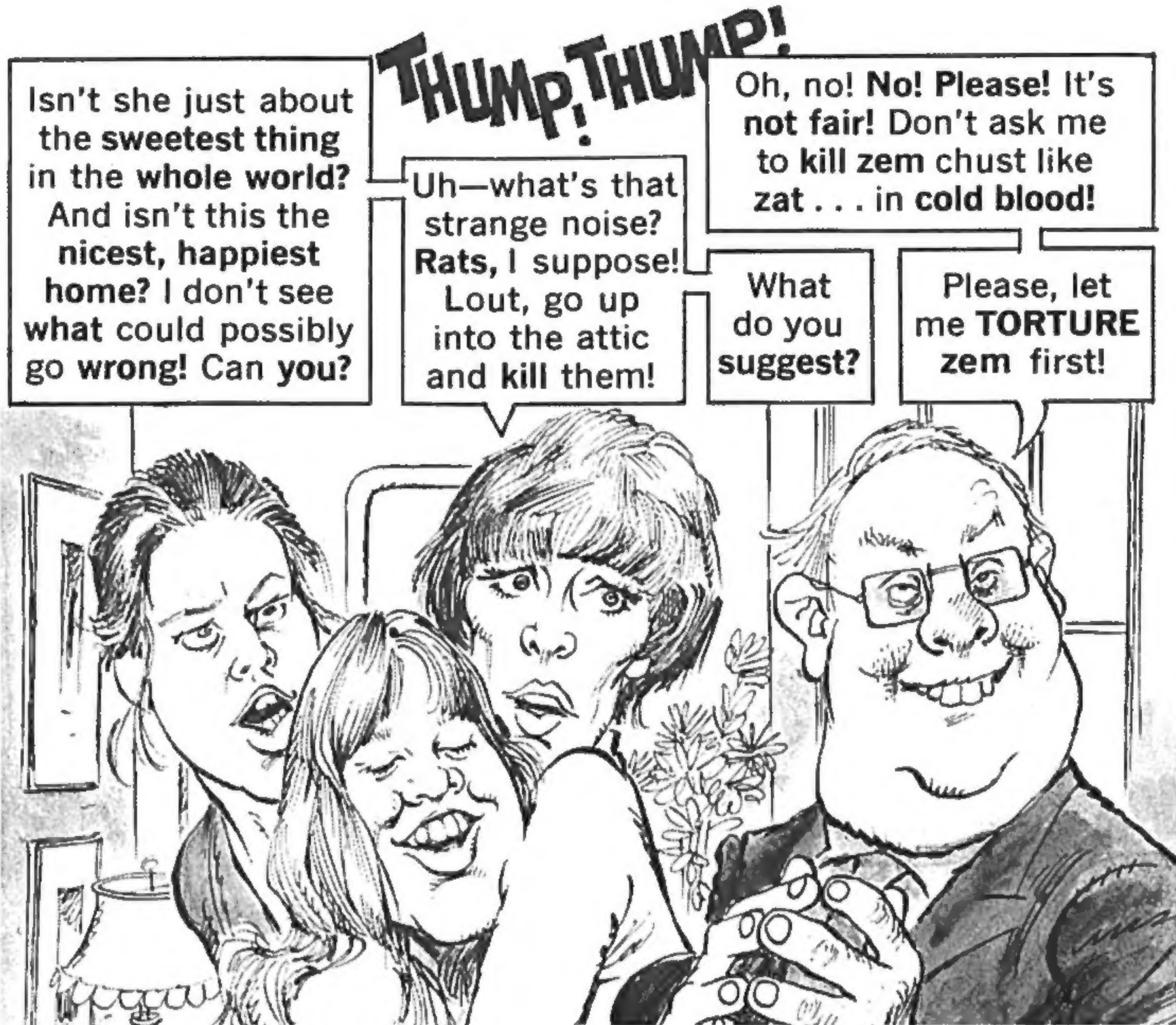
**Hi! Welcome to our cheery home! I'm Crass McSqueal, a happy-go-lucky film star with an adorable daughter and just about everything a suburban Mother could dream of . . . a pool in the back, a lawn in the front and a lover on the side!**

**I'm Saran . . . the Governess! I take care of sweet little Ravin! I also take care of her Father . . . but he's in Europe now!**

**I'm Lout . . . ze German Houseman! Zis iss such a happy plaze! I hafn't had zuch fun zince I vas Stairway Monitor at Buchenvald! Undt now—**

**HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEER'S RAVIN . . .**









Hello, Ravin, darling! What did Mommy's sweet little girl do today?

Well, I sewed a dress for my dolly, I gave my puppy a bath, and now I'm communicating with a dead spirit . . .

Silly ninny, playing with a Ouija Board! Don't you know those things don't work! It is impossible for a living being to communicate with the dead! It just can't be done! Do you understand that, dear?

Yes, Mommy!

Good! Now were there any messages for me today?

Grandma called, your Agent called, your Insurance Man said to phone him, and Benedict Arnold sends his regards!

Now, cut that out!!

Will Burpp be at the party that you're giving tomorrow night? I love him so much!

He's like a second Daddy to you, huh?

Well, let's say a second MOMMY!

What a great party, Crass! Look at all the celebrities! Actors, Congressmen . . . why, I even recognize the guy in the glen plaid suit! That's Kip Klipp, the Astronaut!

Hey! Who is that guy . . . playing the piano?

Father Dooley! He's new around here! He just got the call!

From the Archdiocese in Washington?

No . . . from Caesars Palace in Las Vegas!

I used to work in Chicago—

Ravin! Why do you look so EVIL? And what are you DOING?!!

You're gonna DIE up there . . .

Who are you?

I'm a Priest who's booked to play Las Vegas!

You're gonna die up there, too!

My child! That's a terrible thing to say to an Astronaut!

What an awful thing she just did! I mean, I've seen people throw up when I'm playing, but . . .

Stick around! she does a lot of THAT later on, too!

I don't get it! Why did she commit such a disgusting act?!!

Ooo-ee! If she says, "The DEVIL made me do it!"— I'll SUE!

Mommy . . . Mommy . . .

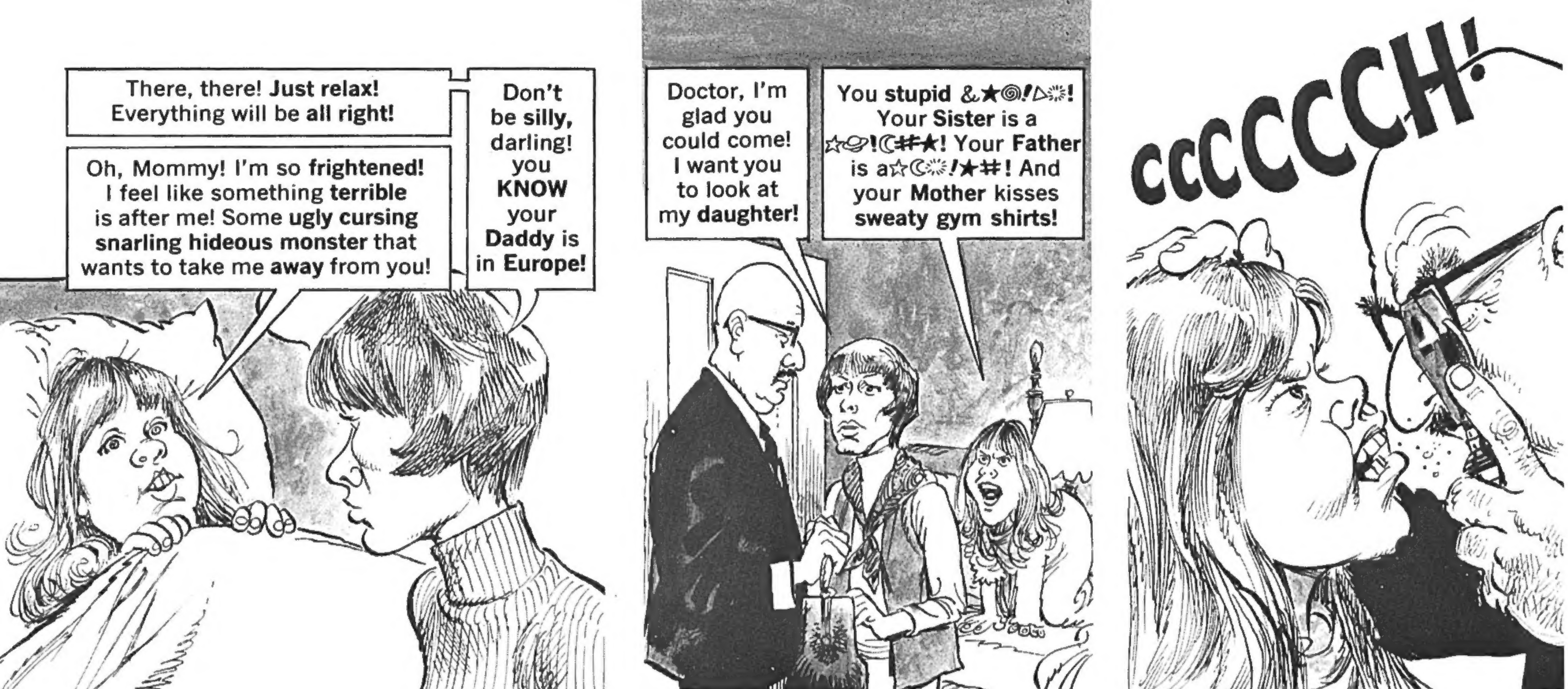
Ravin! What is it?

There's something wrong with my BED!!

How weird! A bed that won't stop shaking and vibrating! Saran, get rid of it! Give it back to the man who sold it to us!

At this hour of the night, where am I going to find Hugh Hefner?!





There, there! Just relax!  
Everything will be all right!

Oh, Mommy! I'm so frightened!  
I feel like something terrible  
is after me! Some ugly cursing  
snarling hideous monster that  
wants to take me away from you!

Don't  
be silly,  
darling!  
you  
**KNOW**  
your  
**Daddy** is  
in Europe!

Doctor, I'm  
glad you  
could come!  
I want you  
to look at  
my daughter!

You stupid &★@!▲!★!  
Your Sister is a  
★@!▲!★! Your Father  
is a★@!▲!★! And  
your Mother kisses  
sweaty gym shirts!



CCCCCCH!



PTOOOEEY!

Tell me, have you noticed  
anything **UNUSUAL**  
about her behavior lately?



@#\$\$%  
&@\*¢!

Well, Doctor?  
what do you  
think . . . ?

Hmm! It's the  
strangest  
case of  
bronchitis  
I have ever  
seen!

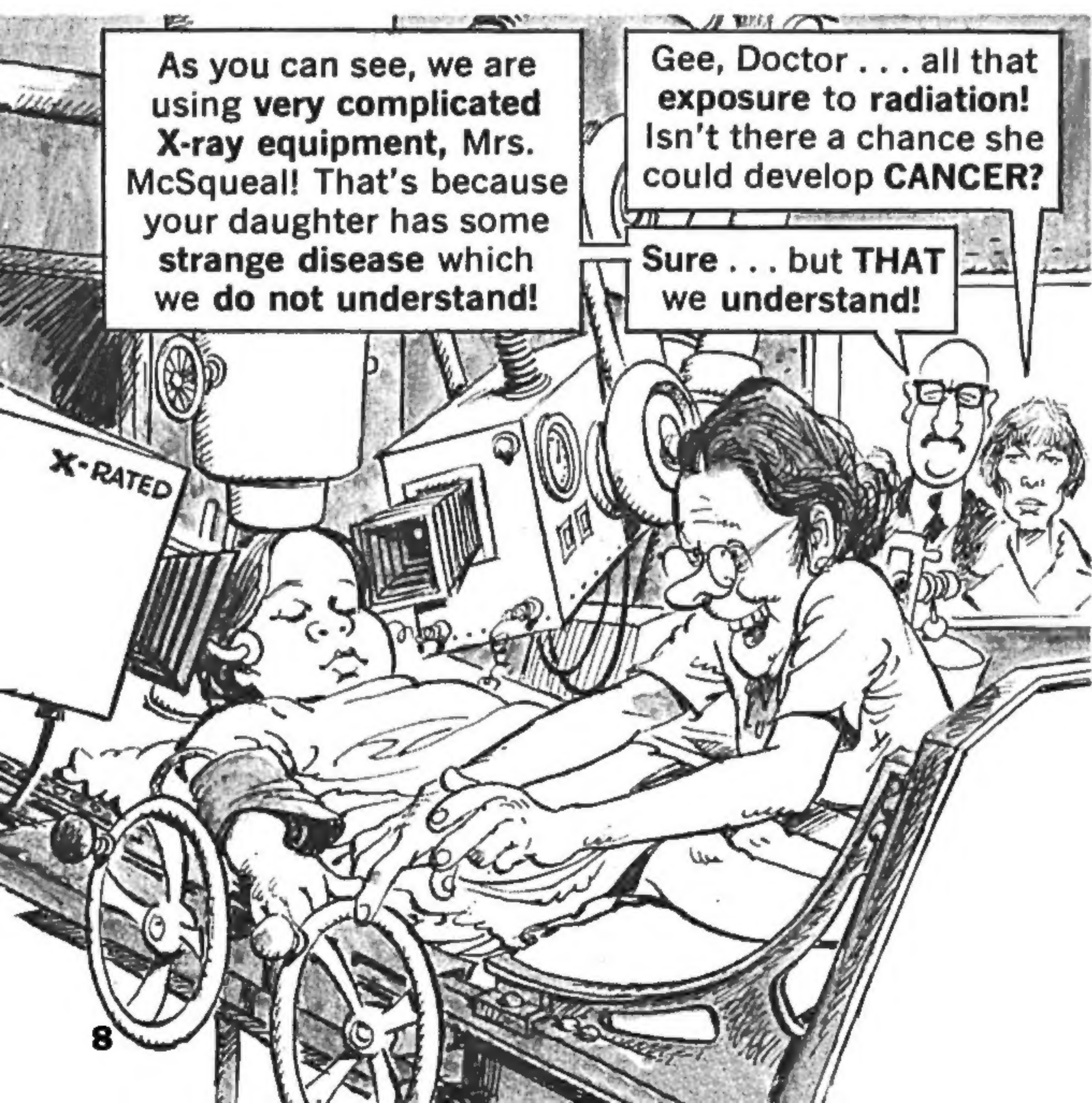
Bronchitis?!?  
Why would anyone  
with bronchitis  
act like that?

That's what makes  
it so strange! I'll  
X-ray her brain  
to see if I can  
find out anything!

Very well!  
And while  
you're at  
it, would  
you try to  
find out  
something  
else . . . ?

What's that?

Where  
in the  
★@!▲!★  
did  
she  
get  
such a  
★@!▲!★  
filthy  
mouth!



As you can see, we are  
using **very complicated**  
**X-ray** equipment, Mrs.  
McSqueal! That's because  
your daughter has some  
**strange disease** which  
we do not understand!

Gee, Doctor . . . all that  
exposure to radiation!  
Isn't there a chance she  
could develop **CANCER**?

Sure . . . but **THAT**  
we understand!

Well, the X-rays reveal  
there is **nothing** wrong  
with your daughter! In  
no time, she should be  
up and around, playing  
house, finger-painting,  
sewing dolls' dresses—

Kiss my  
★@!▲!★,  
you  
silly  
four-eyed  
★@!▲!★!

—driving a  
trailer truck!

Doctor, there  
**IS** something  
wrong! I know  
it! I feel it!

Listen . . .  
I **HEAR** it!

Perhaps we  
had better  
call in a  
**Psychiatrist**!







Oh, Dr. Klown! Thank heavens you've come! I need a Psychiatrist so badly!

The way I see it, Mrs. McSqueal, your **Oedipus Complex** is the result of a **Father fixation** brought on by an early enema, and—

All right! How's this? You have a pathological fear of sex as a result of a deep-rooted psychosis arising from a traumatic pre-natal hernia!

My, my! Aren't we picky today! All right, you have **dementia praecox**, and **THAT'S IT!** I'm a very busy man!

Wait, Doctor! You don't understand!

No, Doctor! No!!

Doctor, it's not ME! It's my little girl!

Look at her, Doctor! Look at this room! The bed is shaking, and she's covered with blood, and she's violating a cross, and that weird evil voice is coming out of her mouth!

I assure you, Mrs. McSqueal, you have nothing to worry about!

Nope! But your little girl—now SHE's got a problem!

Yicccchhh! Le'me out of here!!

What am I going to do??

I don't?!?

What's going on, Saran? There's a big crowd outside!

Bad news, Mrs. McSqueal! Burpp was mincing around in Ravin's room, and now the window's smashed and he's lying dead in the alley outside the house!

Oh... no! Poor Burpp! If I told him once, I told him a million times: Don't try to fly home in a FOG!

Uh... I'm Lt. Kindergarten! Can you tell me where I can find a Priest named Father Tsouris?

Yes! I'm Father Tsouris!

YOU?!? Excuse me for being personal, Father, but what's a Priest doing running around a track on a Sunday morning?

Listen... the way Church attendance is nowadays, what ELSE is there to do! Did you ever try SURFING in this weather?

Father, we just found a Director named Burpp Denims with his head turned completely around!

I met him once! It HAS to be an improvement!

No, you don't understand! He's dead... and we suspect an evil force is at work!

Oh, well, there's a LOT of that going around here in Washington!

Well, if you get any ideas about the murder, call me! Meanwhile—if you're not doing anything some evening, how would you like to go to a movie with me?

Love to! How about Christmas Eve?

You're not doing anything on Christmas Eve?!?

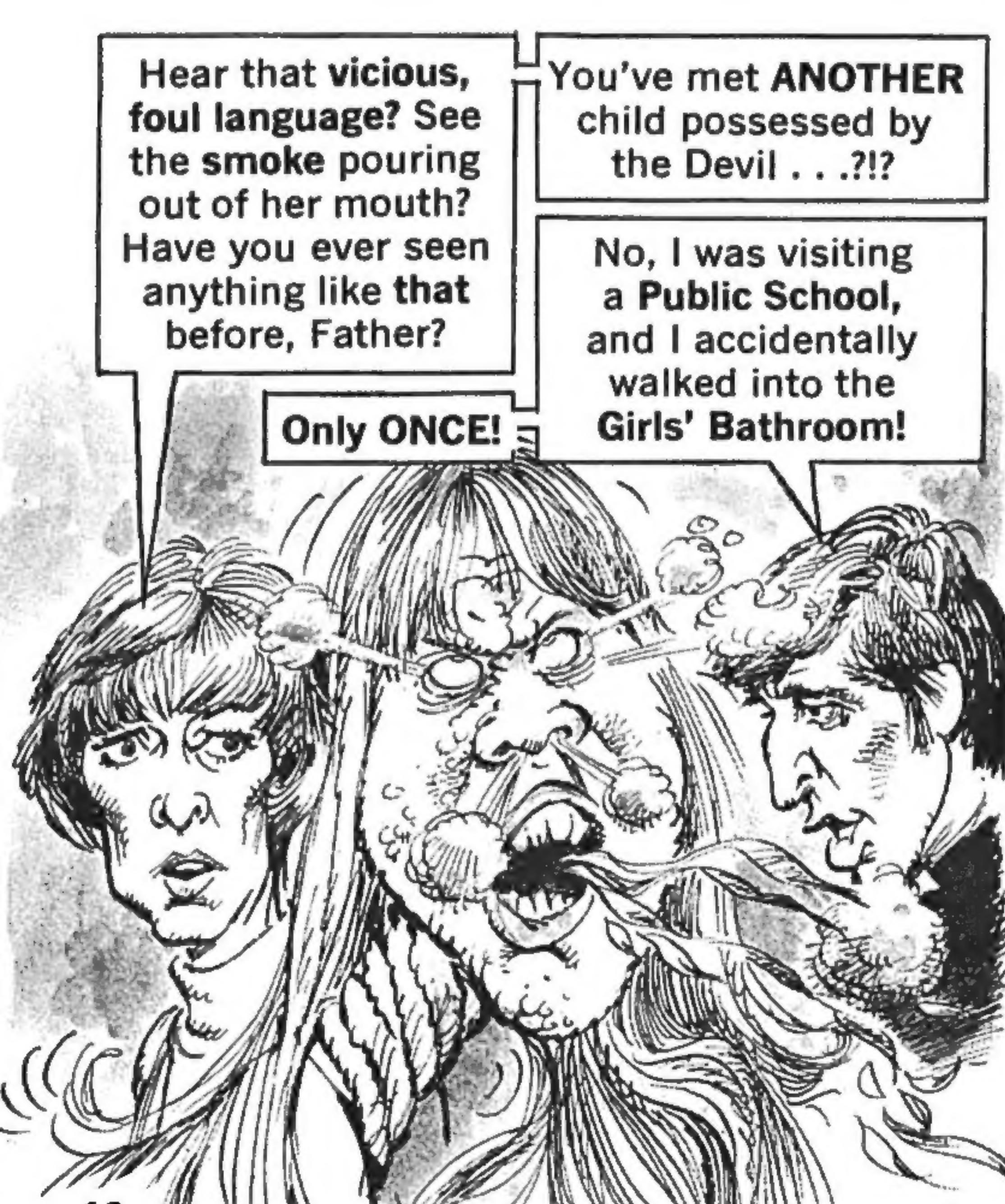
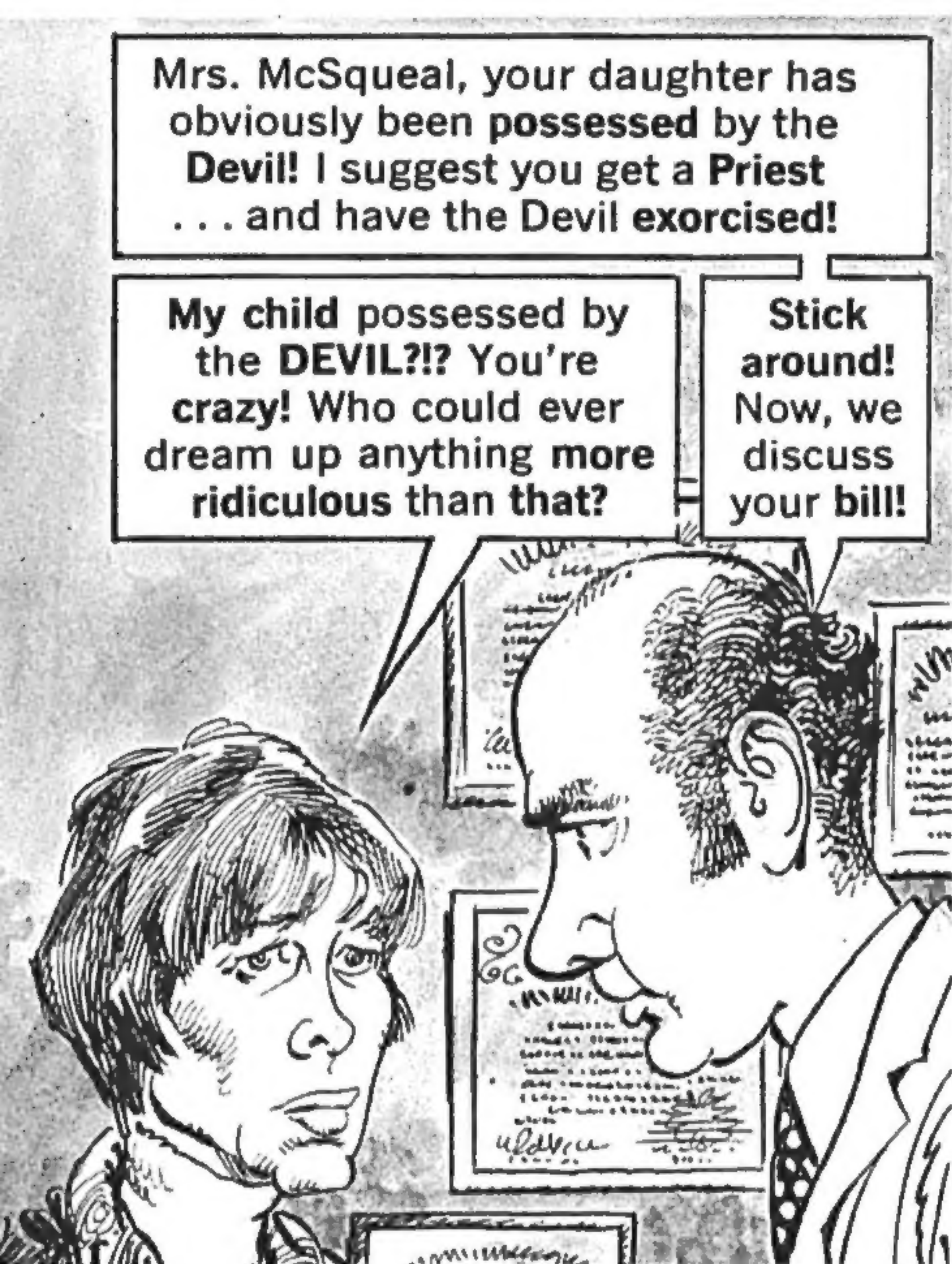
Oh! How idiotic of me! Why, I forgot all about the Roller Derby! Let's make it Easter Sunday!

It's MY room, so get your ☆#!★ out of it!

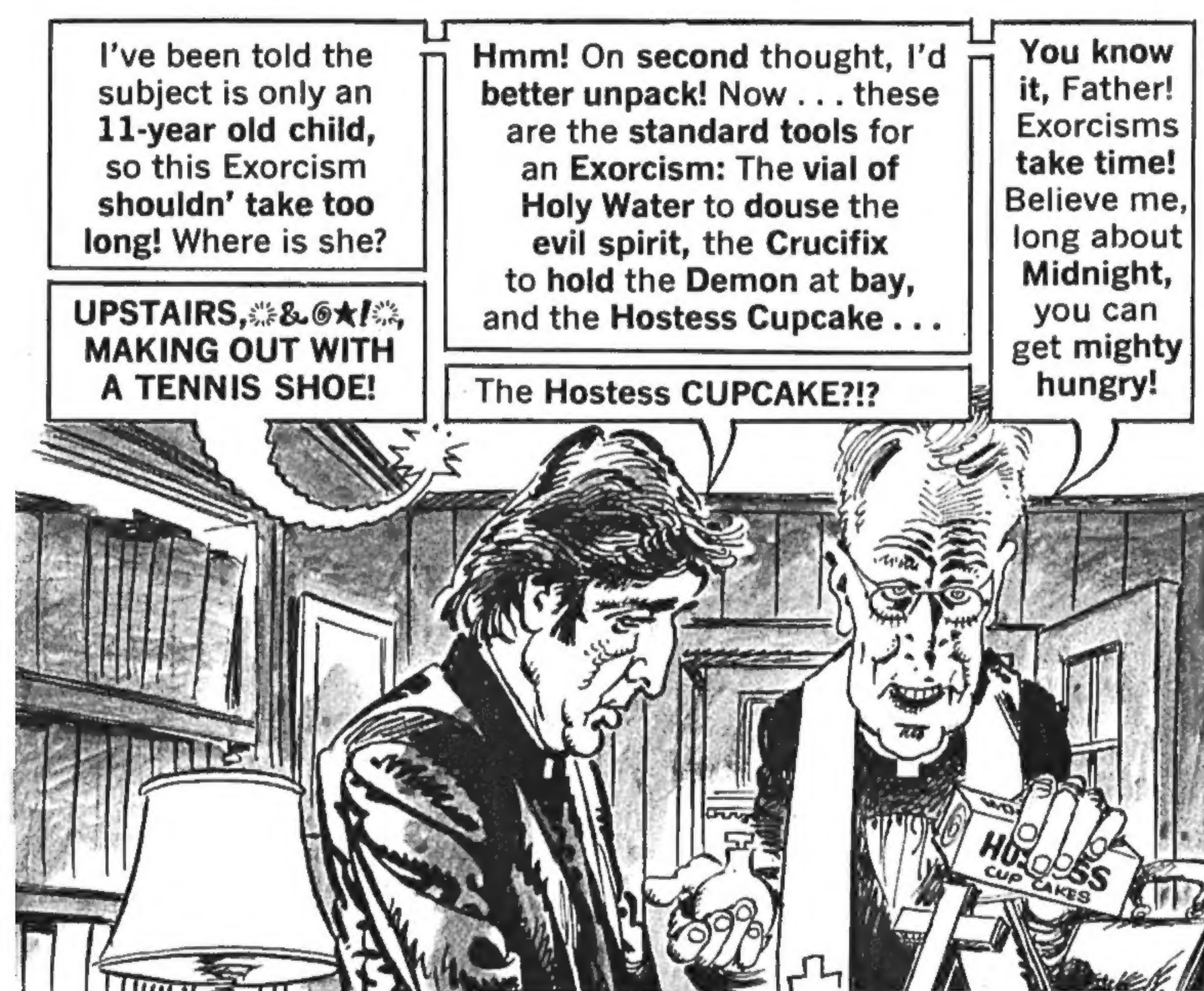
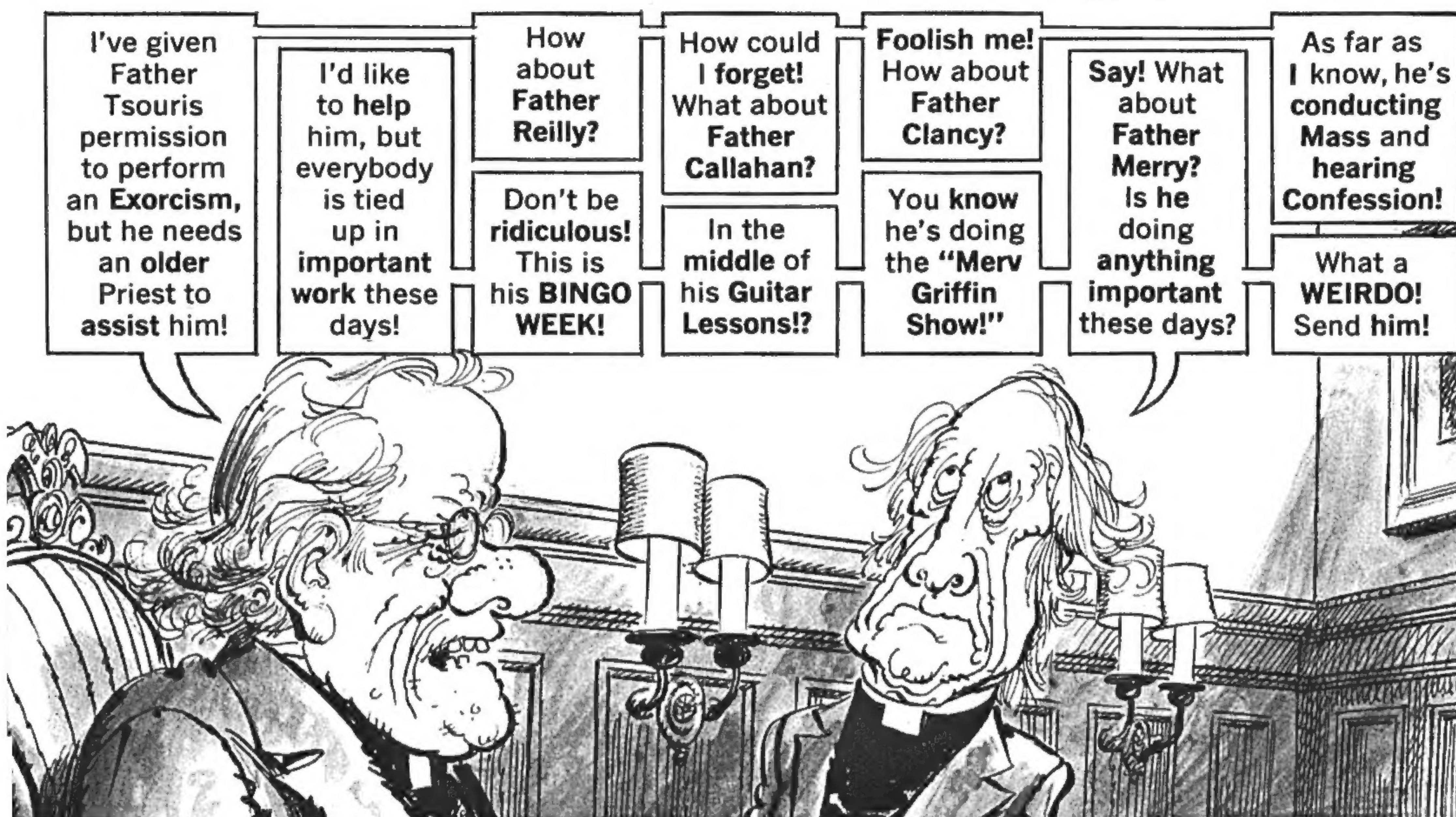
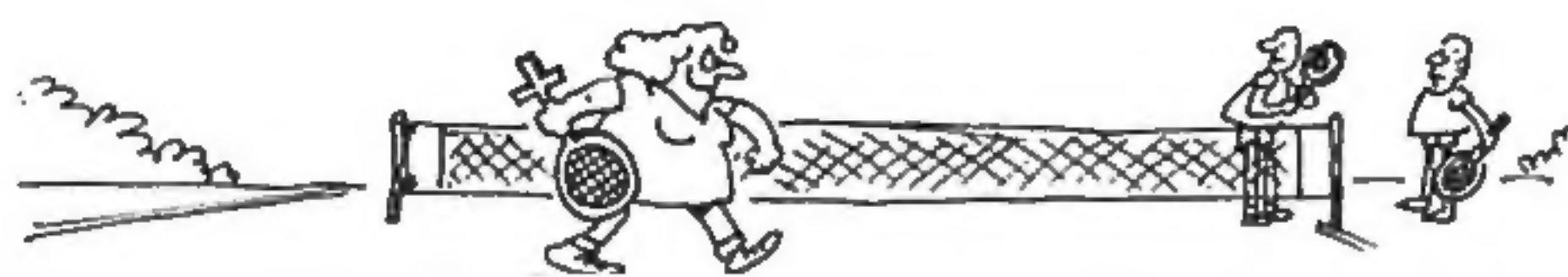
Listen to that language! And look what she's doing to her Mother!

Isn't zat cute? Our little girl iss growing up! She's getting more like a normal teenager every day!









TWENTY-SEVEN HORRIBLE, DISGUSTING, NAUSEATING MINUTES LATER...





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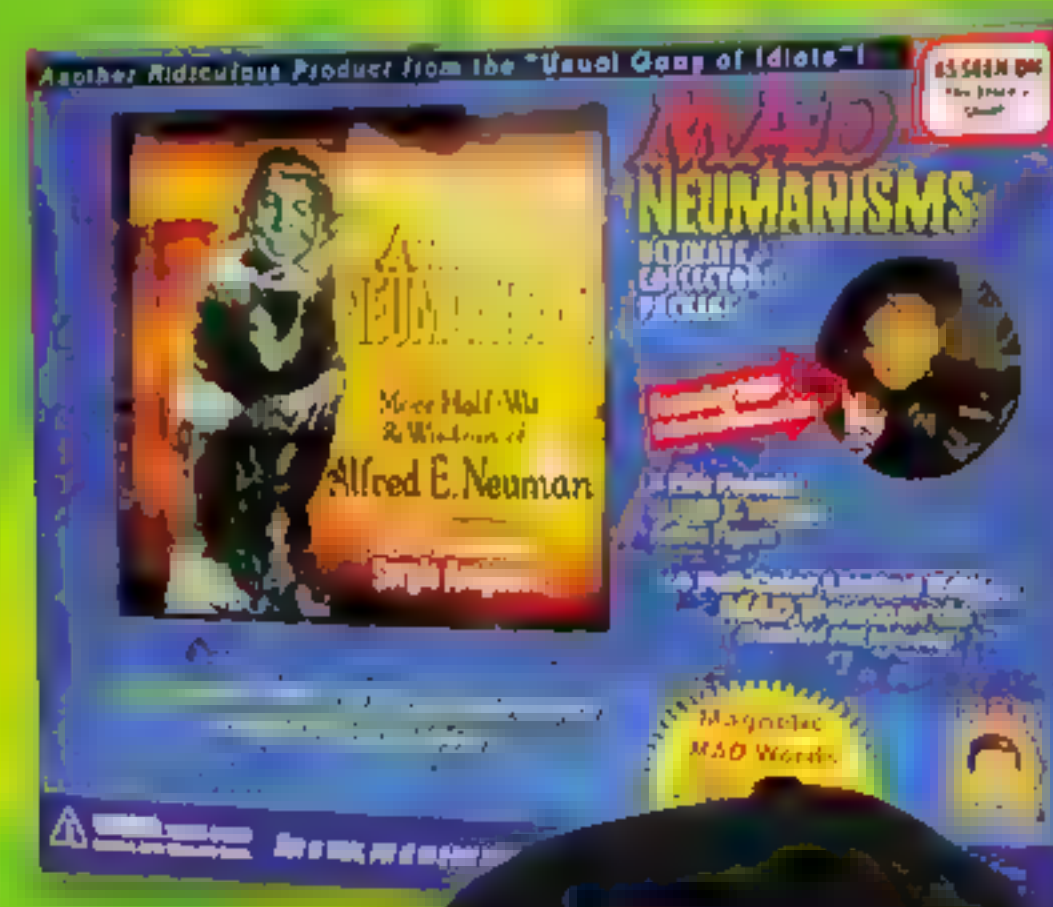


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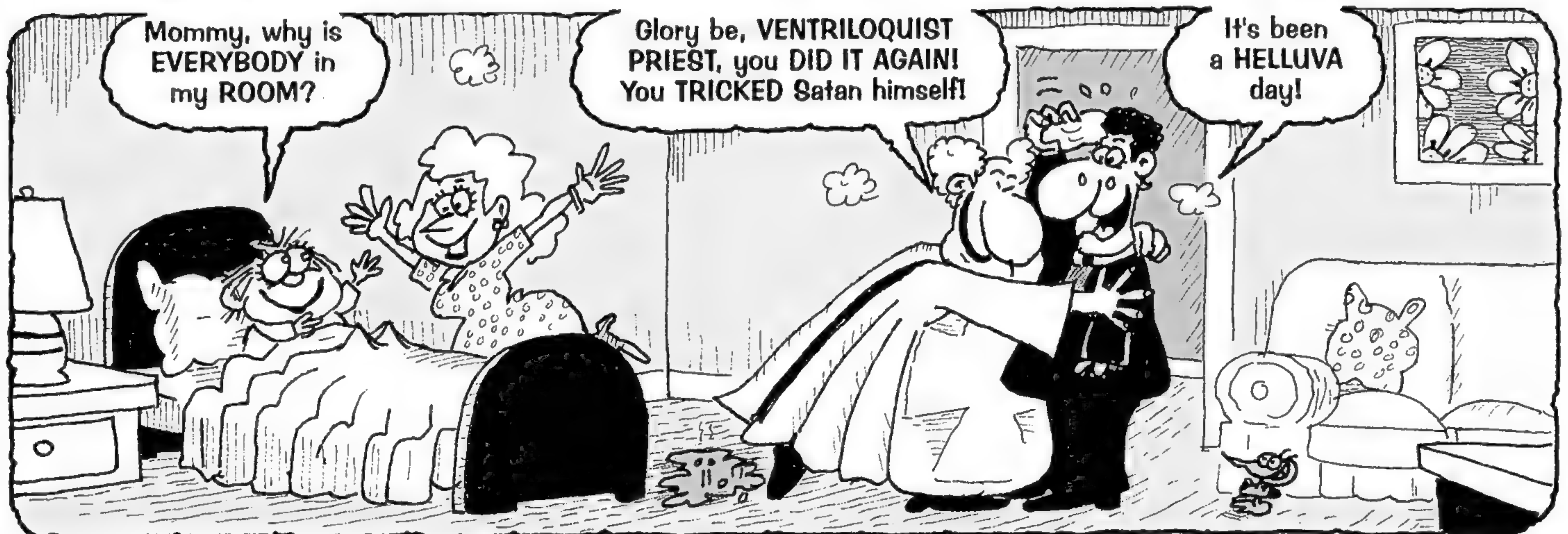
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# THE EXQUISITE EXORCISM EXPERIENCE







#### THE UNGRATEFUL DEAD DEPT.

With highly-anticipated movies like *Evil Dead* and *World War Z* and popular TV shows like *The Walking Dead*, zombies are as hot as ever! But every movie and TV show out there always makes the same basic mistake: they portray the zombie lifestyle as the worst thing in the world. Not true. There are worse ways to spend your life. For example, which would you rather be: a zombie or a New York Jets fan? A zombie or a MAD writer? See what we mean? And this is even before we spend the next two pages pointing out these...

## FREQUENTLY OVERLOOKED BENEFITS OF BEING A ZOMBIE

# ZOMBIE

WRITER & ARTISTS **TOM CHENEY**  
COLORIST **CARL PETERSON**







Hey gang, it's time one again for MAD's nutty old "cliché monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're...

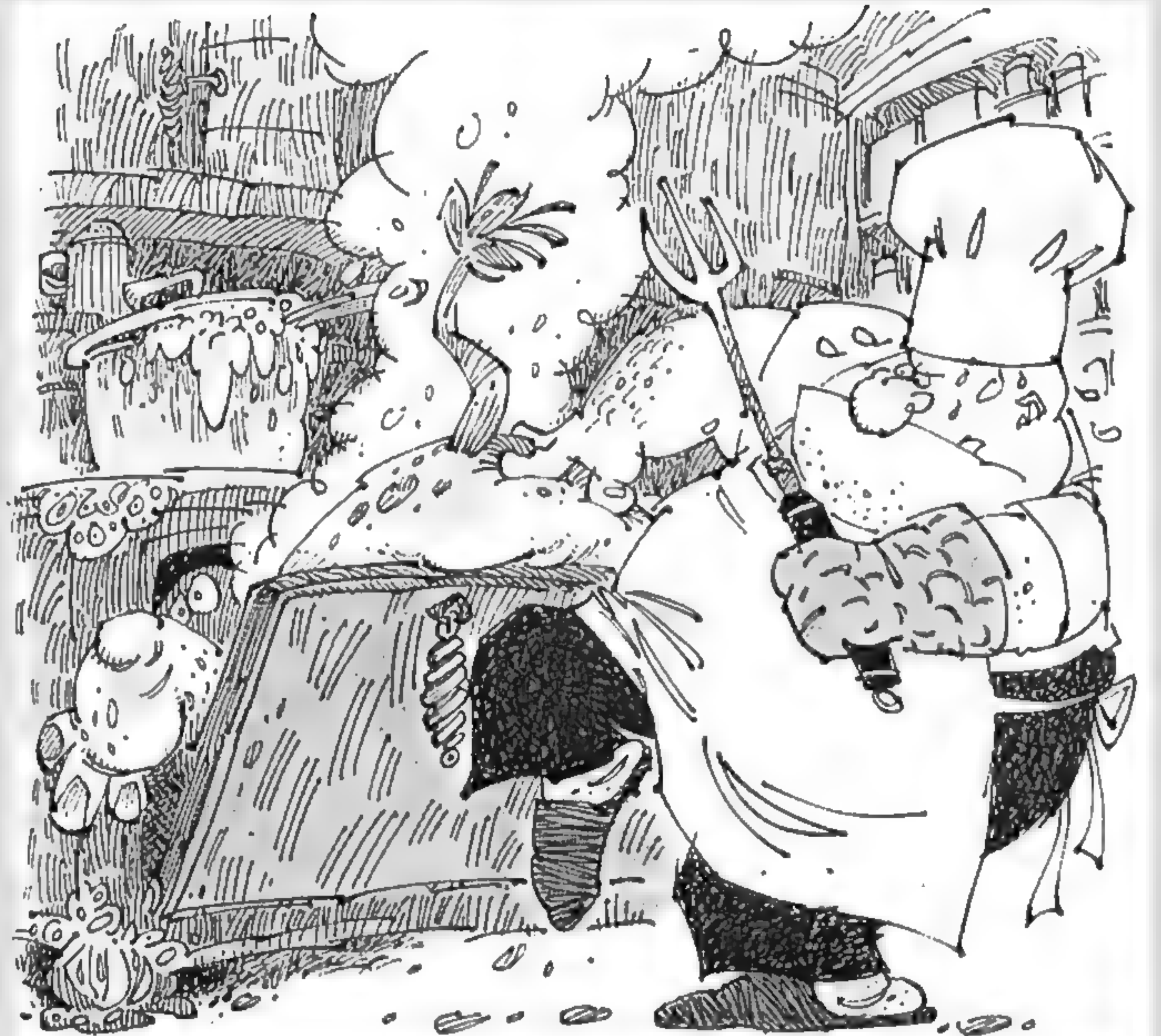


# HORRORING CLICHÉS

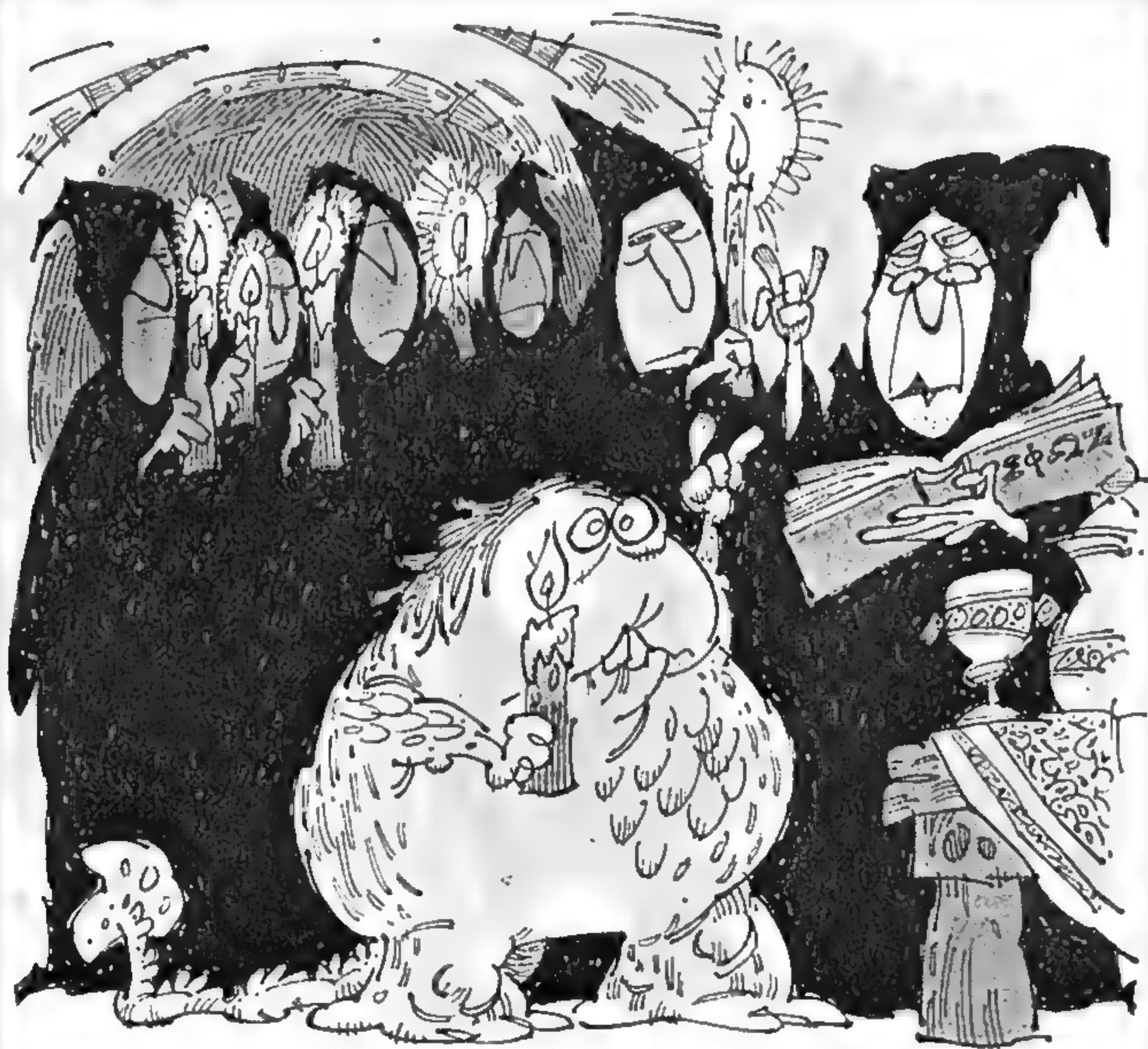
WRITER **MAY SAKAMI** ARTIST **PAUL COKER, JR.**



**Reviving an OLD CUSTOM**



**Cooking Up A ALIBI**



**Initiating A PROGRAM**



**Batting An IDEA Around**

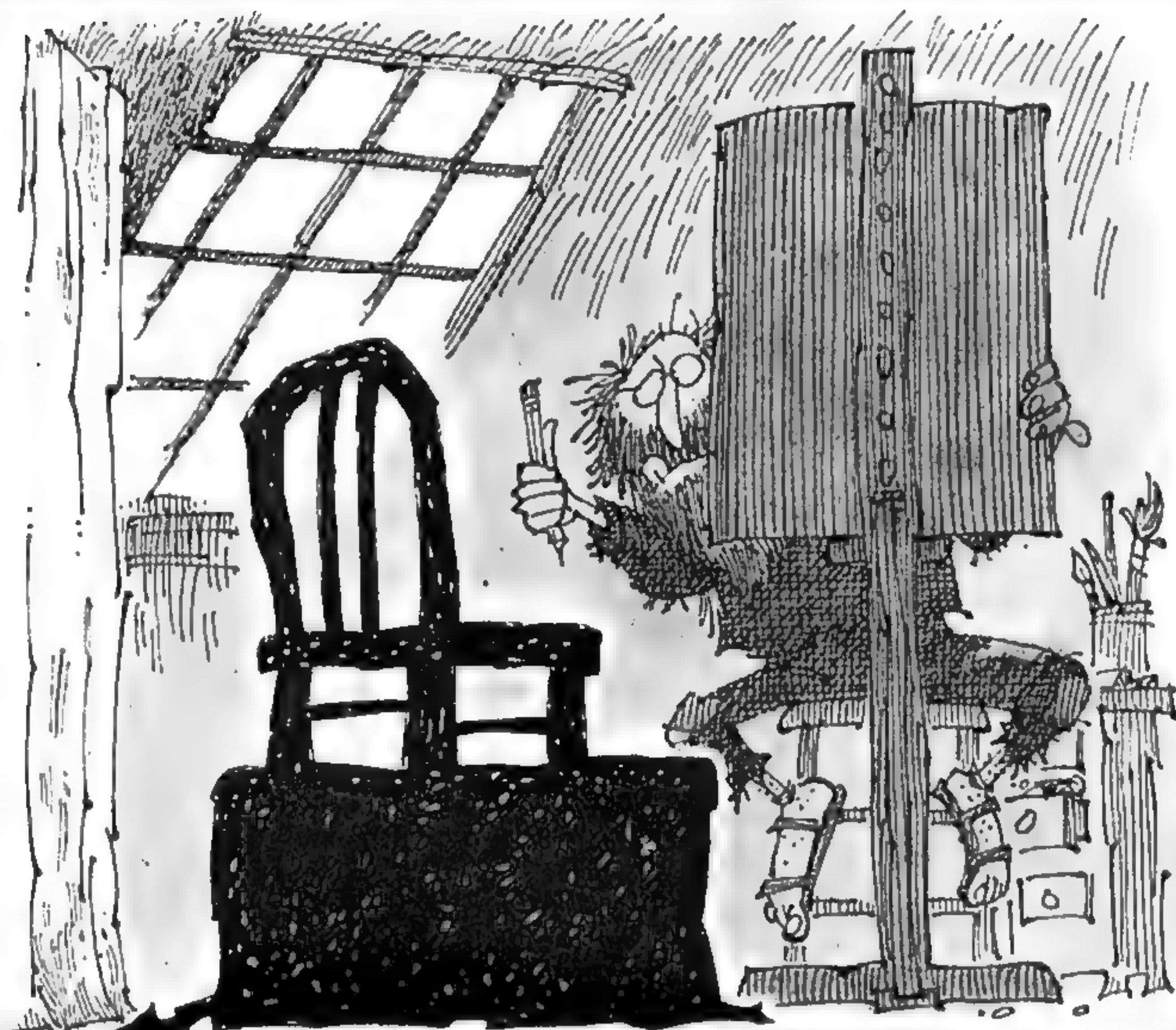




Meeting a **CRYING NEED**



Catching **FORTY WINKS**



Drawing A **BLANK**



Dangling A **PARTICIPLE**

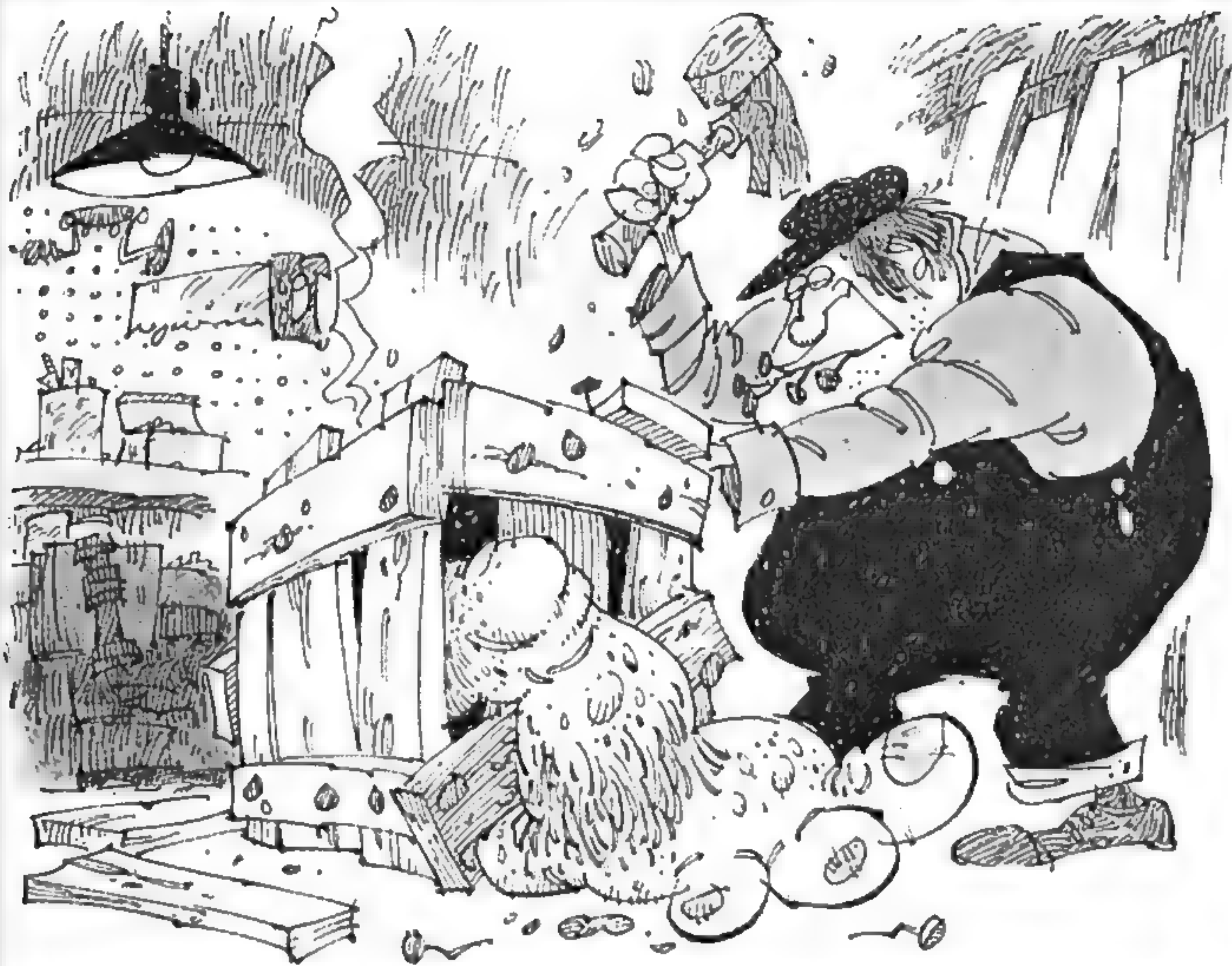


Going Through A **PHASE**



Redressing A **WRONG**





**Casing A JOINT**



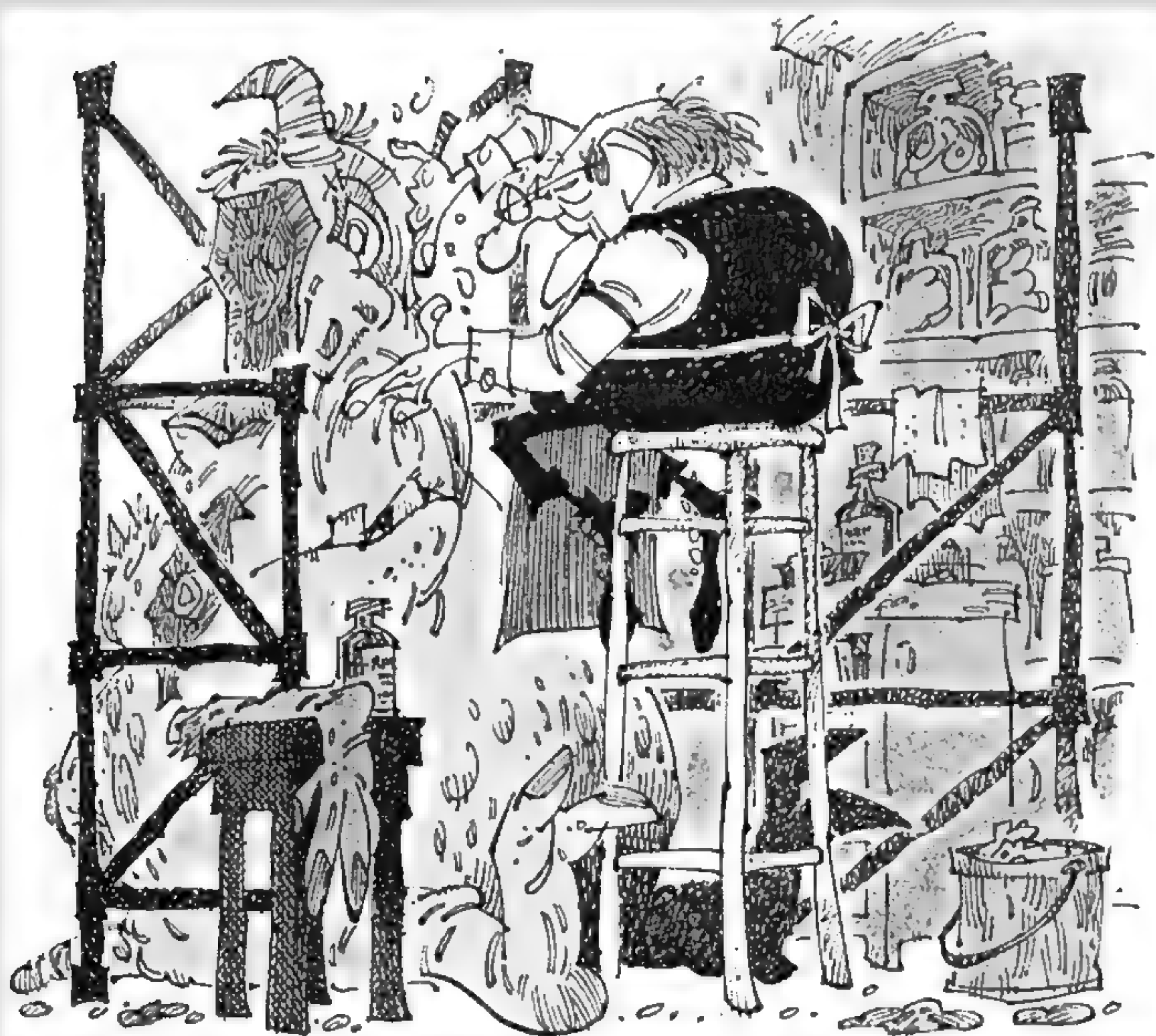
**Hurling An INVECTIVE**



**Driving A MEAN BARGAIN**



**Ushering In An ERA**



**Restoring A CONFIDENCE**



**Chalking Up A VICTORY**





BEAST MEETS JEST DEPT.

# THE Devil's ADVOCATE

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR SATAN WORSHIPPERS

Have A Barbecue!  
(And 9 Other  
Great Ideas For  
Post-Sacrificial  
Leftovers!)

Our Travel Experts  
Pick The 50 Best  
Churches, Temples  
And Mosques In  
Europe To Deface!

Vomiting On The  
Cross On Cue:  
Our Experts Show  
You How!

Surefire Ways To  
Foil An Exorcist!

Six New Sins Your  
Whole Family  
Can Enjoy!

## YAK BLOOD VS. CHICKEN URINE

*What's Best For Your Holiday Ritual?*

WRITERS FRANK JACOBS  
& BILL FIBBERS  
ARTISTS MORT DRUCKER,  
ANGELO TORRES,  
GEORGE WOODBRIDGE  
& LISA BLACKSHEAR



Horn Enlargement  
Is It For You?



# UNGODLY NEWS

## Louisiana Satanist Breaks 10 Commandments In World-Record Time

Elwood Drimble, a Shreveport Satanist, set a new world record last month when he broke all Ten Commandments in four hours and seventeen minutes, easily shattering Hans Brick-face's old mark of 4:54.

Drimble got off to an impressive start, breaking four commandments in the first 15 seconds (a record in itself). He began by coveting both his

neighbor's wife and wristwatch, proceeding to steal the latter, while committing adultery with the former (Commandments VI, VII, IX, X). Ever the innovator, Drimble then quickly built a shrine to Wendy's founder, Dave Thomas, while bitterly cursing Jehovah (Commandments I, II).

Unexpected pangs of guilt slowed the

veteran sinner down momentarily. But he recovered nicely, launching a barrage of swear-laden insults at his elderly and frail parents (Commandment IV).

Unfettered under pressure, Drimble coolly climbed behind the wheel of his Range Rover and ran over a defenseless poodle (Commandment V). With the clock ticking down, he called the ASPCA and blamed his next door neighbor for the puppy's death (Commandment VIII).

And what about Commandment III? Not to worry! He did it all on the Sabbath. Way to go, Elwood!



## This Month's Pact With The Devil:

**DUKE BERKOWITZ**  
of Grand Rapids, ND,

sold his soul to Satan in exchange for the ability to drink an entire case of Coors, smash every empty aluminum can on his forehead and not get sick at a frat party. Welcome, Duke!



DBS, The Devil Broadcasting System has been turned down again by the FCC in its attempt to launch a 24-hour, All-Satan TV Network. Negotiations between the FCC and DBS, which was planning on a national launch in September on channel 666, are reported to be strained. According to insiders, several DBS officials are calling for the removal and consumption of FCC Chairman Reed Hunt's spleen. Hunt, currently living under an assumed name overseas, could not be reached for comment.

# How Would They Look?

Your Favorite Celebrities Retouched to Look Like Satan



Regis & Kathie Lee



Mother Teresa



Willard Scott



Cal Ripken



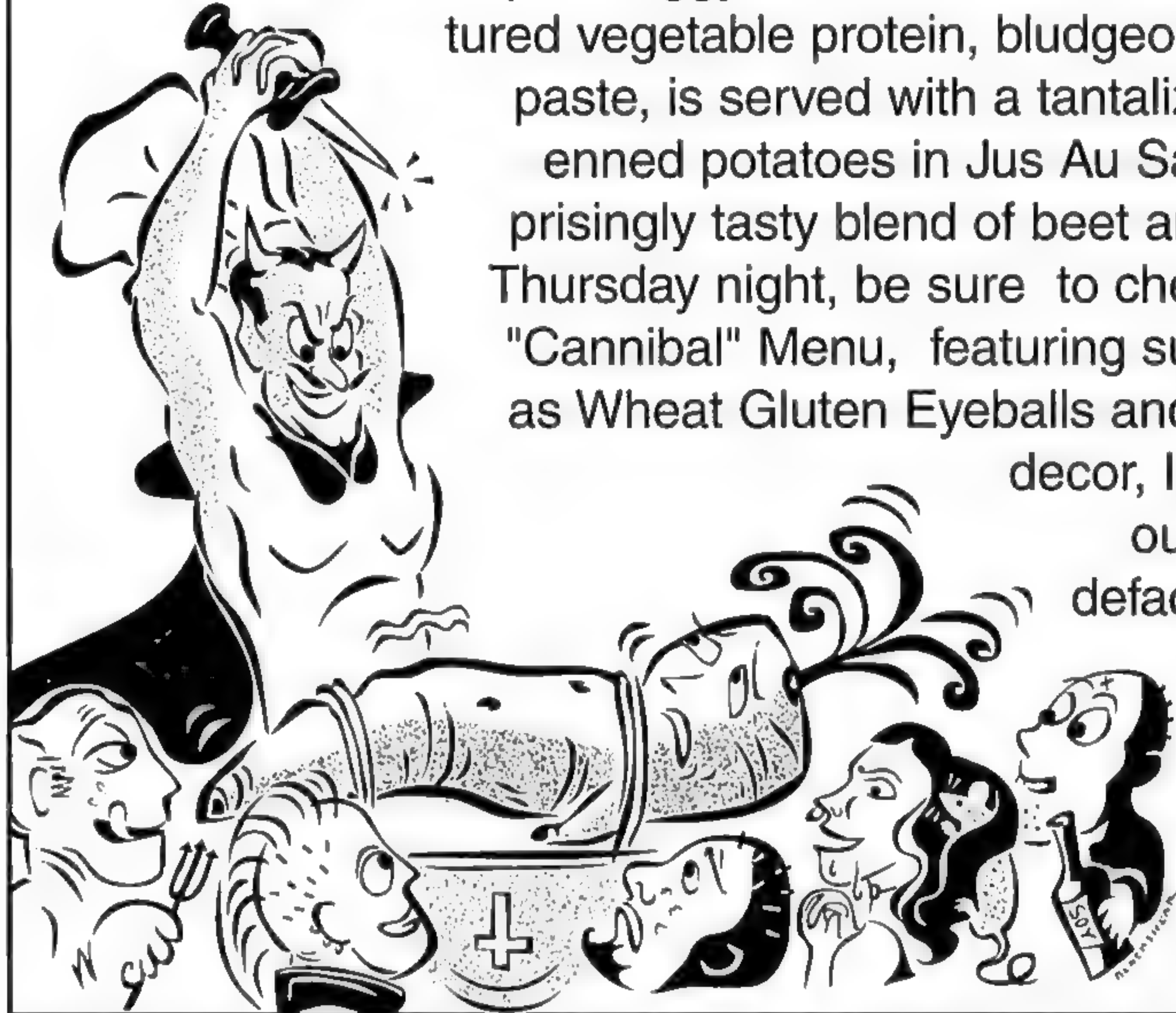
The Olsen Twins





# Devil's RESTAURANT REVIEW

Good news for vegetarian Satanists! There's finally a restaurant that caters to their special dietary wants and needs. Iggy's House Of Vegetarian Delights offers a stunning array of soy-based ritual and sacrificial foods that taste surprisingly like their slaughtered, blood-soaked counterparts. Iggy's Slit-Throat "Calf," made entirely of textured vegetable protein, bludgeoned walnuts and yam paste, is served with a tantalizing side order of julienned potatoes in Jus Au Sacrificial Virgin (a surprisingly tasty blend of beet and guava extract). On Thursday night, be sure to check out the innovative "Cannibal" Menu, featuring such appetizing dishes as Wheat Gluten Eyeballs and Tofu Arm. As for the



decor, Iggy's is too well-lit for our taste, but the hand-defaced museum prints of Christ and his Apostles are a nice homey touch. **Reservations suggested.**

# The Inquiring PHOTOGRAPHER

by Norm Cheery

## This Week's Question:

*"What was your most embarrassing moment as a devil worshipper?"*



*"After slaughtering my son's hamsters, I comforted him and didn't force him to eat the entrails."*



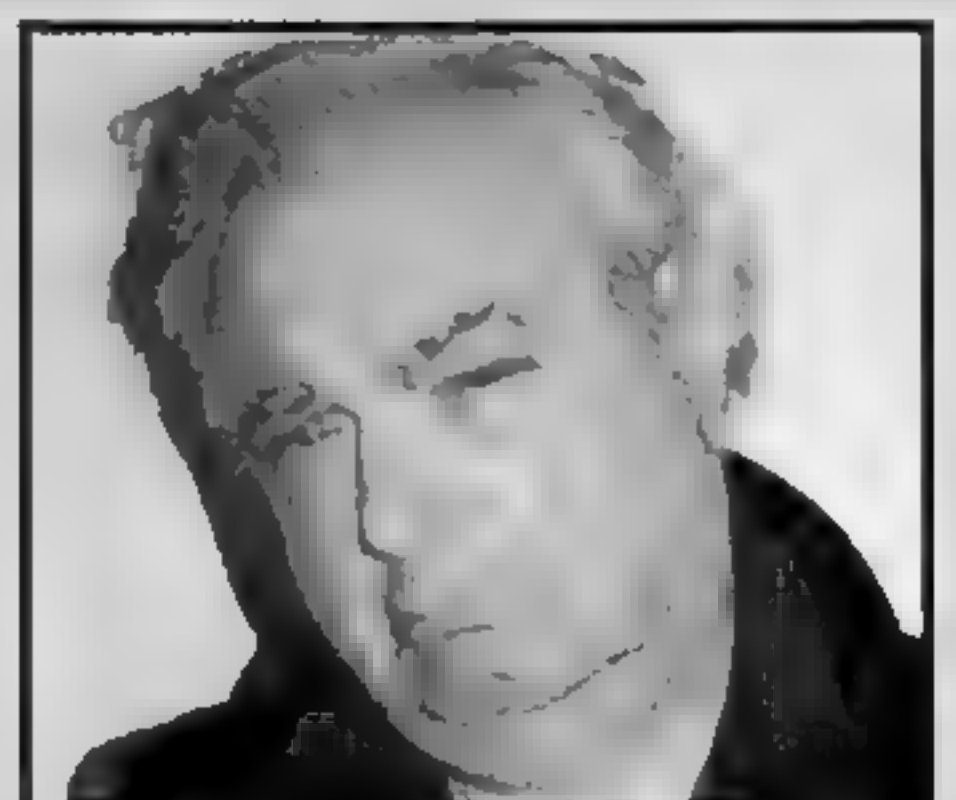
— Eli Stoop Woodside, NY



*"I walked past St. Patrick's Cathedral the other day without hocking up a wad of green phlegm and spitting on its doorstep."*

— Delores Dripping Phoenix, AZ

*"When I felt a twinge of guilt after setting fire to Temple Shalom B'nai."*



— Edward P. Grottle Van Nuys, CA



*"Just yesterday, when I accidentally said 'God bless you' to someone who sneezed."*

— Betty Illfish Sandusky, OH

Hey! This isn't a Sergio Aragones marginal!...well, duh!

# Devil's Music Review

(Editor's Note: In 1968, beloved evildoer Charles Manson made headlines when he claimed the Beatles song *Helter Skelter* contained hidden Satanic messages, which inspired him to order his "family" to murder actress Sharon Tate. With the release of *Free As A Bird*, the first Beatles single in nearly 25 years, we thought it appropriate to invite Mr. Manson to write this month's music review.)

## Mr. Manson reports:

Hey man, it's really cool to hear the Beatles again after all these years. Especially John Lennon. He's dead, man, but he still sounds better than those other losers. You know why, man? Cause he's dead, man, he's dead. Man, that's my point, man. why do you think he's "free as a bird," man? Because he's dead, man. And that thing at the end, man, ya know, when he talks backwards? He was talking to me, man - MELL! Aw man, I'm gonna KILL YOU! You hear me, man?? I'M GONNA KILL YOU DEAD, MAN! JUST LIKE JOHN LENNON TOLD ME TO, MAN!! YOU'RE DEAD, MAN!! YOU'RE DEAD!!!



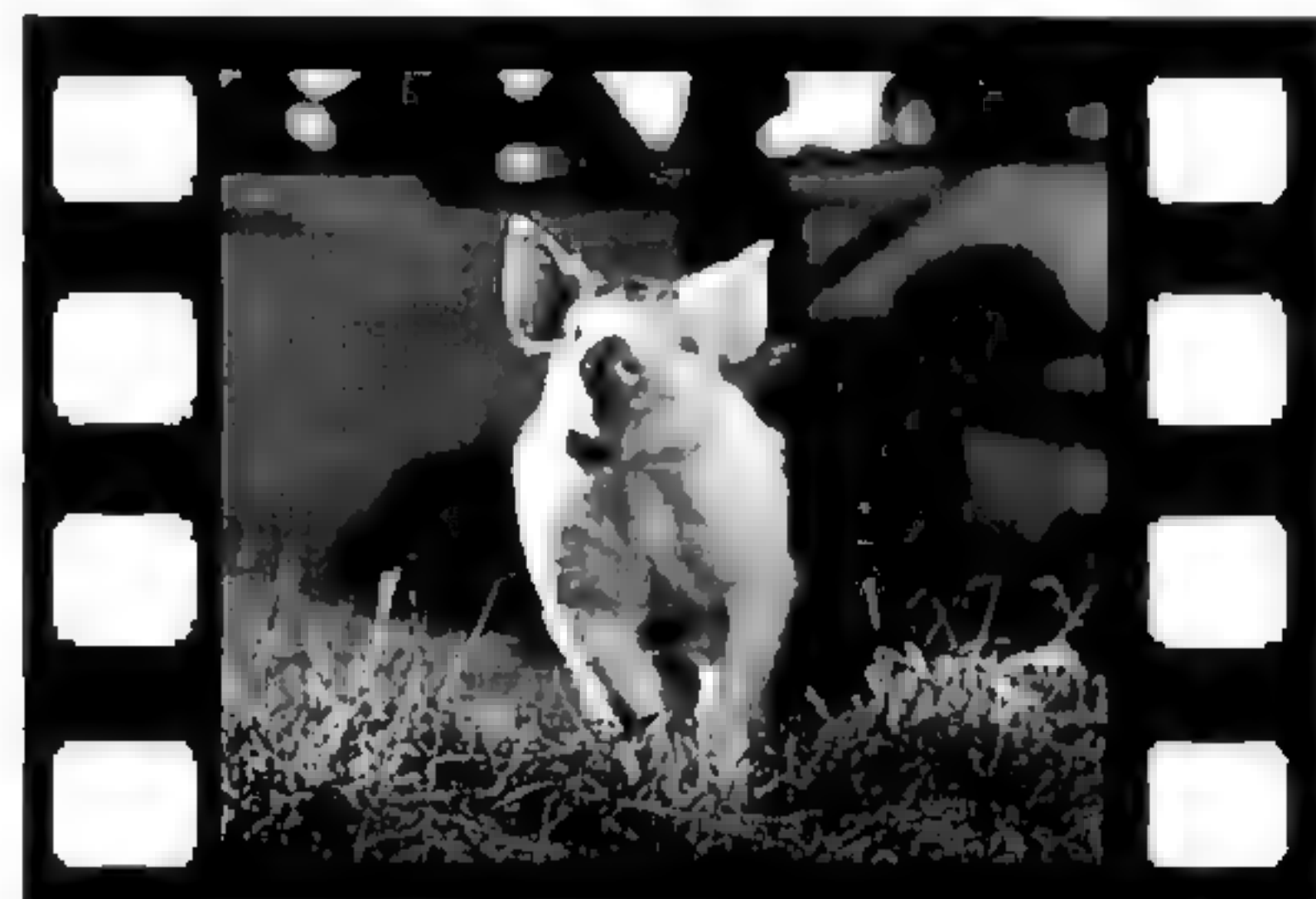
**BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THESE MANIFESTATIONS OF SATAN'S EVIL POWER IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD**

America Online Chrysler Mini-Vans  
MAD TV Zima Windows 95  
The Body Shop ESPN 2 Yanni  
PBS Pledge Drives



# FILM VIEW

by *Damien Lucifer*



## Babe

This family-oriented live-action film starring a talking pig was very good but would have been even better had all the animals been savagely garroted and their blood drained into a huge vat to be feasted upon by the Babylonian God of Chaos, Tiamat.

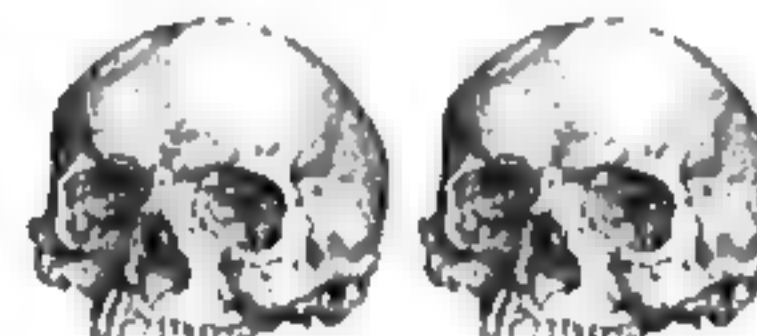
RATING:



## How To Make An American Quilt

In the tradition of *Fried Green Tomatoes* and *Steel Magnolias*, this inspirational film loses all credibility when none of its female stars are stripped, tied to a makeshift altar and sacrificed to the Babylonian God of Chaos, Tiamat.

RATING:



## Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls

Dull, lifeless sequel. Like the original, Ventura saves animals. What a wuss!

RATING:



# THE DARKER SIDE



# Classifieds

## ONLY 14 MORE SHOPPING DAYS LEFT UNTIL THE FEAST OF DISEMBOWELMENT!

Avoid the holiday crunch by ordering from the **Pentagram Depot** catalog. Fake goatees, jigsaw puzzles, fanny packs, cow udder head-dresses, dog corpses, and pentagrams, pentagrams, pentagrams! Call now! 555-HELL.

## RARE REPLICA DOCUMENTS FROM HELL!

Vanilla Ice's contract with Satan featuring the famous "18 Months Maximum Of Fame" clause. Order now and receive **free** copy of Nixon's entry papers! 555-BEAST.

## SACRIFICES MAKE YOU SQUEAMISH?

You need Zandar the Disembowler! Rabbits, mice, toads, pre-slaughtered for your convenience. Overnight delivery guaranteed! 1-800-666-6666.

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## SWMDW

seeks intimate relationship with **SWFDW**. Must enjoy sunsets, long walks in the country, drinking blood of Christian babies. Call Zandar the Disembowler, 1-800-666-6666.

# SEXY SATAN WORSHIPPERS WANT TO TALK TO YOU NOW!!!

## FIRE AND BRIMSTONE FANTASIES

## LUCIFER ROLE PLAY

"We're HOT as HELL  
and HORN-Y!!"



DIAL 1-900-SINNER

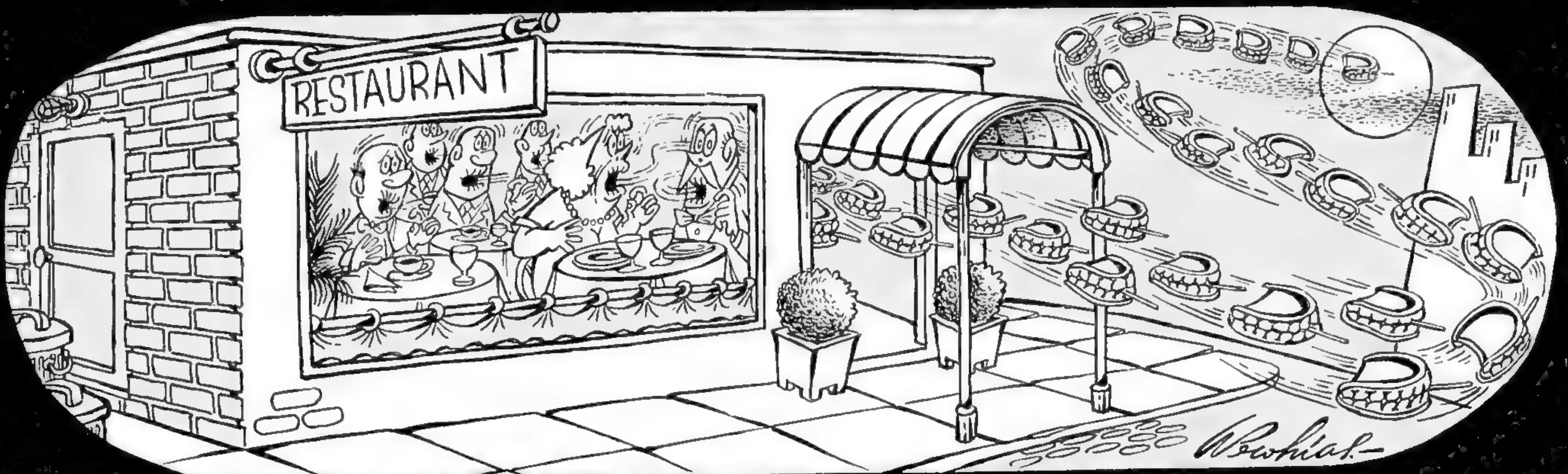
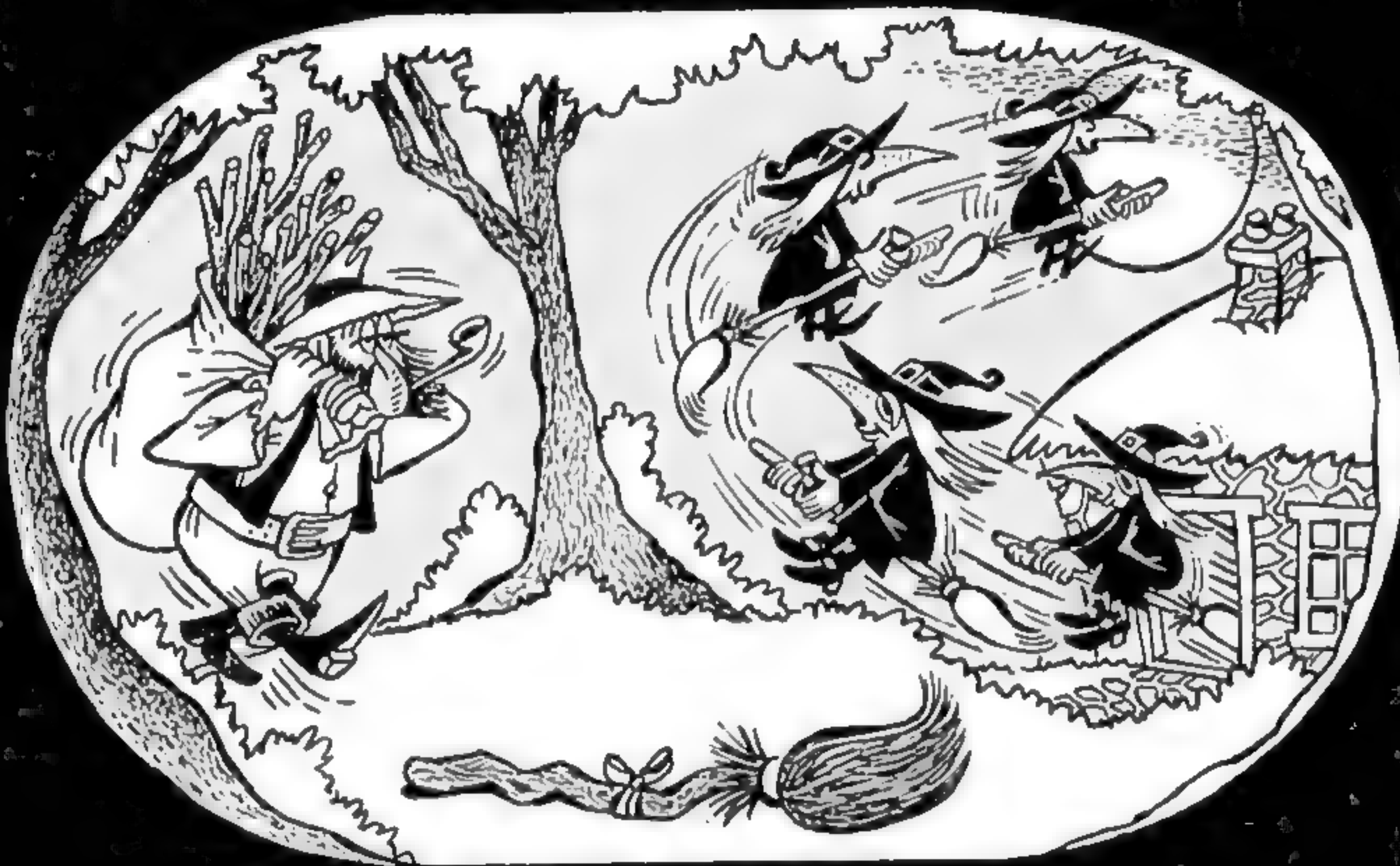
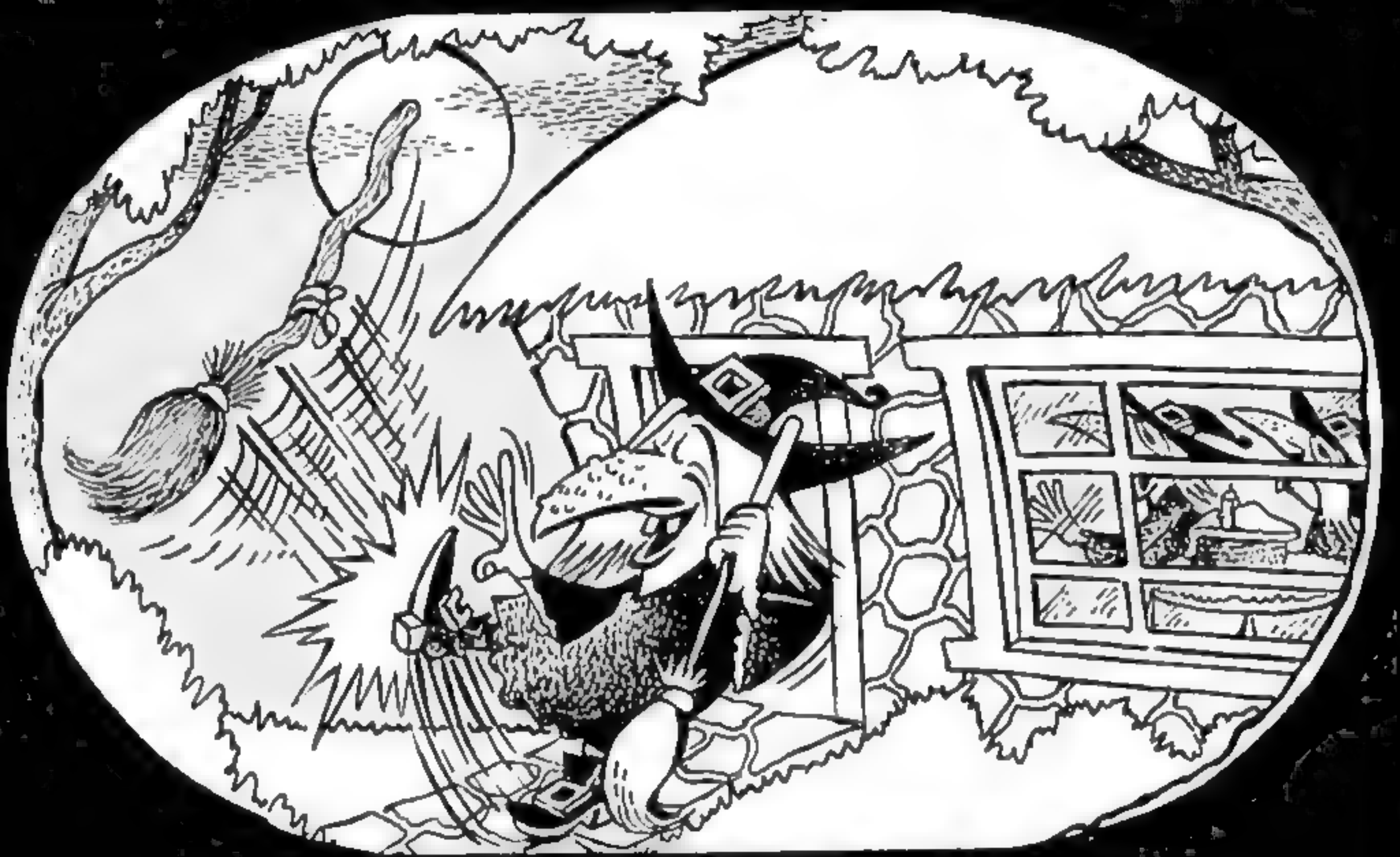
American Excess, MasterFraud Accepted







# A Witch's Tale



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



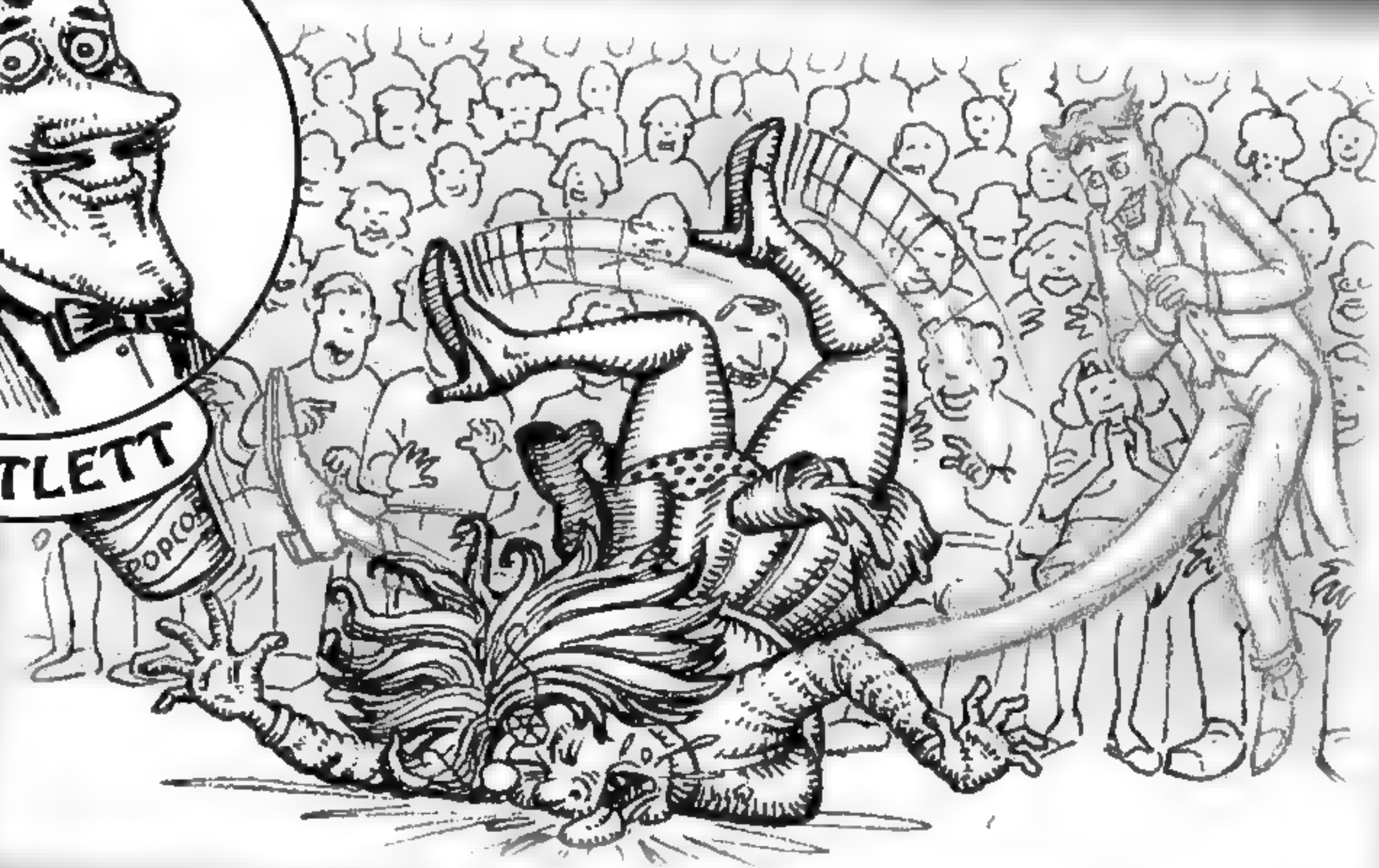




Causes water to splash onto your crotch, so it looks like you have the bladder control of your 97-year-old grandfather.



Pushes all your sheets to the bottom of the bed, so you wake up colder than Leonardo DiCaprio's frozen lifeless corpse at the end of Titanic.



Trips you in front of a crowd of at least 45 people, so you look like a freakin' clutzoid.

SMELLS LIKE MEAN SPIRITS DEPT.

Are you paranoid? Do you think your so-called friends and family want nothing more than to ruin your life? To fill it with misery and suffering? Well, calm down jerk face 'cause we here at MAD are happy to put your fears to rest. Your loved ones aren't out to get you! But someone else is...

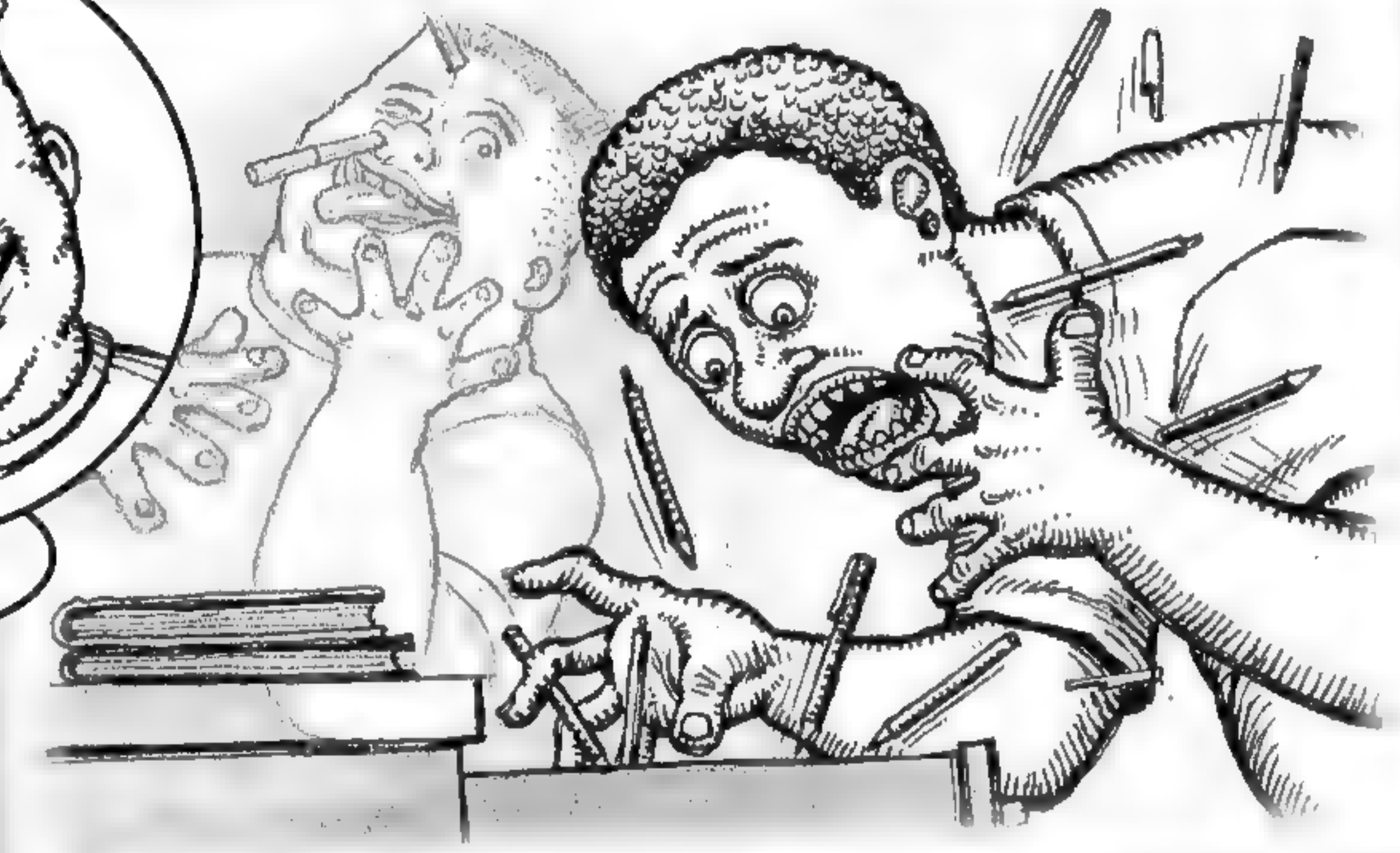
# KNOW YOUR

# GHOSTS

WRITER RYAN PAGELOW  
ARTIST JAMES WARHOLA



Cranks up the volume on your radio, so when you start your car in the morning you're suddenly blasted into oblivion by teeth-rattling, brain-piercing, eardrum-damaging music.



Enjoys tormenting you by playing The "Hide-Your-Only-Working-Pen-in-the-Drawer-Full-of-Dozens-of-Dried-Up-Totally-Useless-Pens" game.



Makes the shower either skin-numbing freezing cold or skin-disintegrating scalding hot no matter how you adjust the shower knob.



Makes any shirt that looks good on you itch as if your entire back was being attacked by flesh-eating fire ants.



Makes your grandmother walk in on you while you're watching a movie with your date at the precise moment a sex scene starts.



Puts bags of repulsive barbecue popcorn that no one ever buys in front of the chips you love in the vending machine.



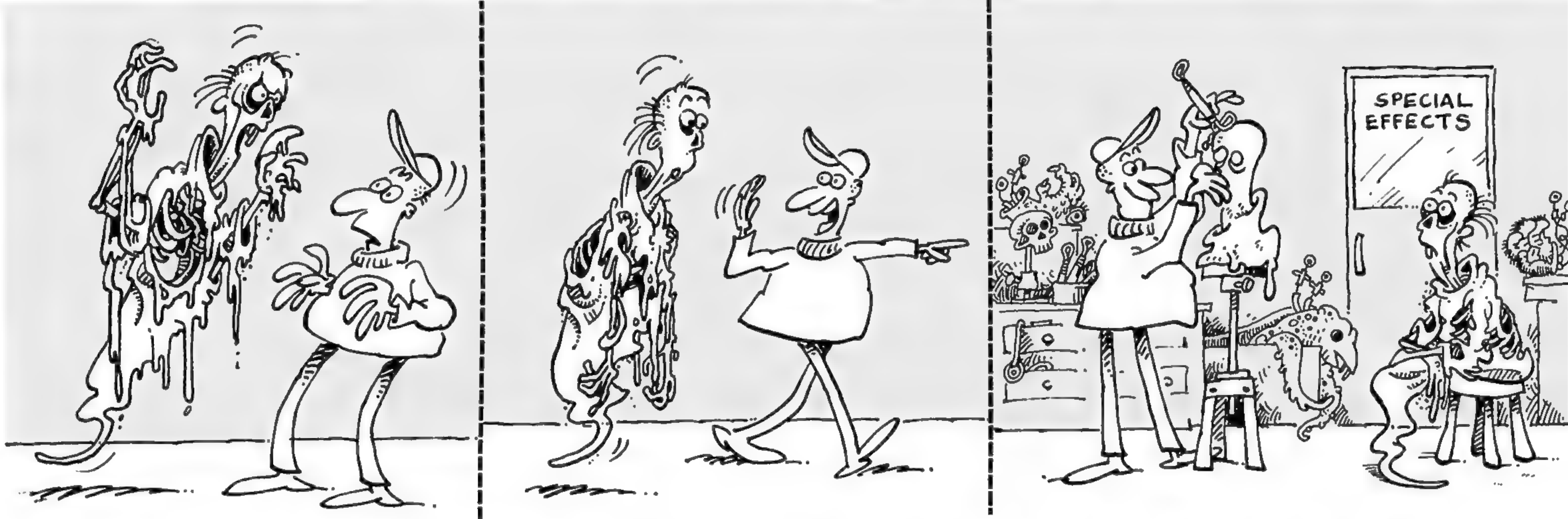
Wakes you up at the wildest part of your deviant sex dream and prevents you from returning to it when you go back to sleep.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #404, APR 2001



# A MAD LOOK AT GHOSTS

WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #291, DEC 1989







**TANTALIZING TERROR DEPT. PLEASE! WE WARN YOU! DO NOT READ THIS STORY! THROW THIS COMIC BOOK AWAY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!...VERY WELL, RASH FOOL! READ ON! BUT REMEMBER! WE WARNED YOU! THERE ARE MANY THINGS NOT MEANT FOR THE EYES OF MAN! OOOHHEEEHEEEHEEE...**

# WOOHAAH!

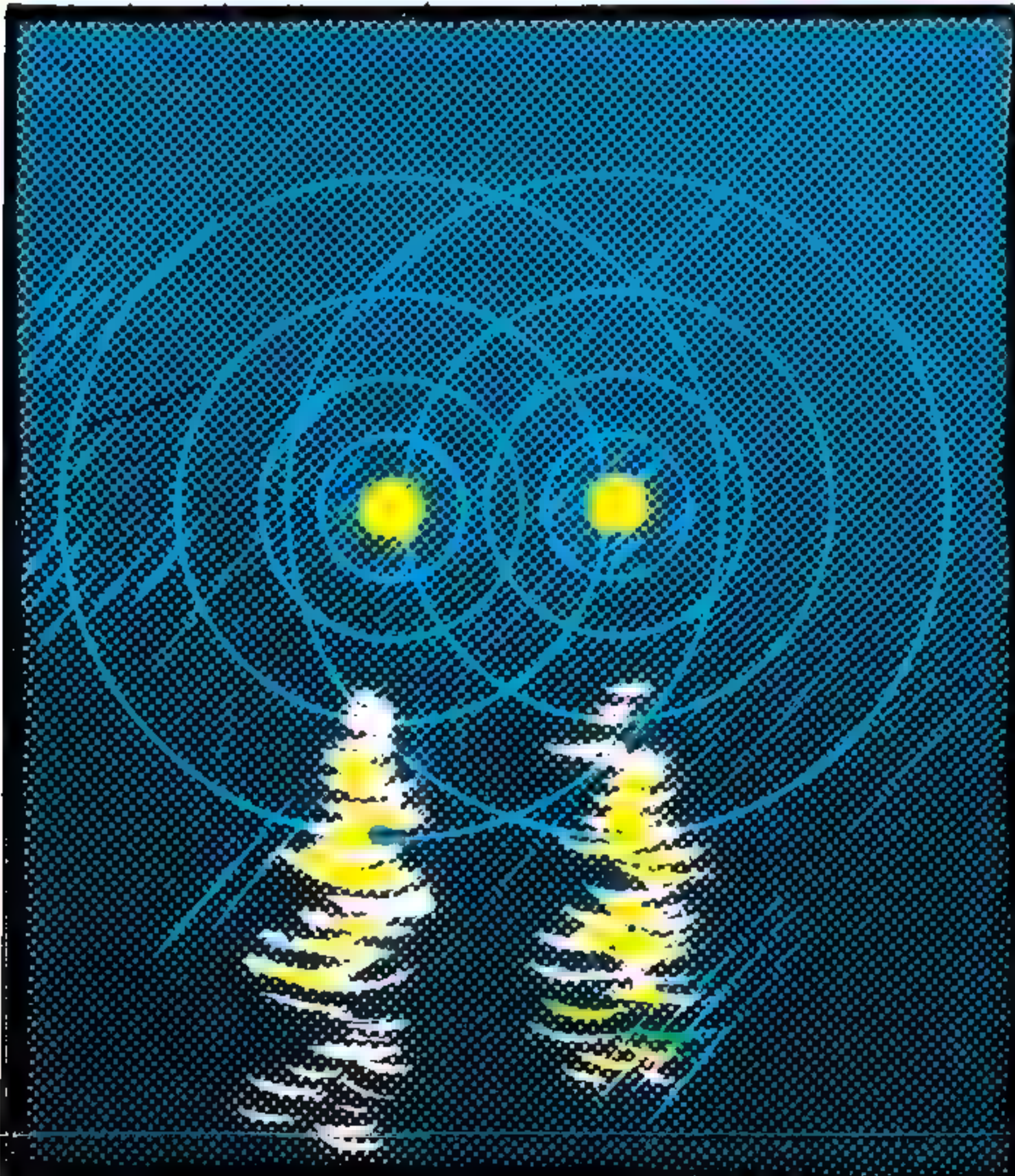


WRITER HARVEY KUTRZMAN ARTIST JACK DAVIS

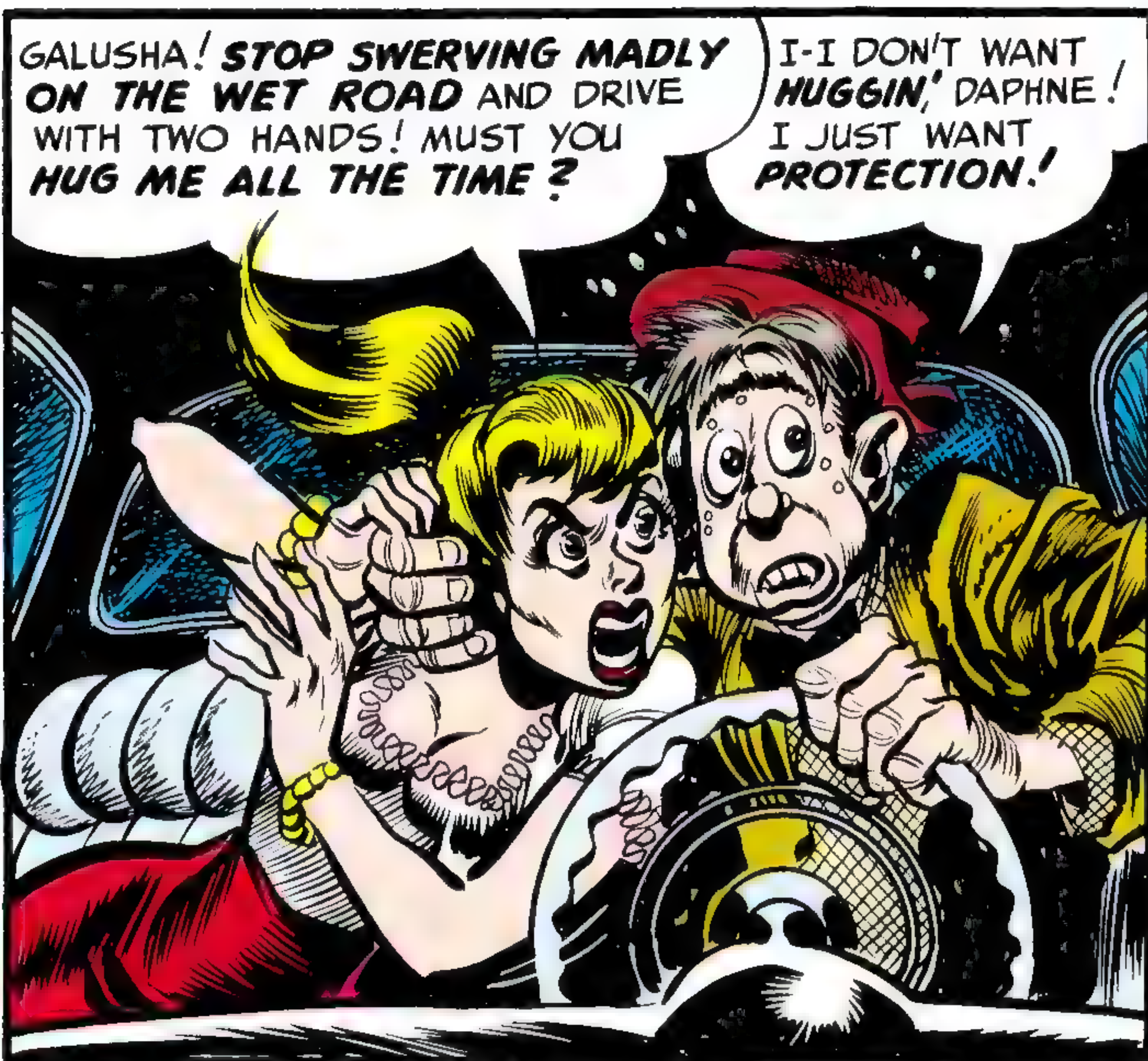
**NIGHT!...BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!**

**NIGHT...ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!**

**NIGHT!...WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!...A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!**







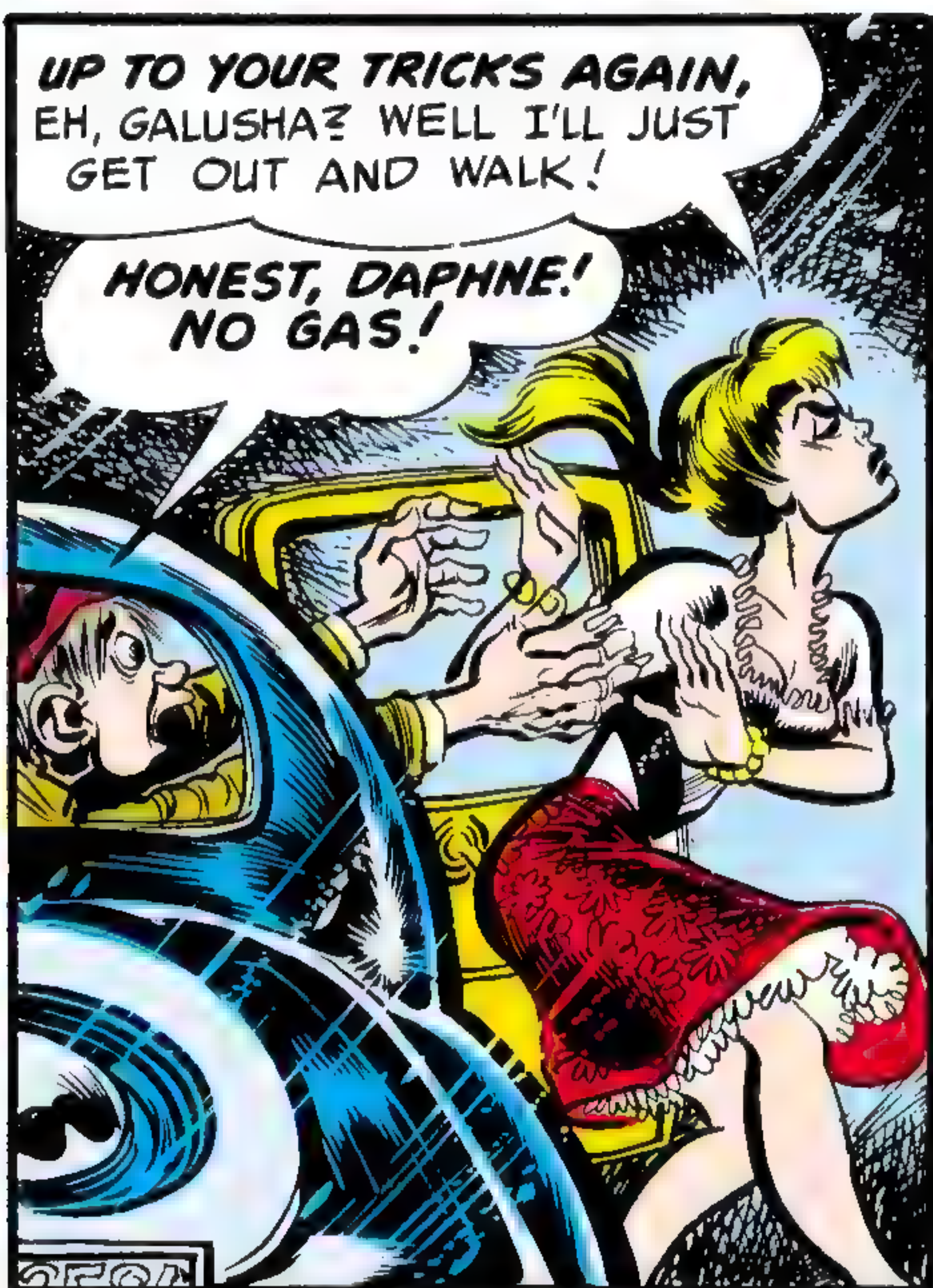
GALUSHA! STOP SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD AND DRIVE WITH TWO HANDS! MUST YOU HUG ME ALL THE TIME?

I-I DON'T WANT HUGGIN', DAPHNE! I JUST WANT PROTECTION!



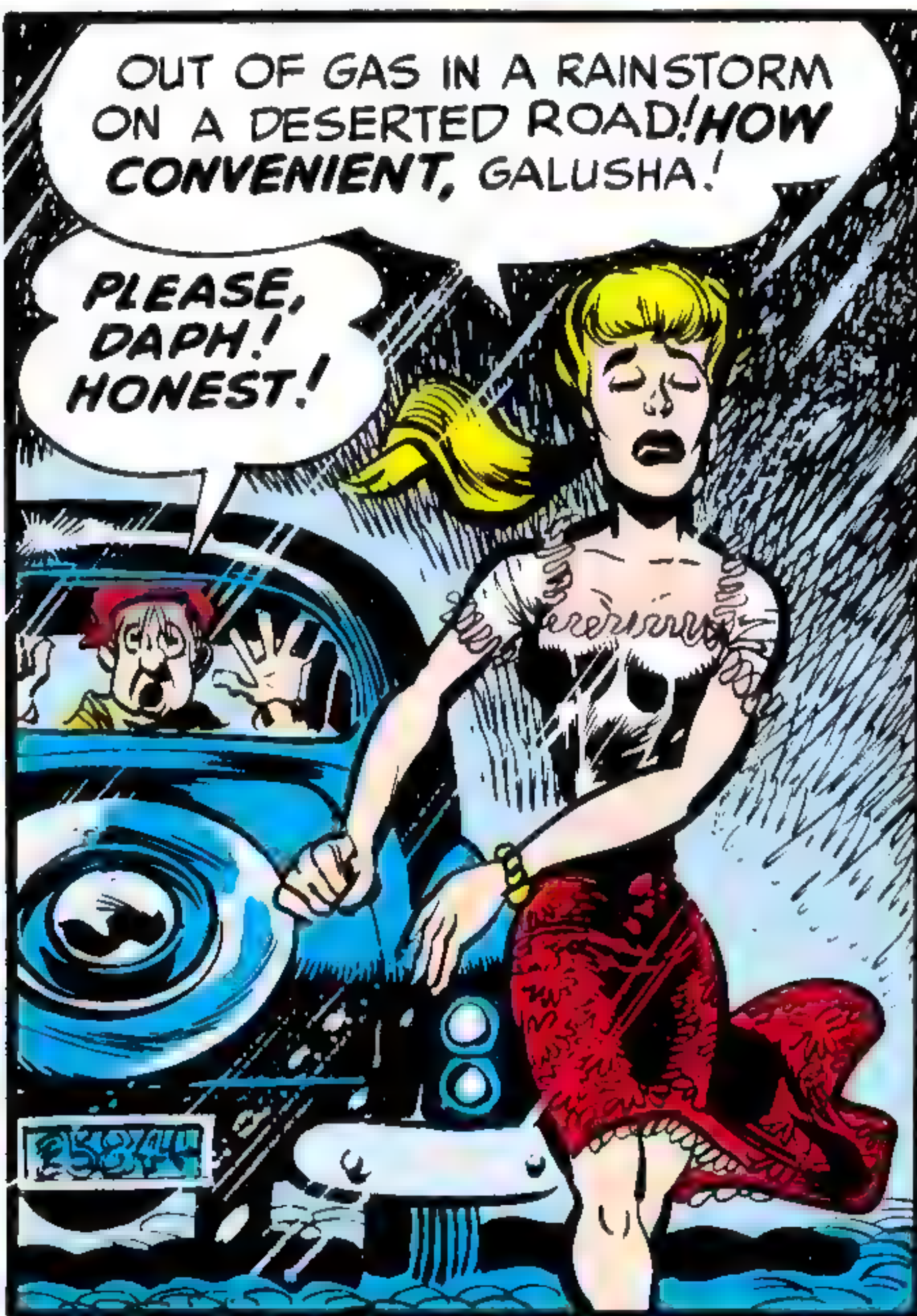
GALUSHA! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CAR?

UH-OH! LOOK AT THE GAS METER! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF GAS!



UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN, EH, GALUSHA? WELL I'LL JUST GET OUT AND WALK!

HONEST, DAPHNE! NO GAS!



OUT OF GAS IN A RAINSTORM ON A DESERTED ROAD! HOW CONVENIENT, GALUSHA!

PLEASE, DAPH! HONEST!



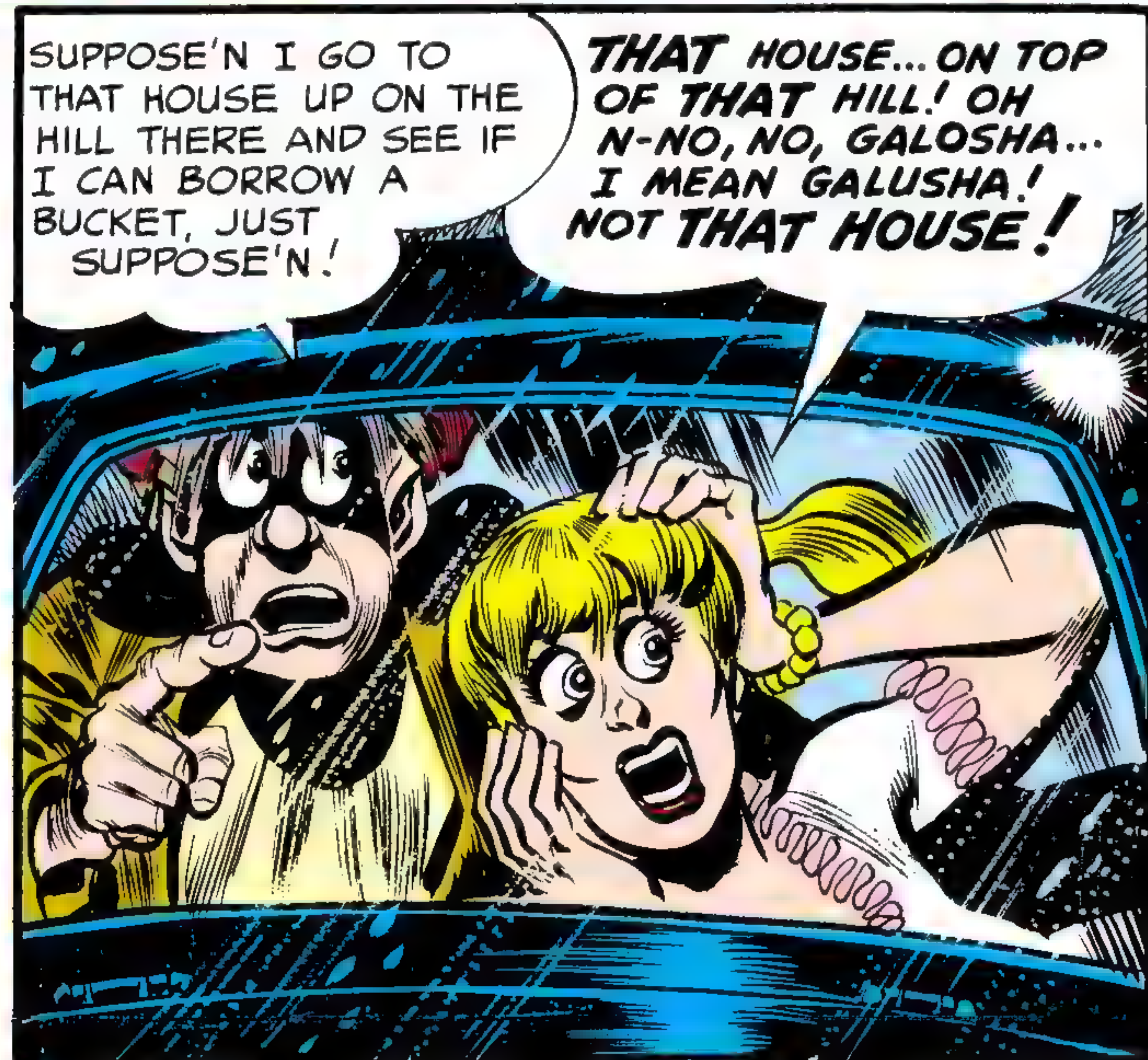
MEN RESORT TO ANYTHING...! WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID! I'LL JUST WALK HOME...

CRACK CRACK KBLLOW!



...A LITTLE LATER, MAYBE!

LISTEN, DAPHNE! WE NEED HELP! I'VE GOT TO GET A BUCKET SO I CAN GO TO A GAS STATION AND BRING SOME GASOLINE BACK!



SUPPOSE'N I GO TO THAT HOUSE UP ON THE HILL THERE AND SEE IF I CAN BORROW A BUCKET, JUST SUPPOSE'N!

THAT HOUSE... ON TOP OF THAT HILL! OH N-NO, NO, GALUSHA... I MEAN GALUSHA! NOT THAT HOUSE!



AHH, COME ON, DAPH! ALL I WANT IS A BUCKET!

GALUSHA! THAT'S THE BOGG HOUSE! THEY TELL MANY STORIES OF THE BOGG HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE!



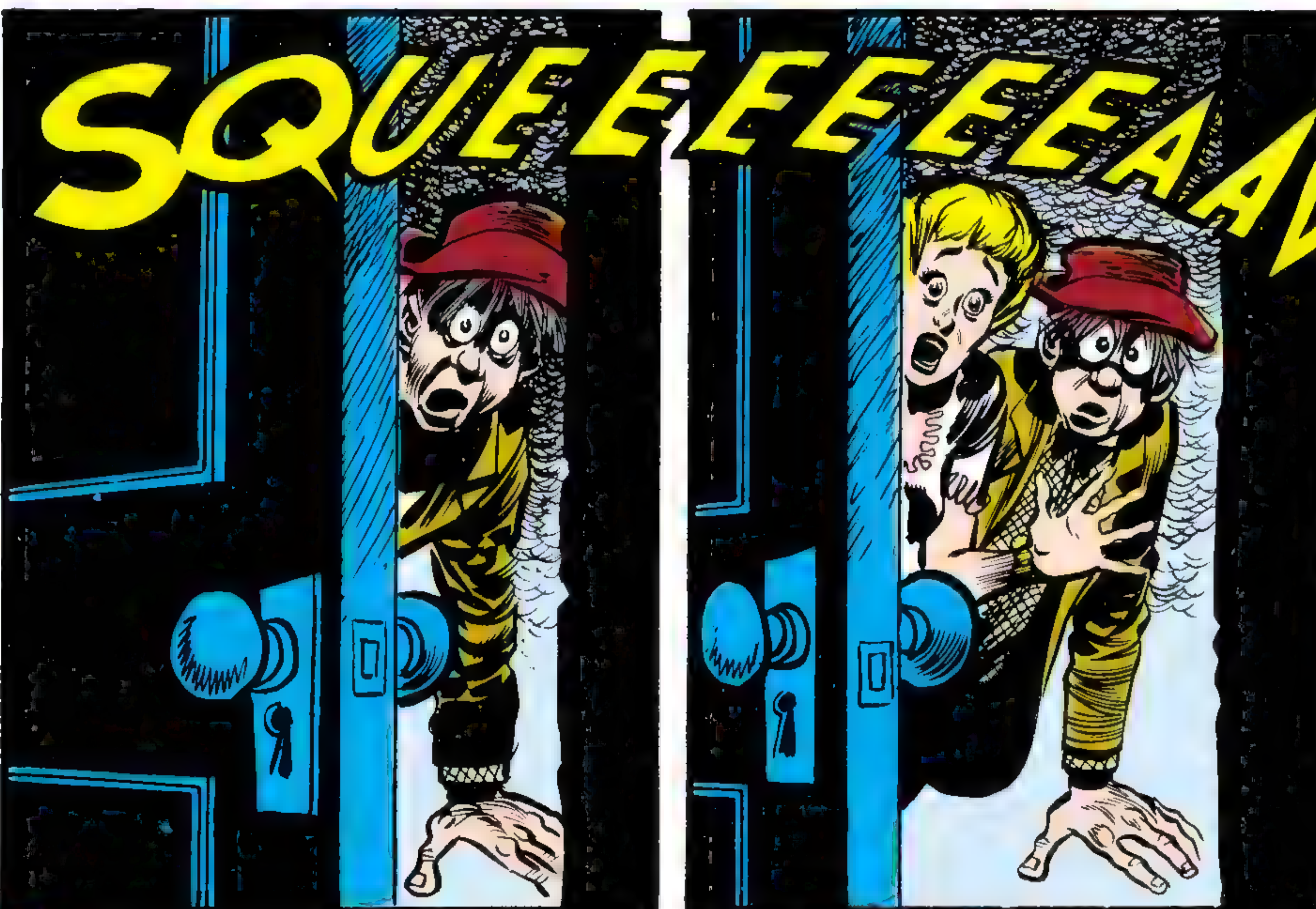
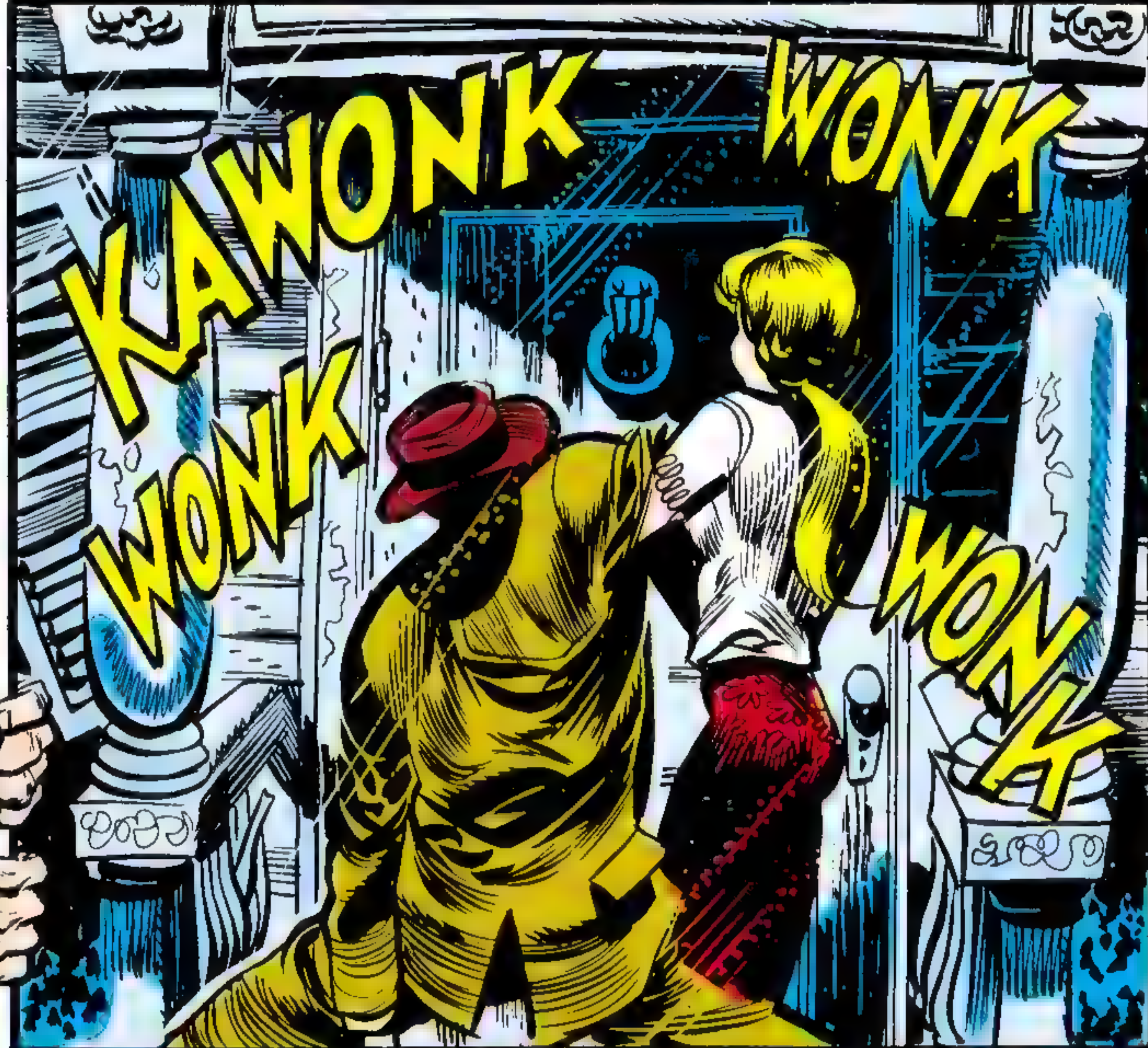
STORIES OF TWO BROTHERS, GOG AND MAGOG BOGG WHO LIVED THERE ALONE! THEY HARDLY EVER LEFT THE MANSION! ONE DAY, GOG BOGG WAS FOUND UNDER A LOG, WITHOUT HIS HEAD!



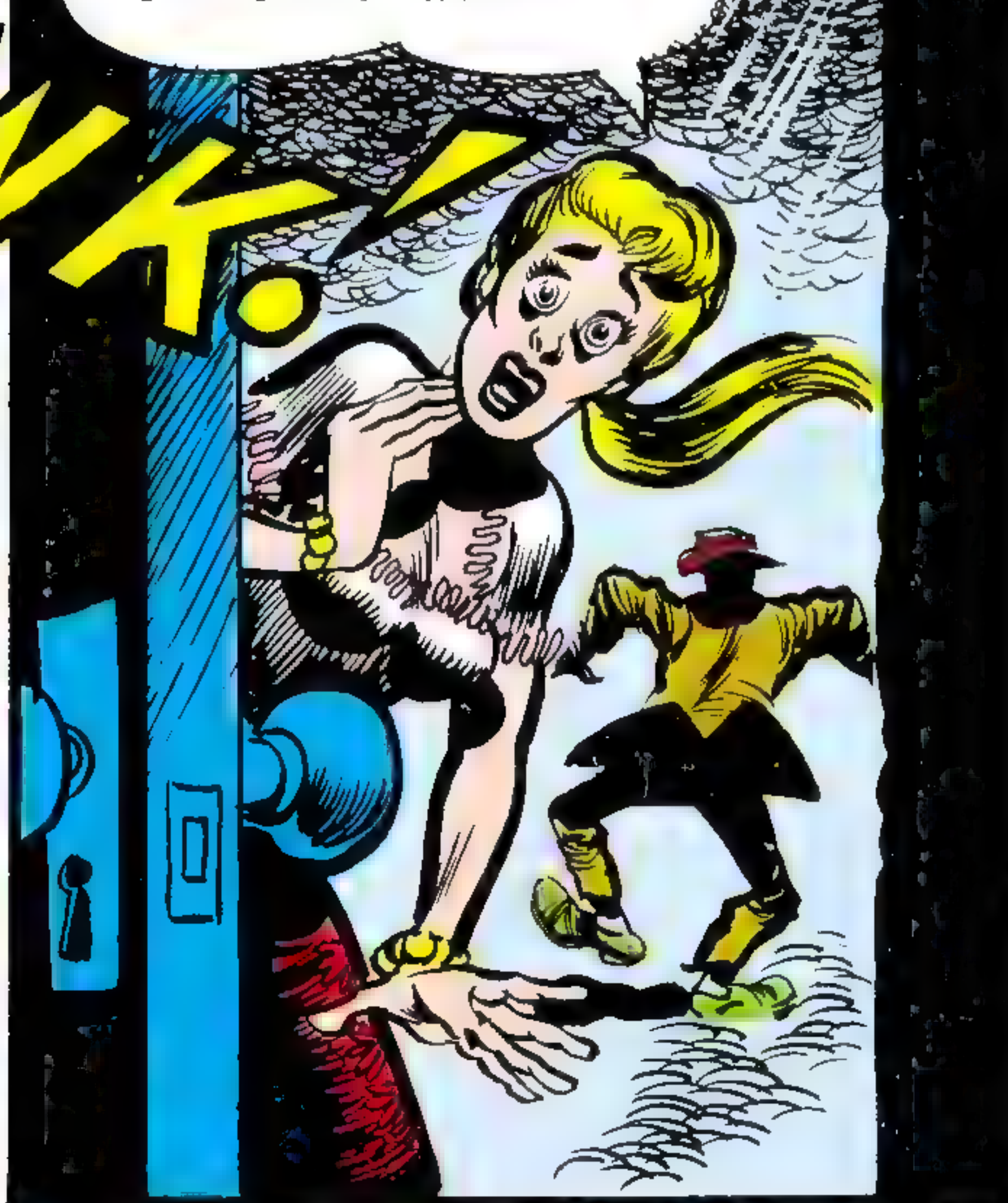
MAGOG, WAS SUSPECTED AS THE MURDERER... WENT STARK RAVING INSANE! THEY SAY GOG'S HEAD IS STILL IN THE BOGG HOUSE... AND THEY SAY THAT GOG COMES LOOKING FOR IT EVERY NIGHT!



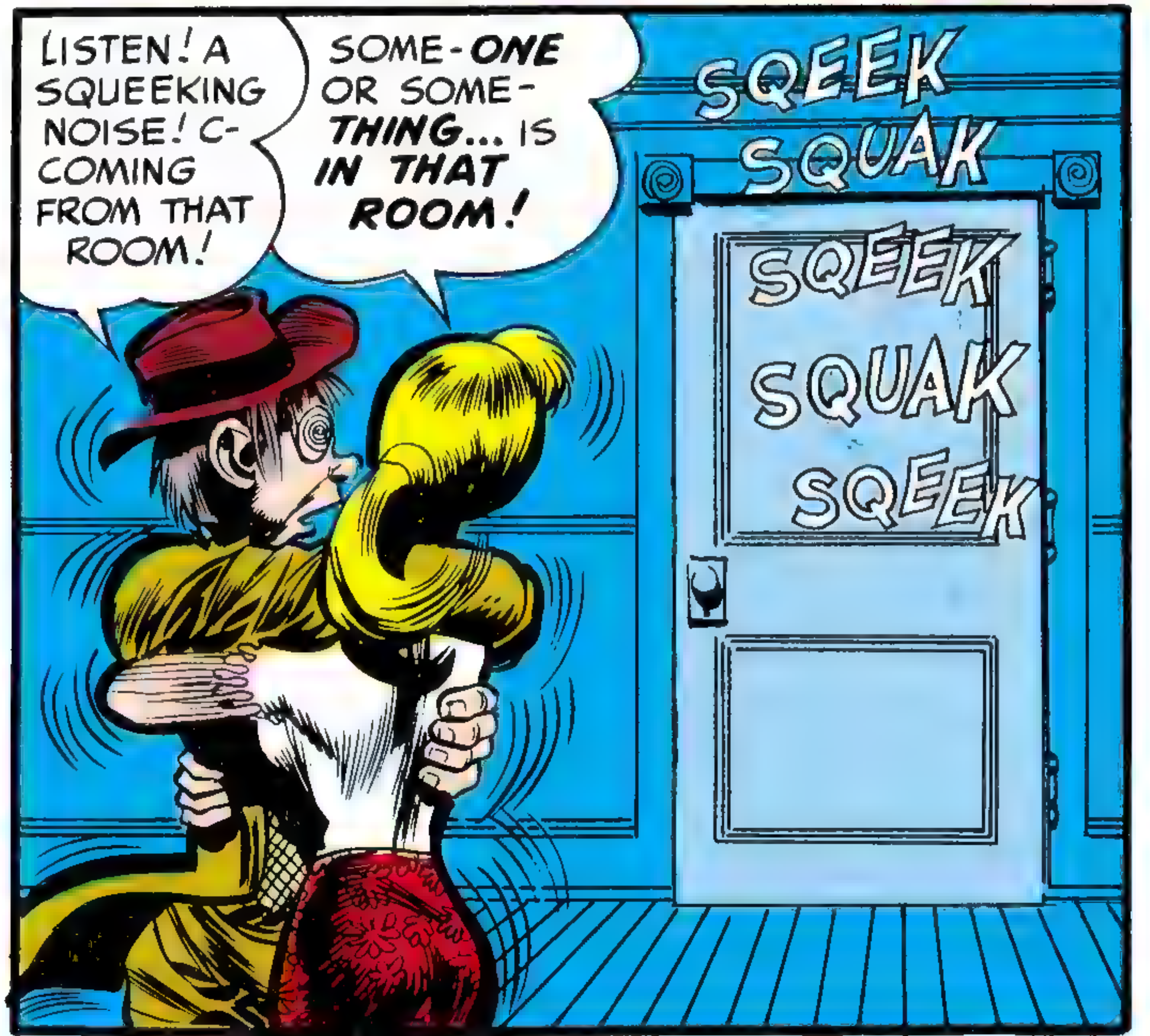
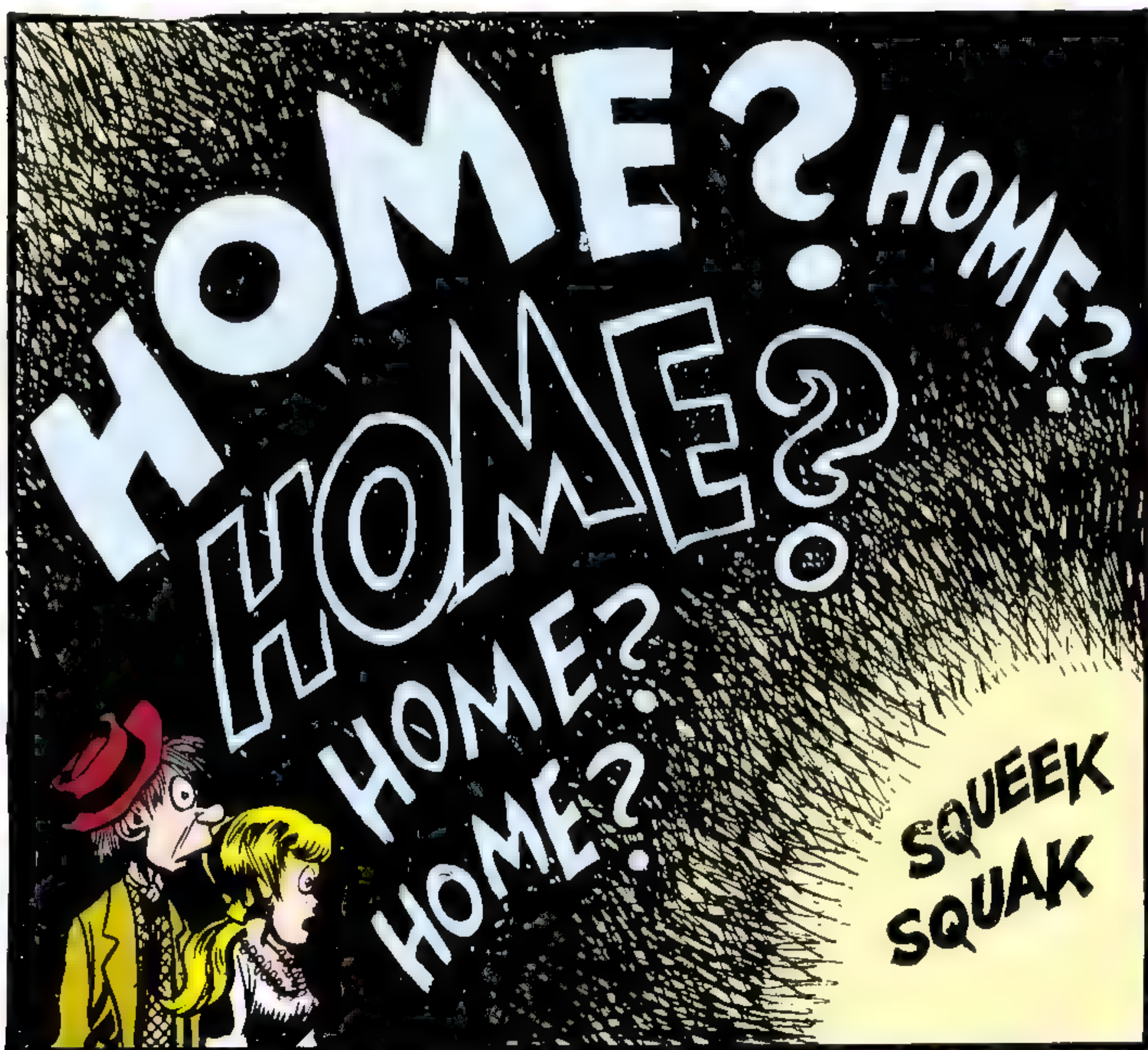
**KLONK** BUT... WE DO NEED THAT GASOLINE BUCKET, EH, GALUSHA! I'LL KNOCK AND SEE IF ANYONE IS AT HOME!



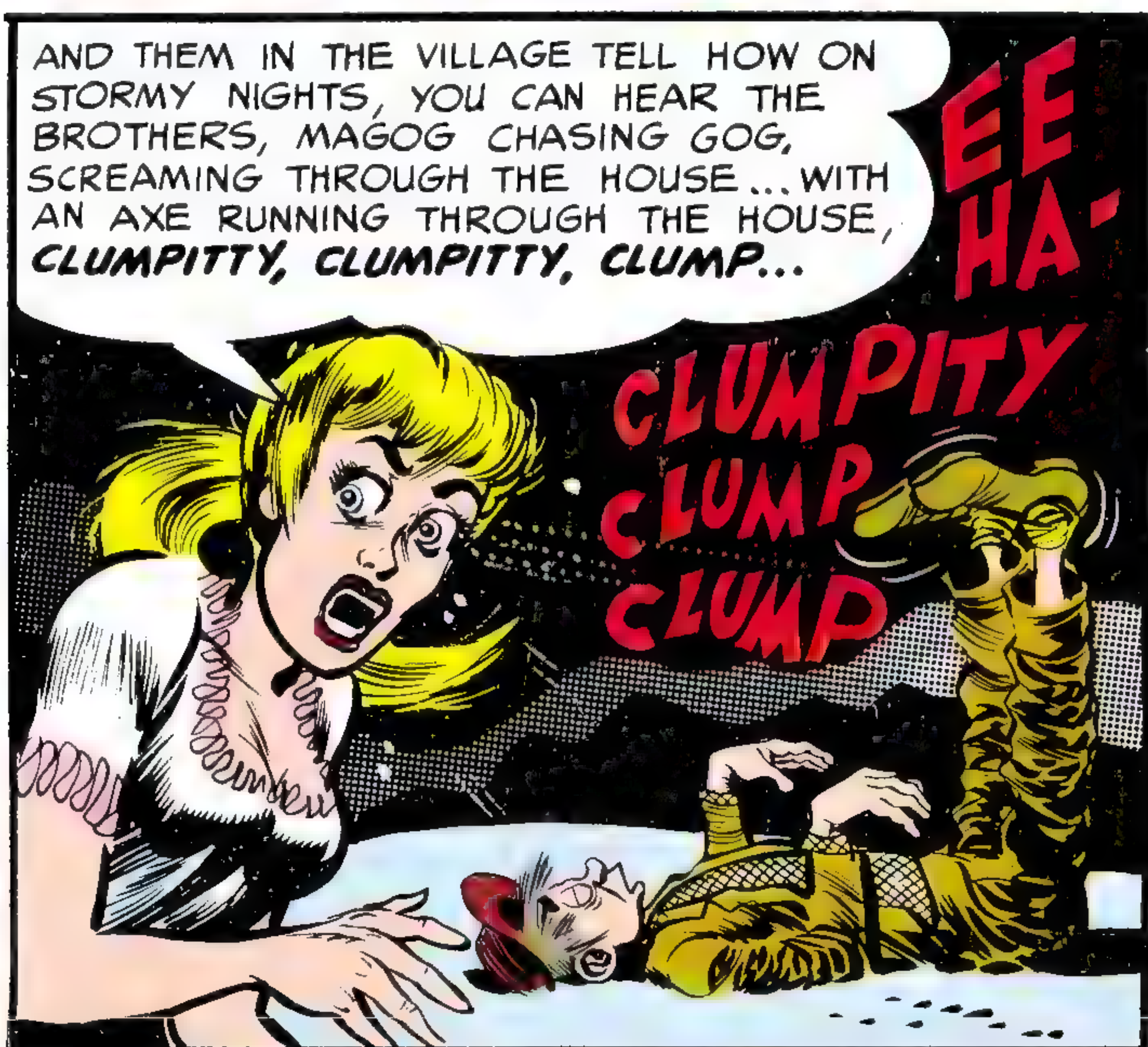
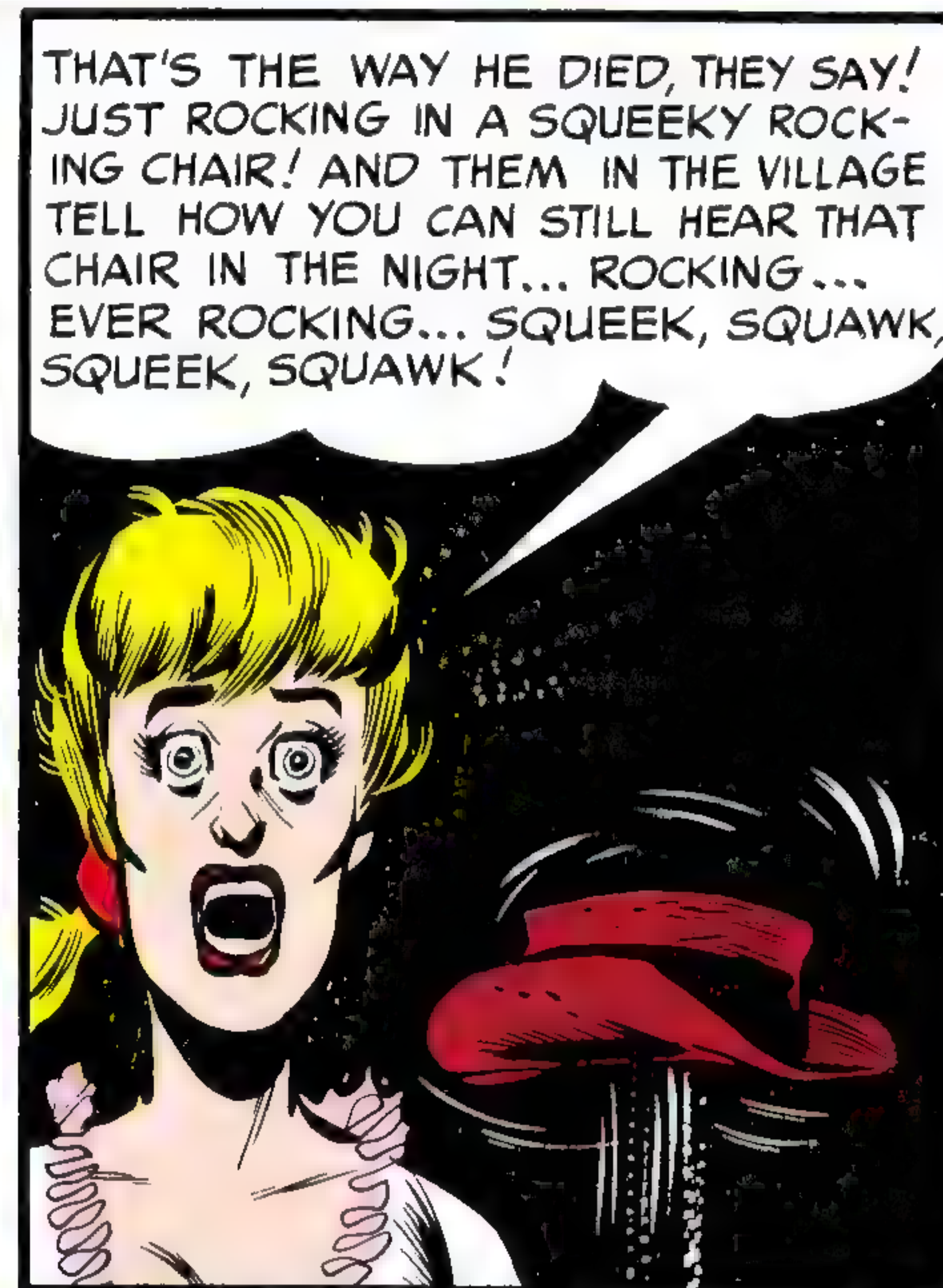
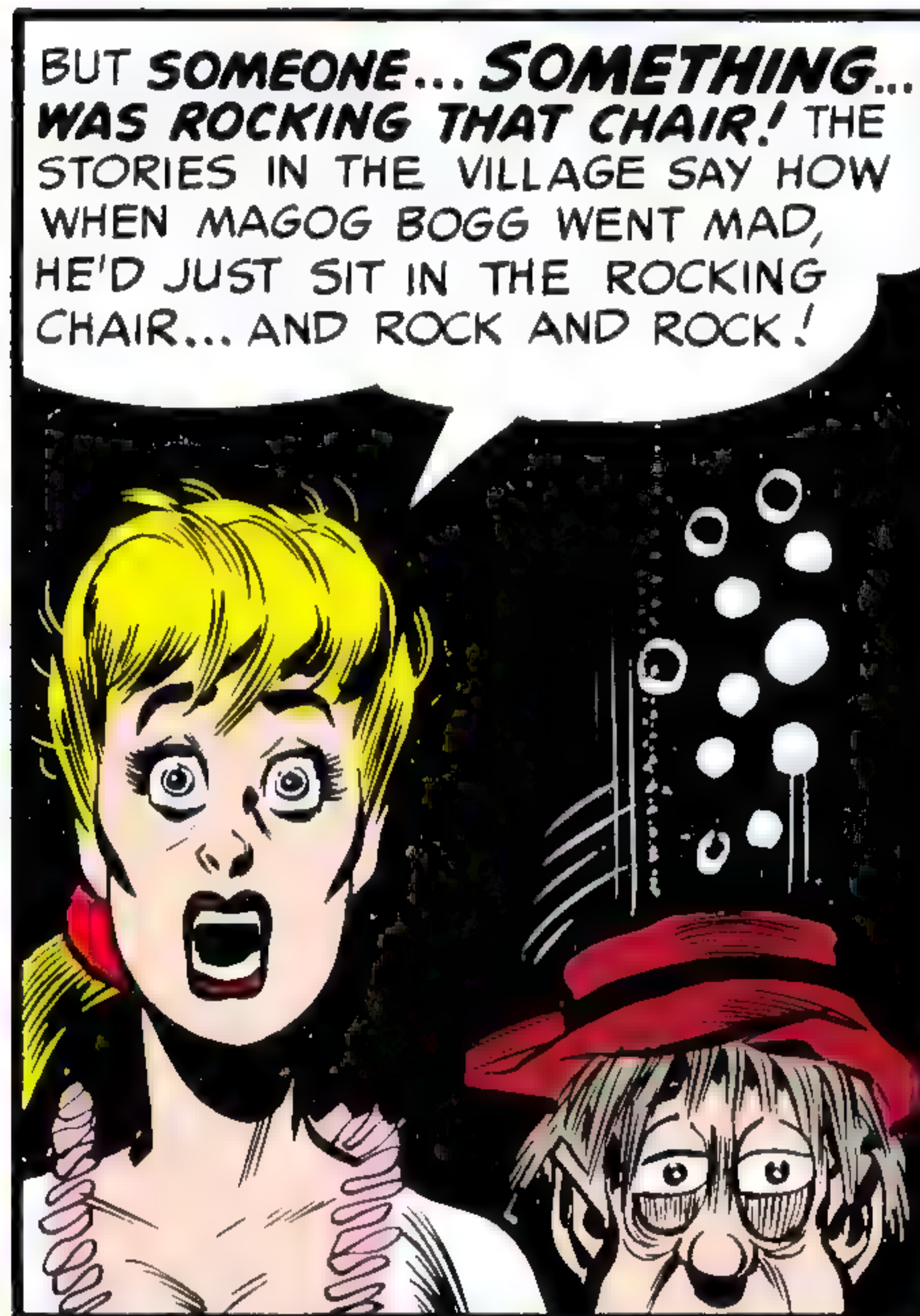
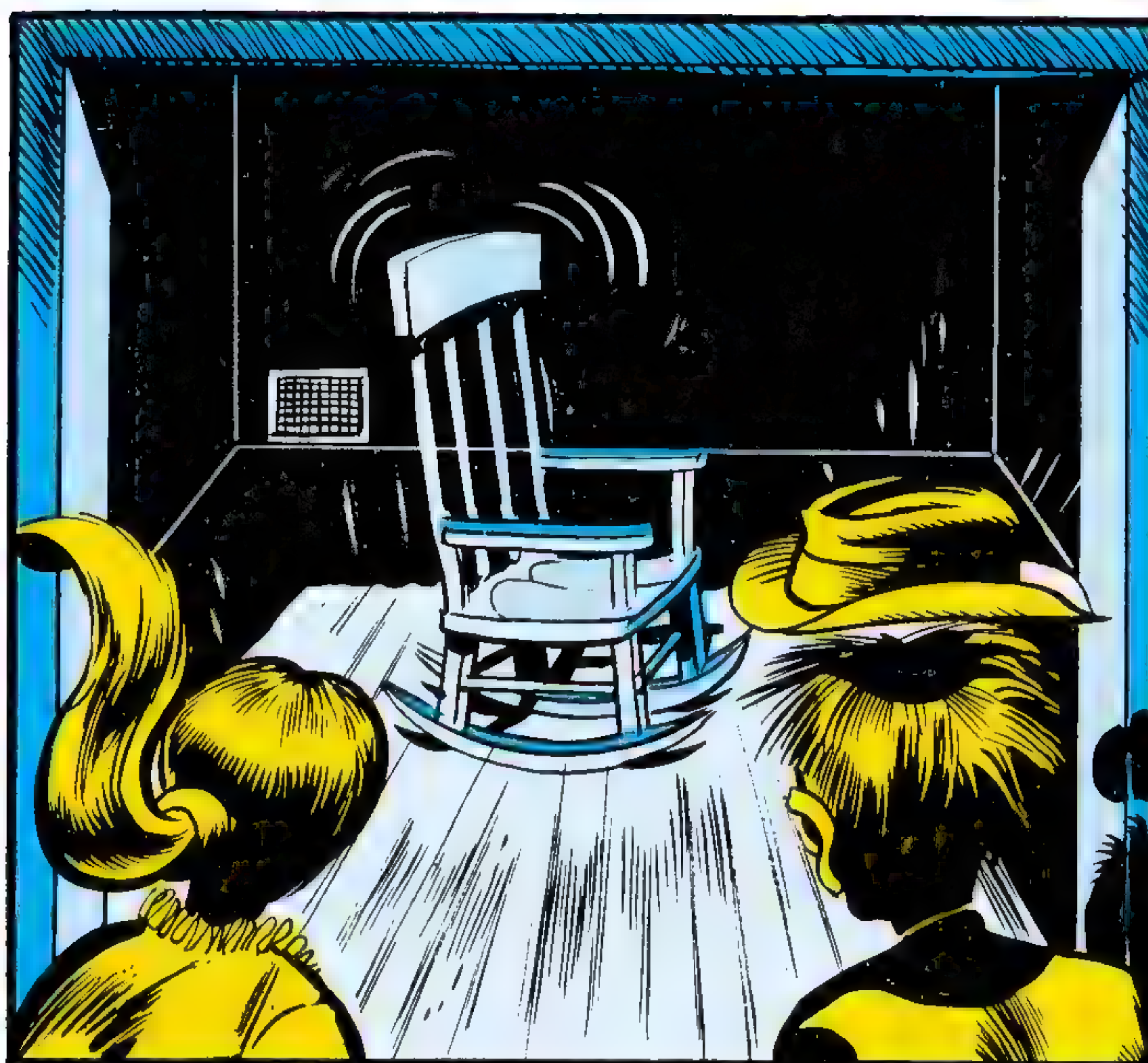
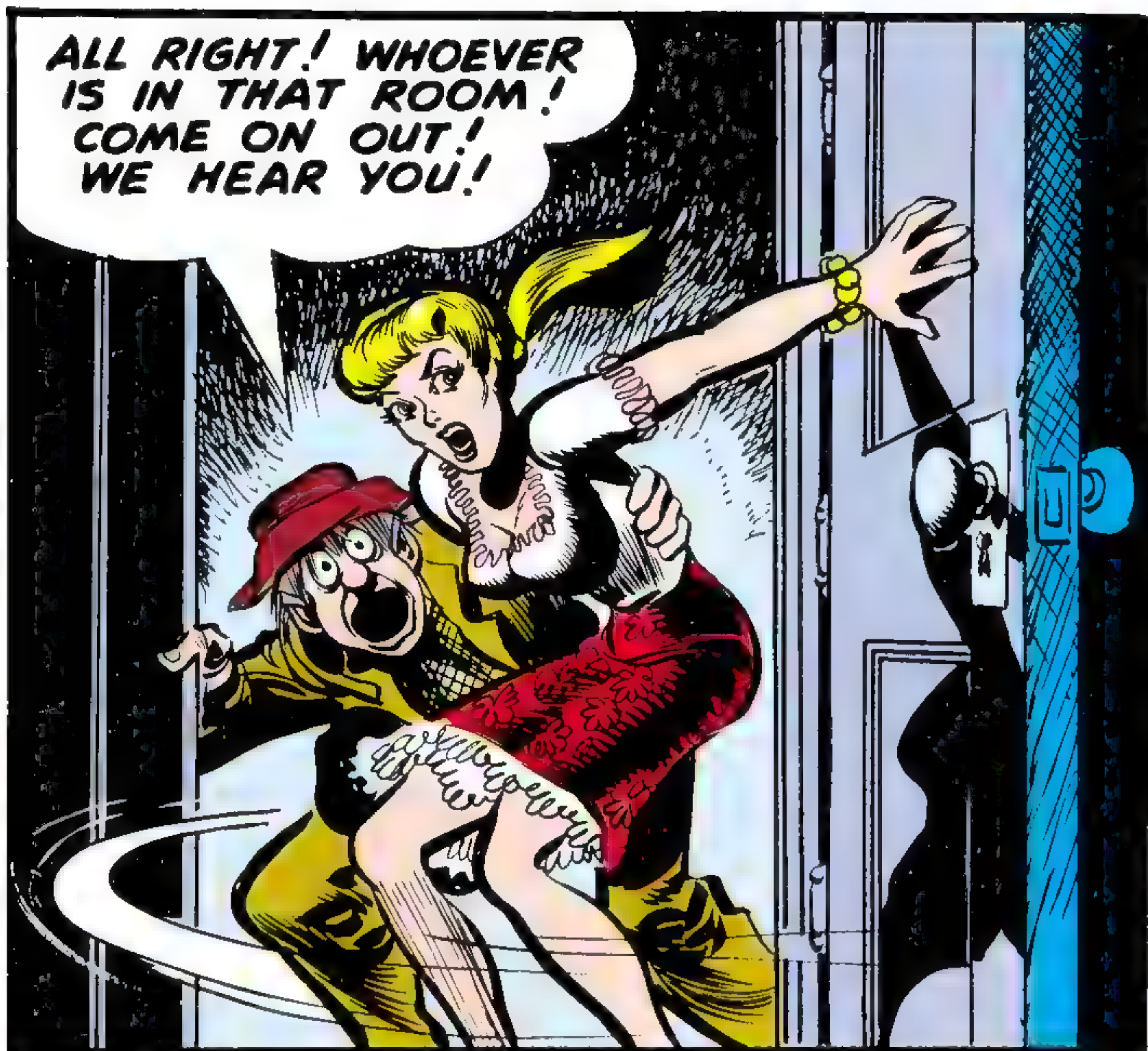
WELL... THE DOOR IS OPEN, GALUSHA! LET'S GO INSIDE!



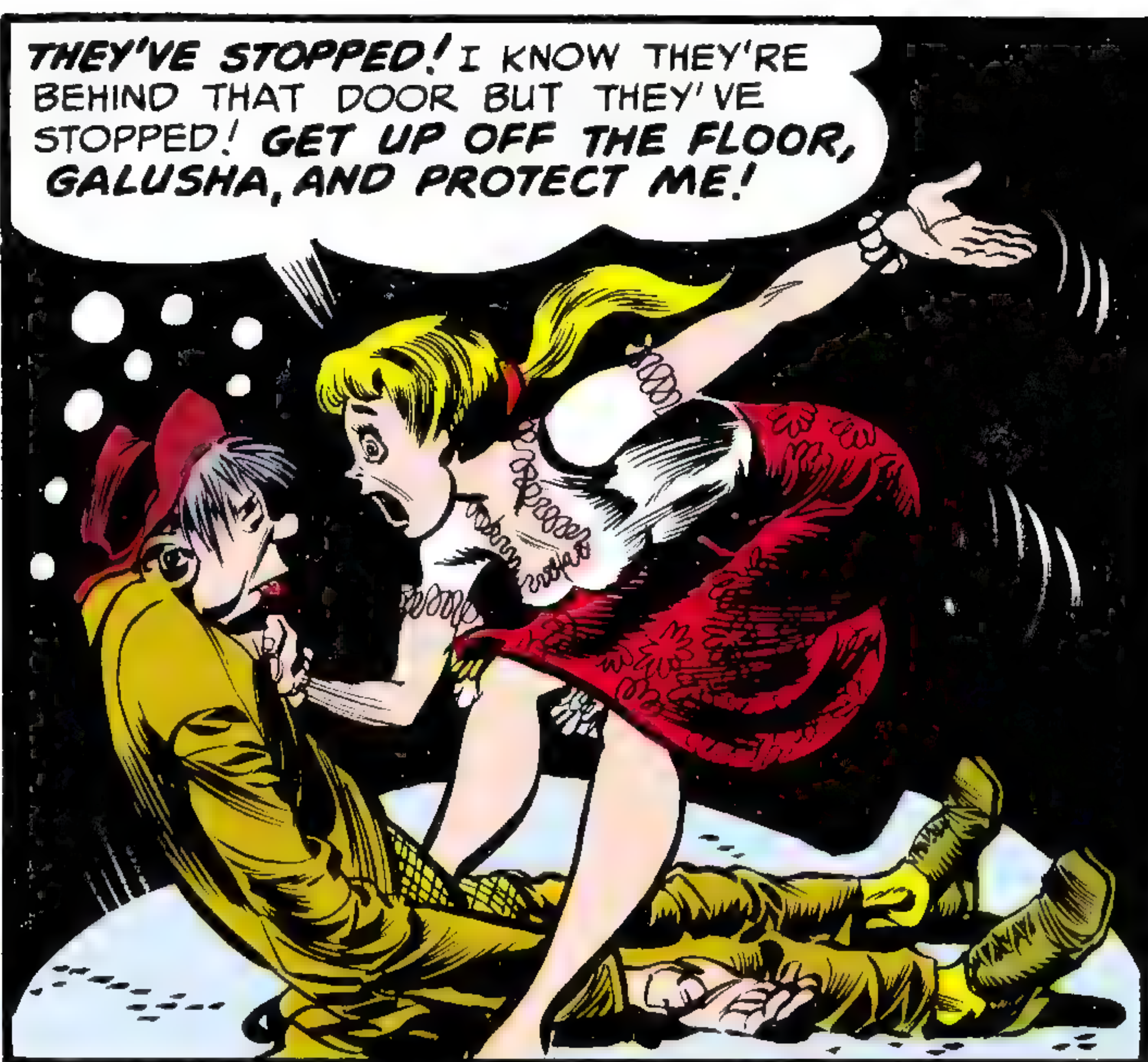




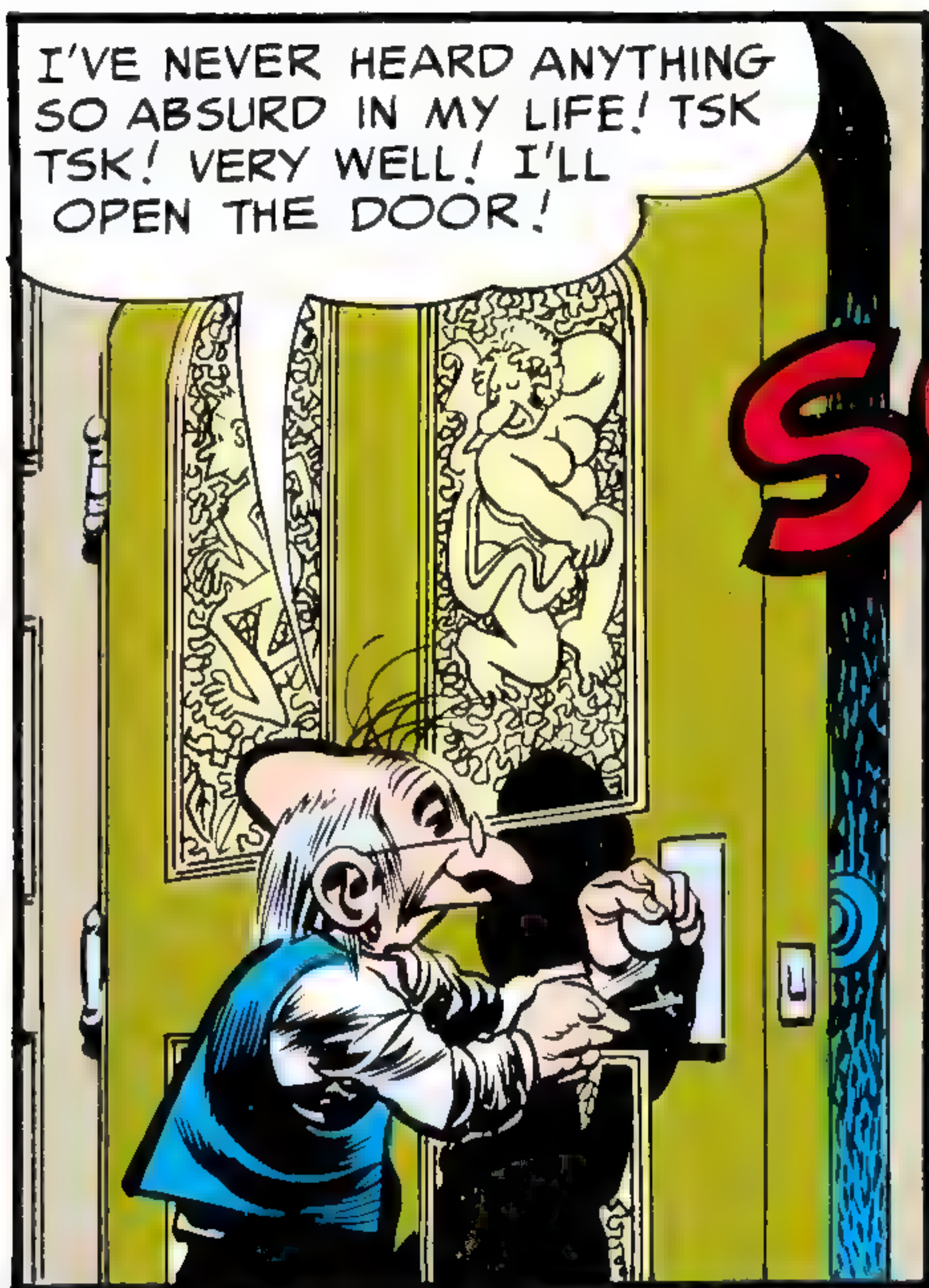




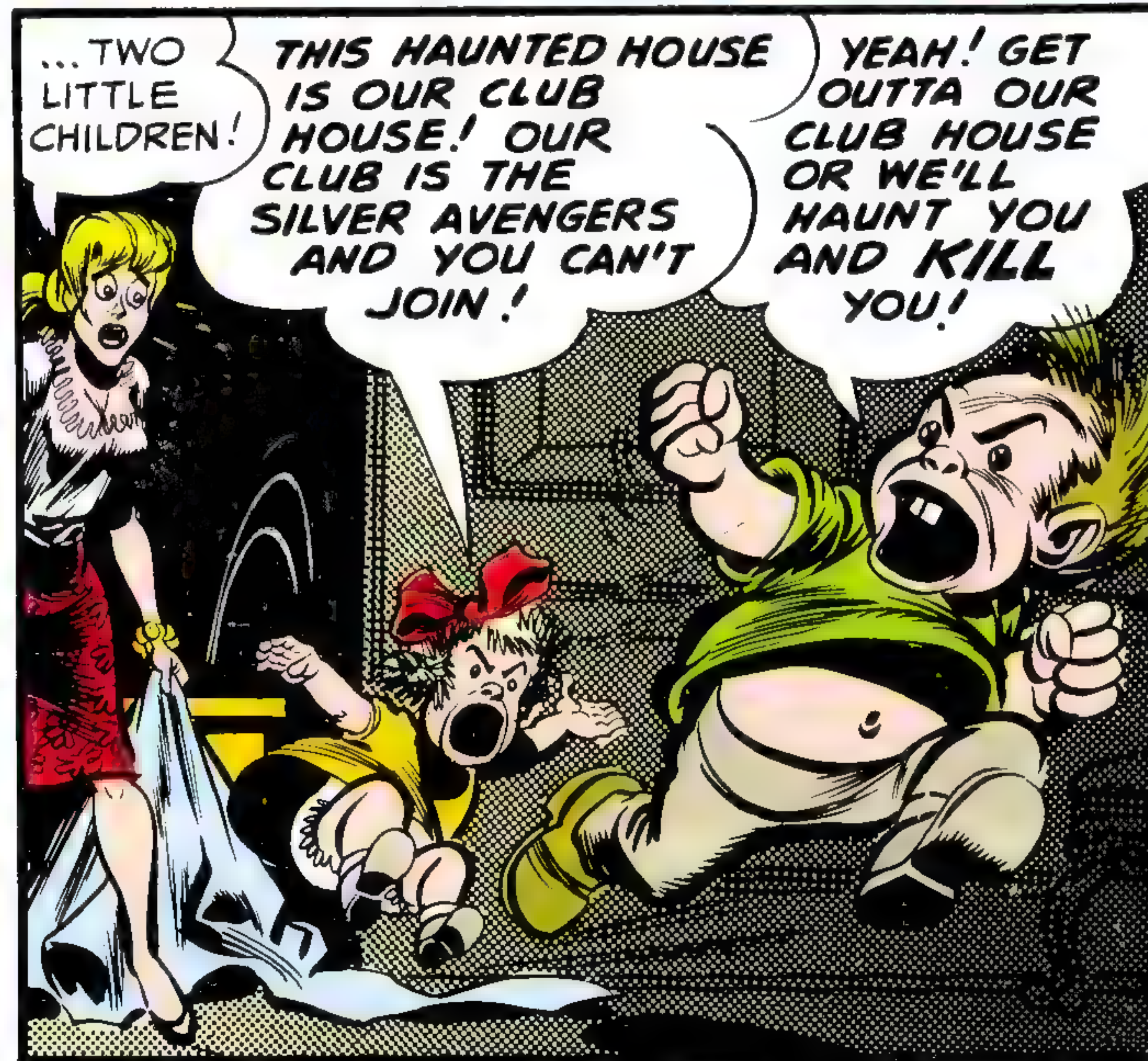
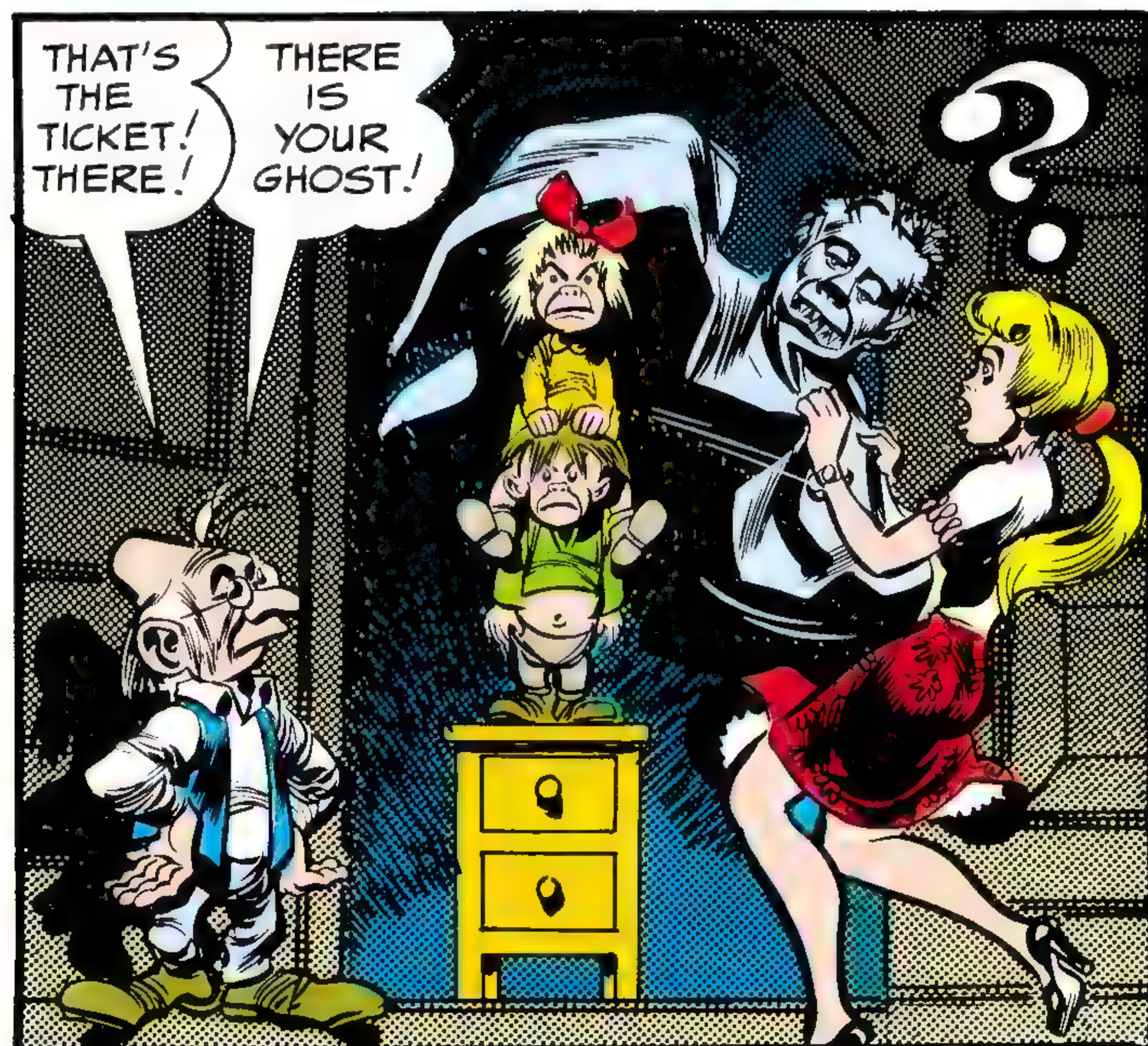
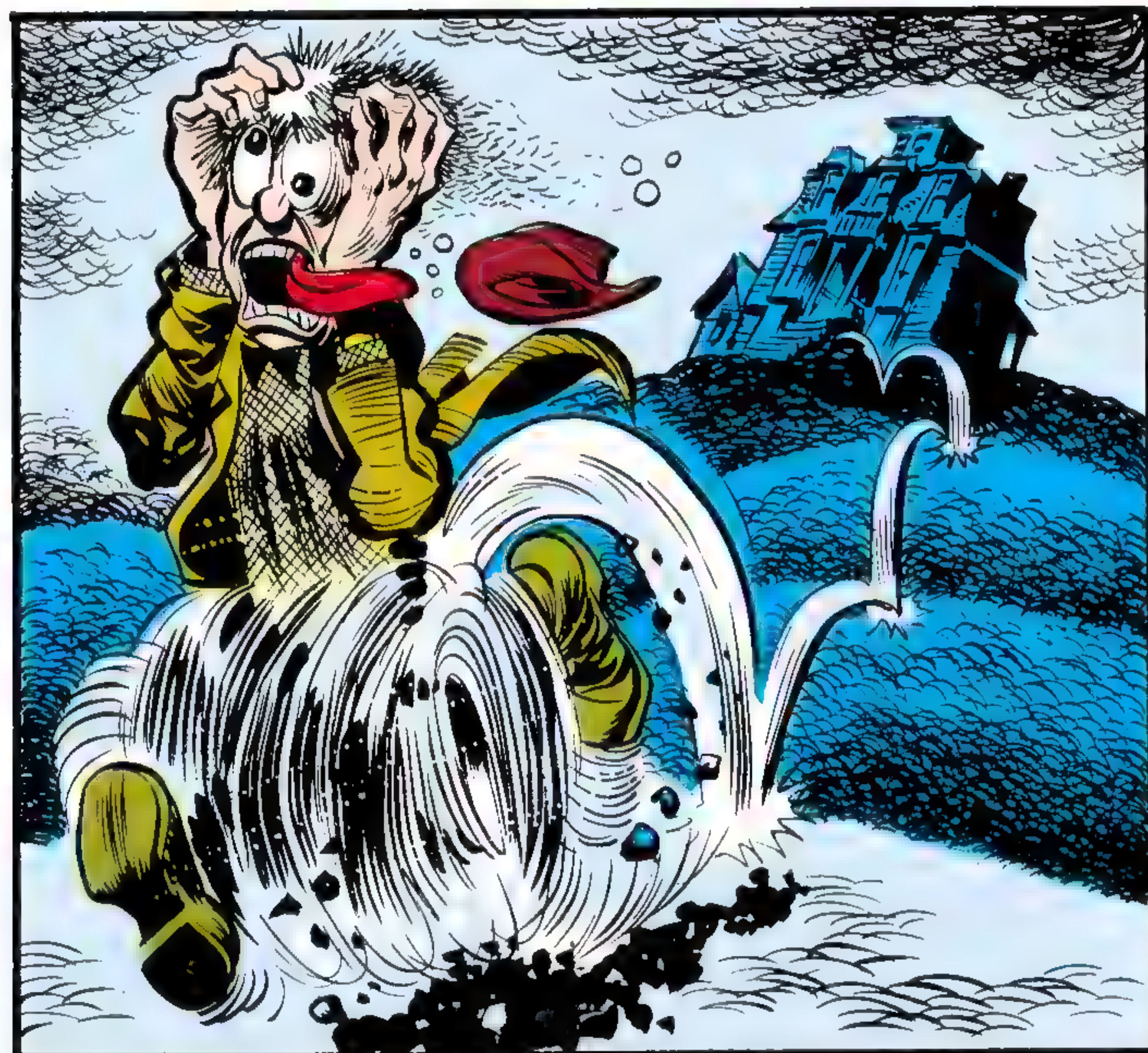
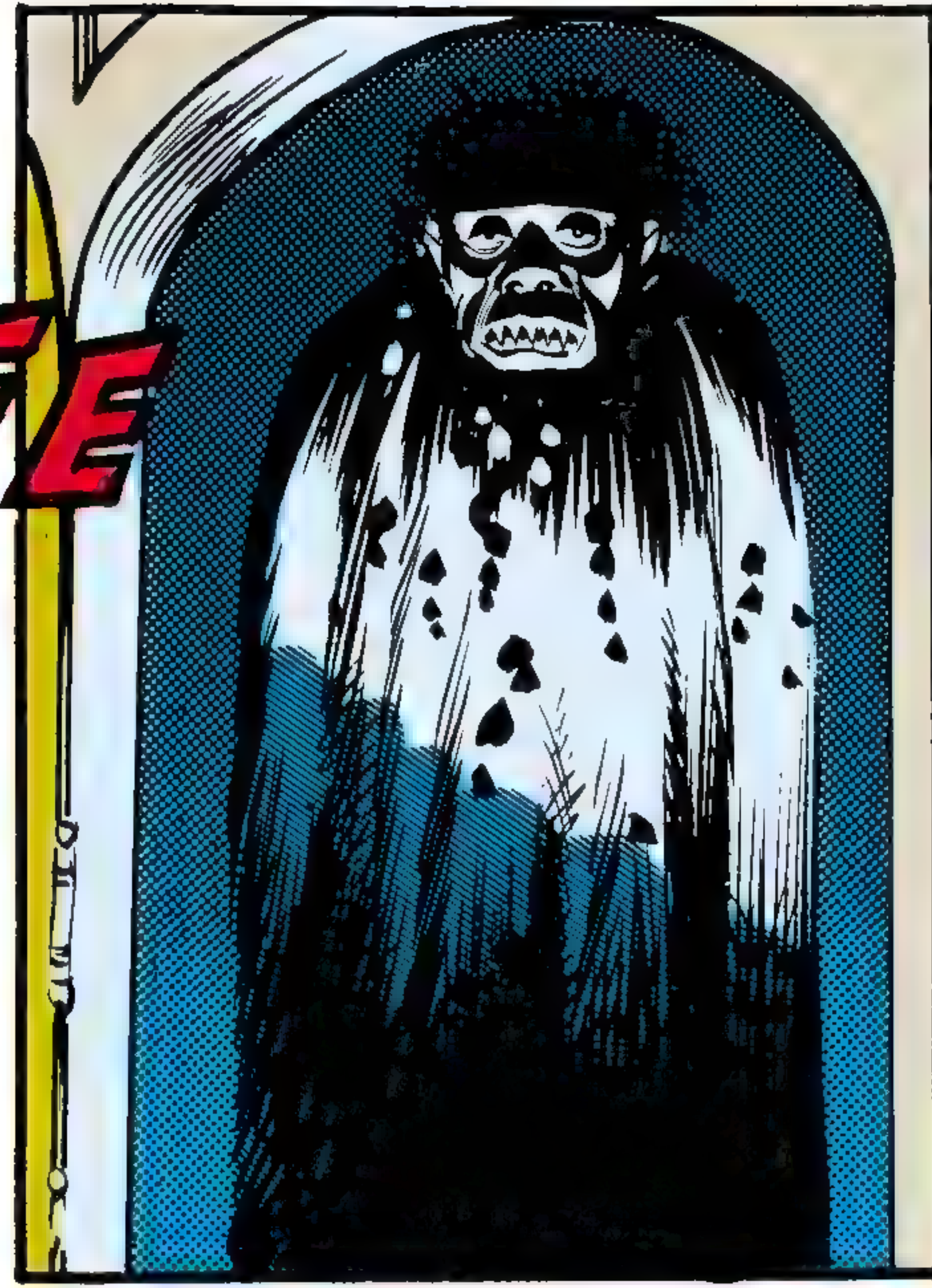




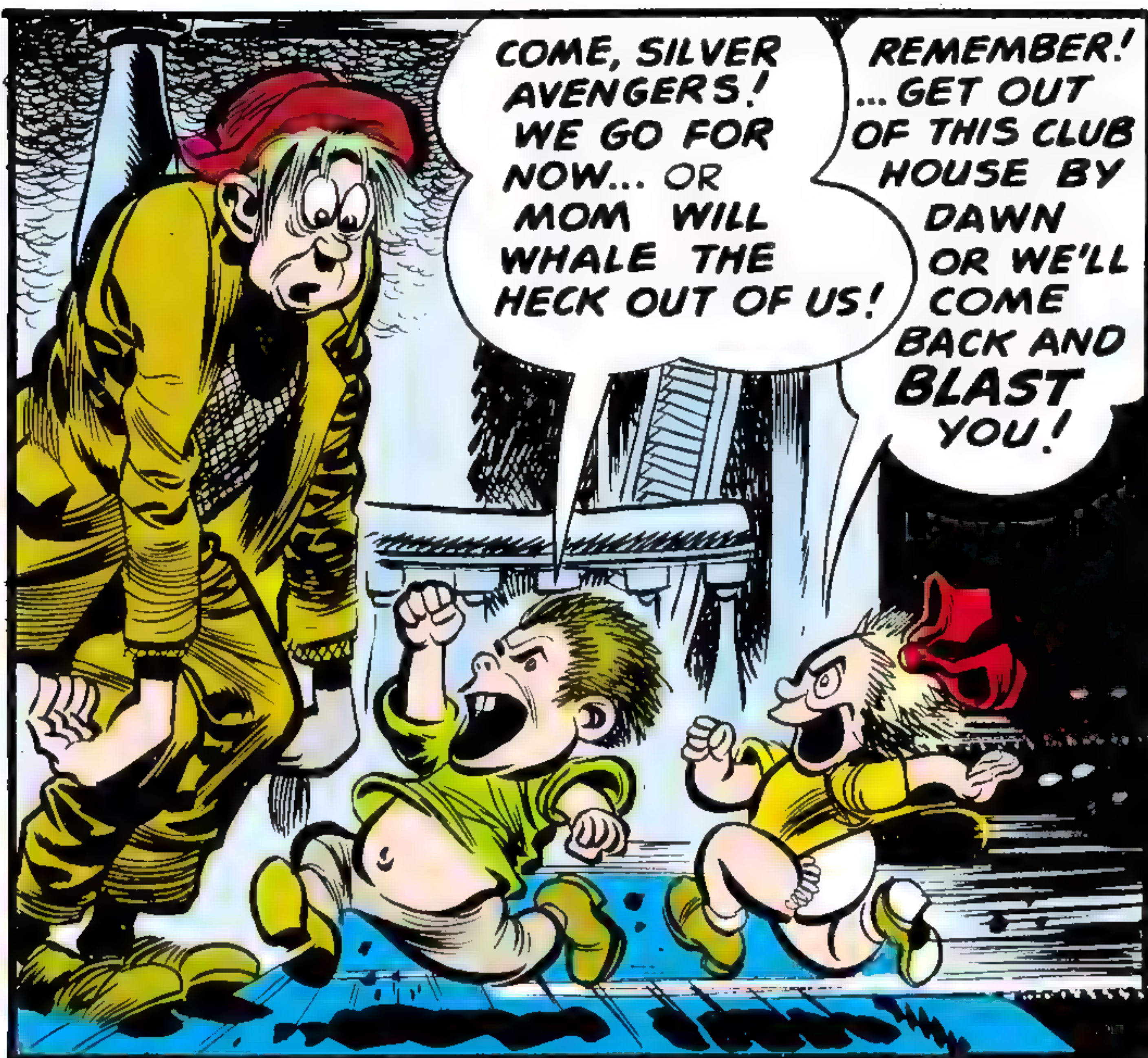




**SQUEEEEEEE**

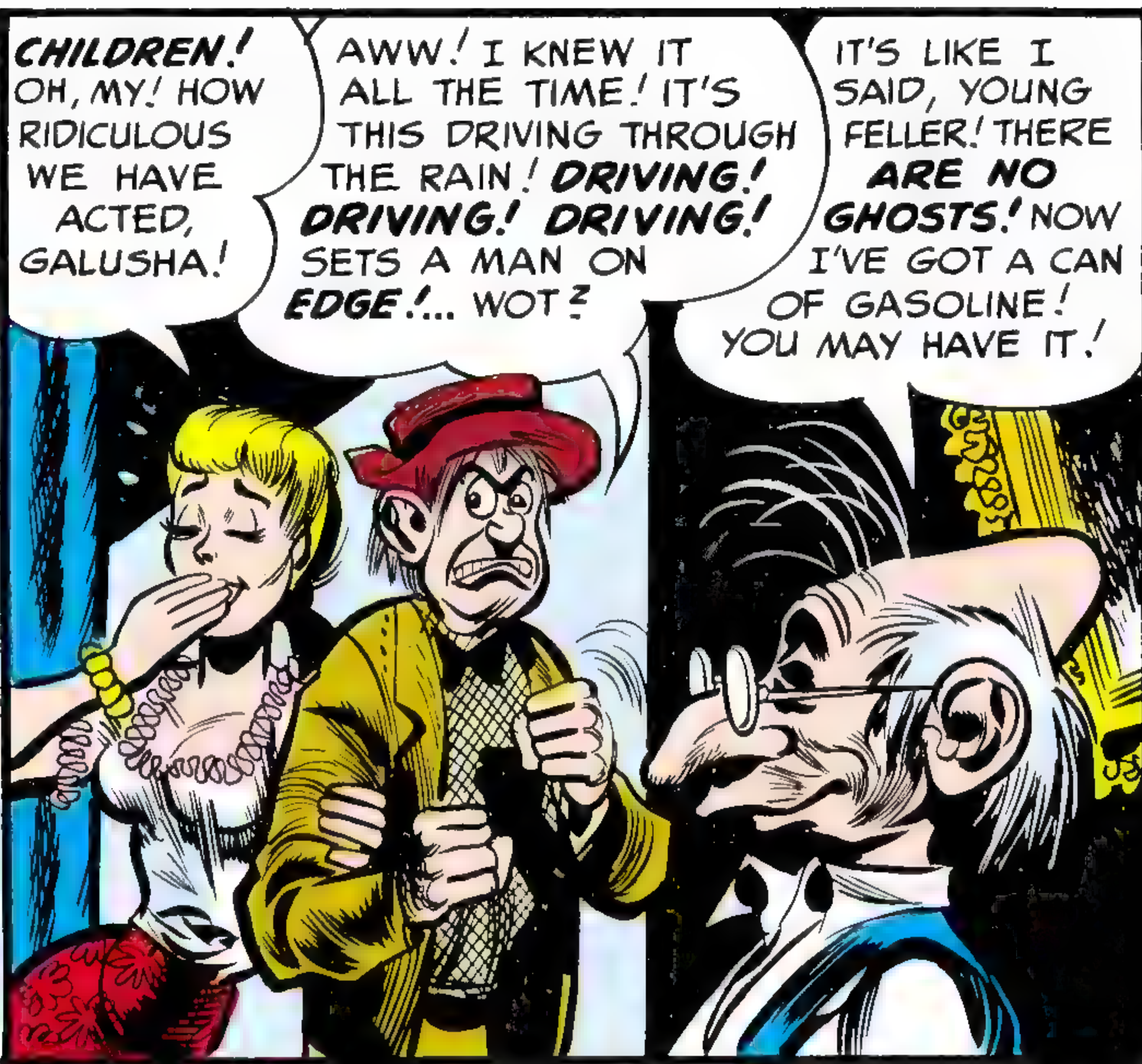






COME, SILVER AVENGERS! WE GO FOR NOW... OR MOM WILL WHALE THE HECK OUT OF US!

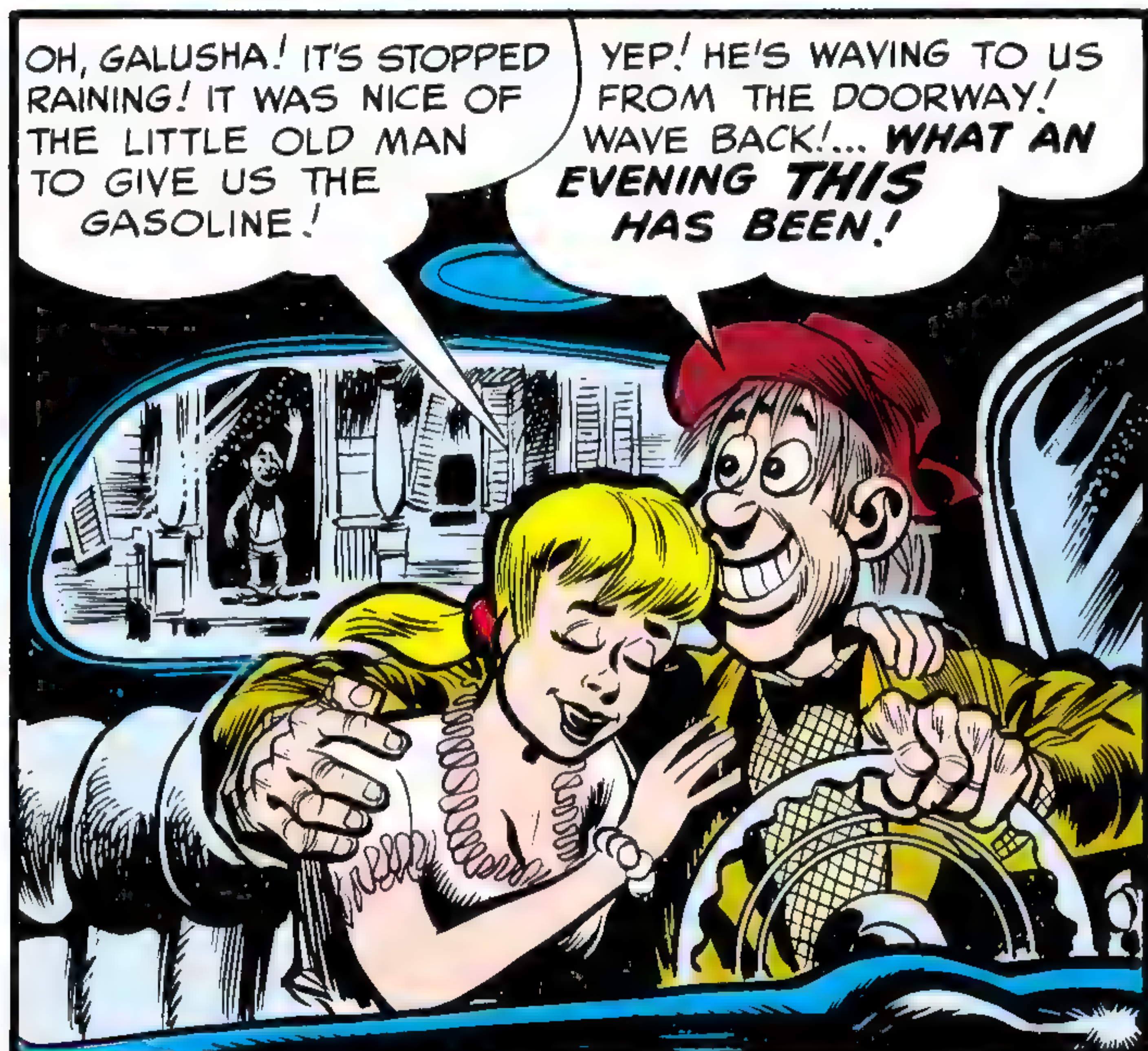
REMEMBER! ...GET OUT OF THIS CLUB HOUSE BY DAWN OR WE'LL COME BACK AND BLAST YOU!



CHILDREN! OH, MY! HOW RIDICULOUS WE HAVE ACTED, GALUSHA!

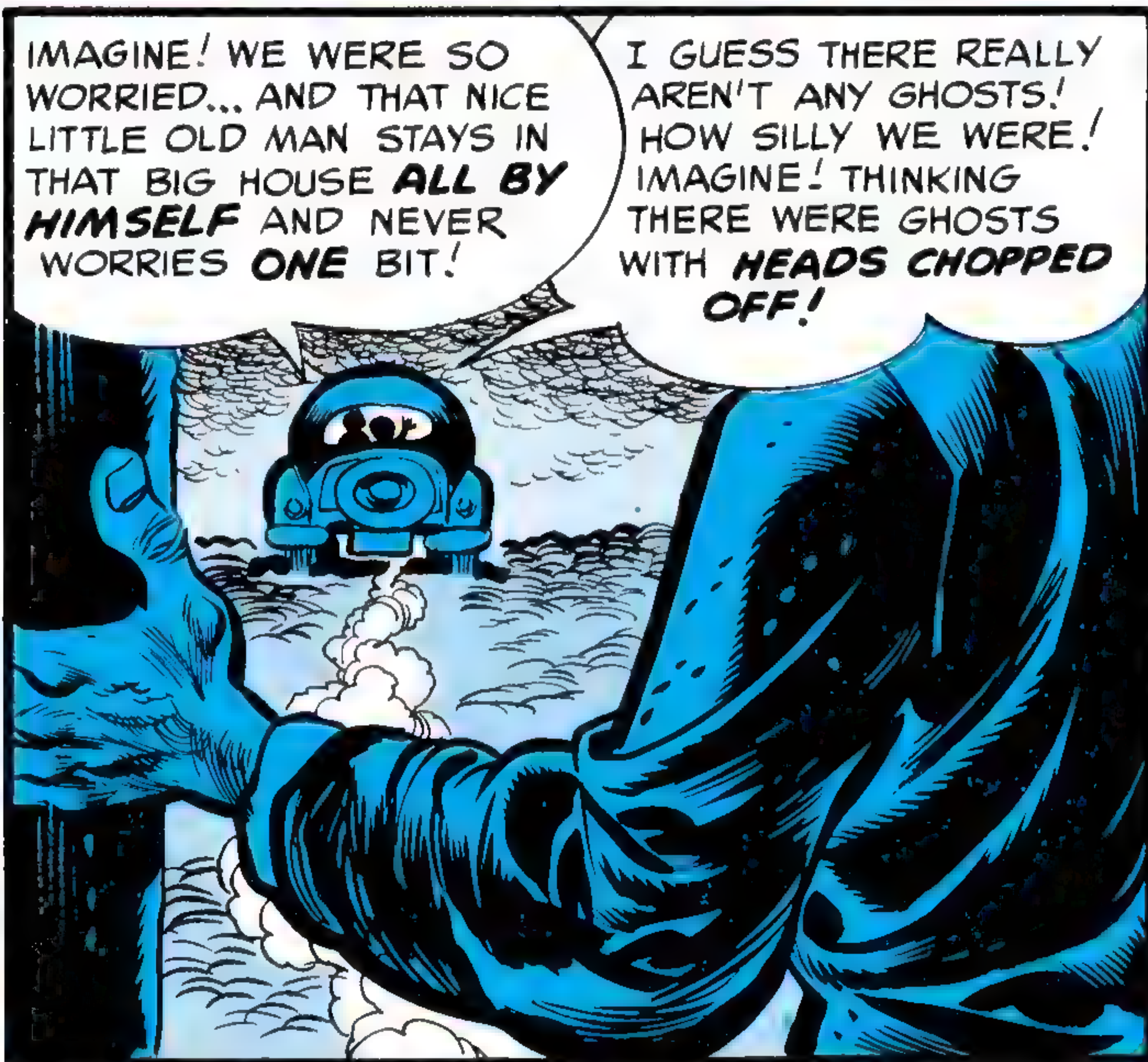
AWW! I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! IT'S THIS DRIVING THROUGH THE RAIN! **DRIVING! DRIVING! DRIVING!** SETS A MAN ON **EDGE!**... WOT?

IT'S LIKE I SAID, YOUNG FELLER! THERE **ARE NO GHOSTS!** NOW I'VE GOT A CAN OF GASOLINE! YOU MAY HAVE IT!



OH, GALUSHA! IT'S STOPPED RAINING! IT WAS NICE OF THE LITTLE OLD MAN TO GIVE US THE GASOLINE!

YEP! HE'S WAVING TO US FROM THE DOORWAY! WAVE BACK!... **WHAT AN EVENING THIS HAS BEEN!**



IMAGINE! WE WERE SO WORRIED... AND THAT NICE LITTLE OLD MAN STAYS IN THAT BIG HOUSE **ALL BY HIMSELF** AND NEVER WORRIES **ONE BIT!**

I GUESS THERE REALLY **AREN'T ANY GHOSTS!** HOW SILLY WE WERE! IMAGINE! THINKING THERE WERE GHOSTS WITH **HEADS CHOPPED OFF!**



HEH, HEH! THERE THEY GO! SWERVING MADLY DOWN THE ROAD!



GOOD-BYE, YOUNGSTERS! GOOD-BYE! AND REMEMBER...



...REMEMBER... THERE **AREN'T ANY GHOSTS!** HEH! HEH!



...AREN'T ANY GHOSTS AT ALL!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



Interesting guy that Satan, bobbing around Hades all day long looking for souls to do business with. He'll promise you anything! Worldly possessions, fame, riches, not to mention pleasures of the flesh beyond compare (homina homina)! But watch it! ("It's a trap, Batman!") One pays a heavy price making a deal with the devil, and if you don't believe us, see for yourself in...

# Satan's Secret Pacts... Revealed!

WRITER MARK HUDIS ARTIST DREW FRIEDMAN



**CLIENT:** Ted Kennedy

**TERMS OF AGREEMENT:** Signer shall be born into highly prominent political family and achieve the distinguished rank of Senior U.S. Senator. In return, his life will be plagued by sordid scandal and drunken debauchery, followed by his never-ending attempts to redeem himself in the public eye, all of which make him look even more like an incoherent, sex-crazed buffoon. In addition, signee must live with the stigma that of the three legendary brothers in his family, he was the only one never to "shack-up" with Marilyn Monroe.

**CLIENT:** Howard Stern

**TERMS OF AGREEMENT:** Undersigned, despite his blatantly sexist views and physical appearance bordering on the utterly hideous, will possess the eerie power to coerce foxy women into exposing their breasts to him at his command. In return, he must marry at an early age, condemning himself to a tortuously frustrating life of imagining "what might have been," as topless babes jiggle their goodies mere centimeters away from his gigantic, misshapen nose, while he is helpless to taste the forbidden fruit.

**CLIENT:** Tom Arnold

**TERMS OF AGREEMENT:** Undersigned shall find himself on top of the TV sitcom world without ever saying, doing, writing or participating in anything remotely funny. In return, he shall be required to marry an unattractive, excessively large, obnoxious, irritating, some would say grotesque, repugnant and vile, whiny-voiced bitch/comedienne with barnyard manners and a propensity for pulling deviant and truly pathetic media stunts.

**CLIENT:** Rush Limbaugh

**TERMS OF AGREEMENT:** Undersigned shall host the most listened to talk show on radio, achieving cult status and becoming a living god to millions of Conservative-thinking Americans of all ages. In return, his antiquated and offensive views on feminist issues will completely alienate and turn off all women liberal enough to even consider going out with an obnoxious, overgrown bag of fat and mucus such as himself.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #329, JUL-AUG. 1994

**CLIENT:** Clint Eastwood

**TERMS OF AGREEMENT:** Signatory shall rise to the very top of his profession as a lauded Academy Award-winning auteur and internationally famous motion picture star. In return, he must go through life with the use of only one facial expression.

**CLIENT:** Saturday Night Live

**TERMS OF AGREEMENT:** Despite sketches that go plodding on forever and a marginal talent pool, undersigned shall enjoy a longevity usually reserved for only extraordinary television programs. In return, cast regulars must endure a never-ending barrage of reviews pointing out "it's not as funny as it was in the early days." In addition, for every successful spin-off project (see *Wayne's World*) a cast member gets involved in, there will be no less than three catastrophic failure spin-off projects (see *So I Married An Axe Murderer*, *Coneheads* and *Wayne's World 2*).



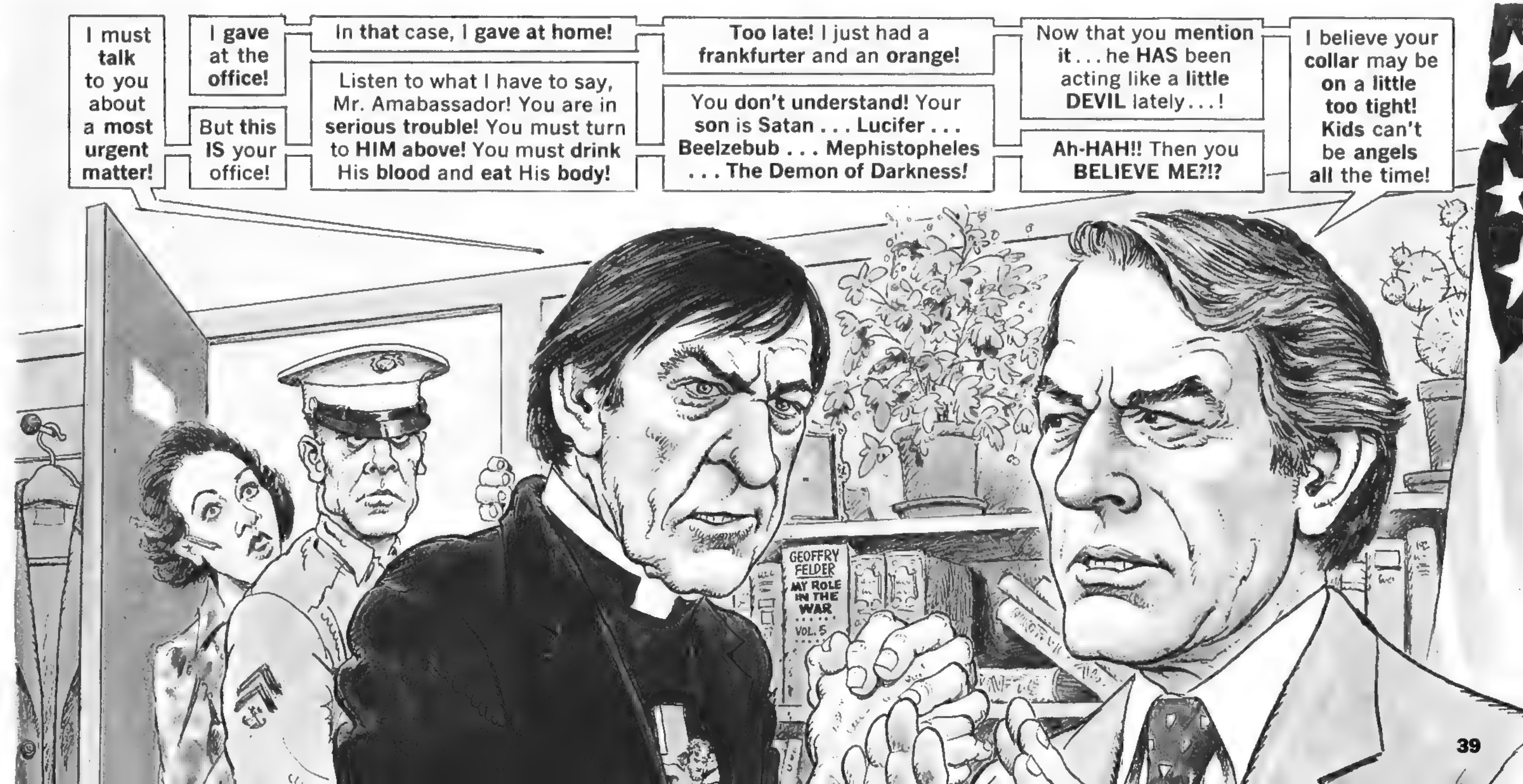
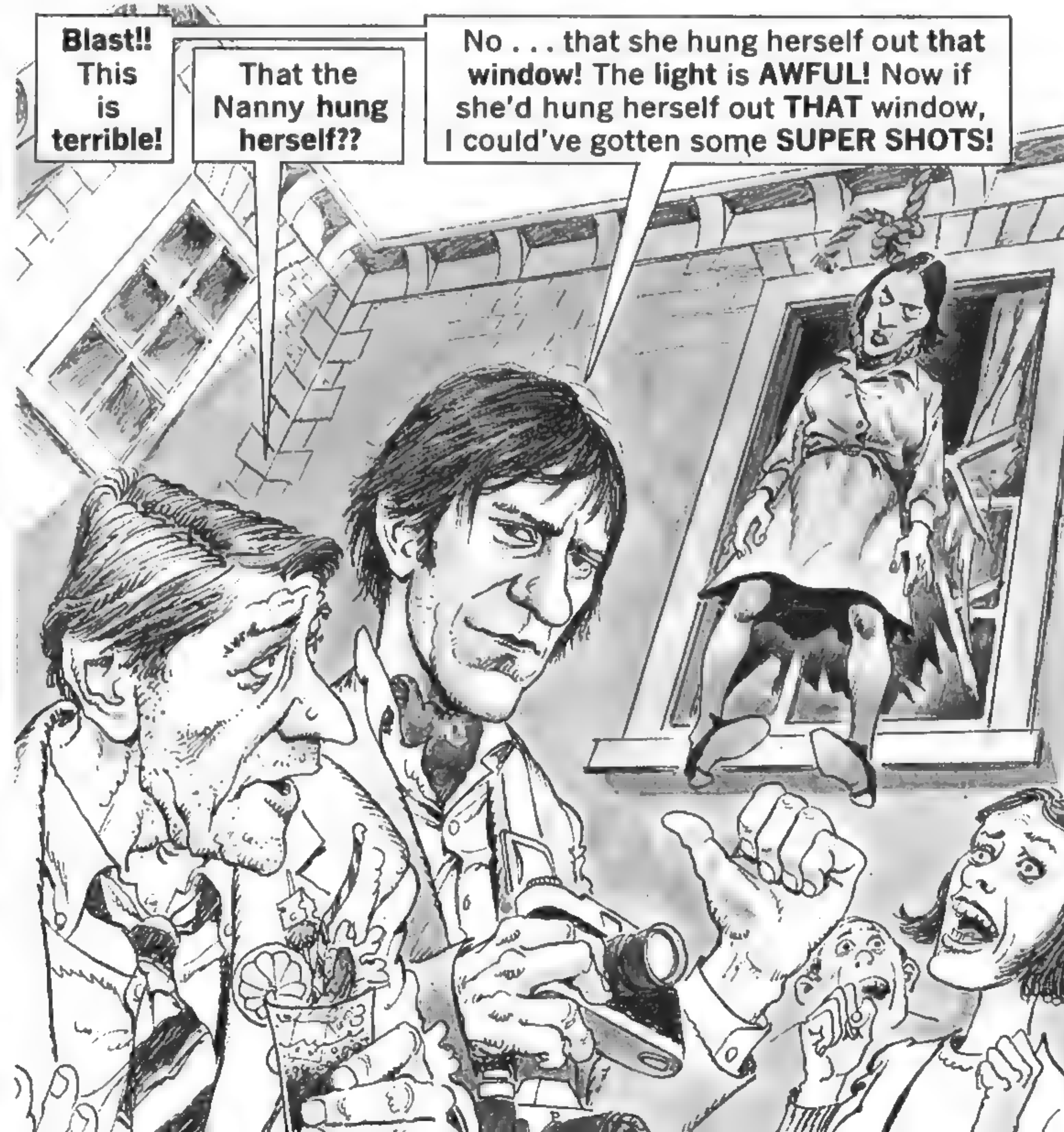
The Devil means big business for the movie industry these days. First came "Rosemary's Baby"... then "The Exorcist"... and now, this latest film. It's apparent movie fans go for...

# THE OMENOUS

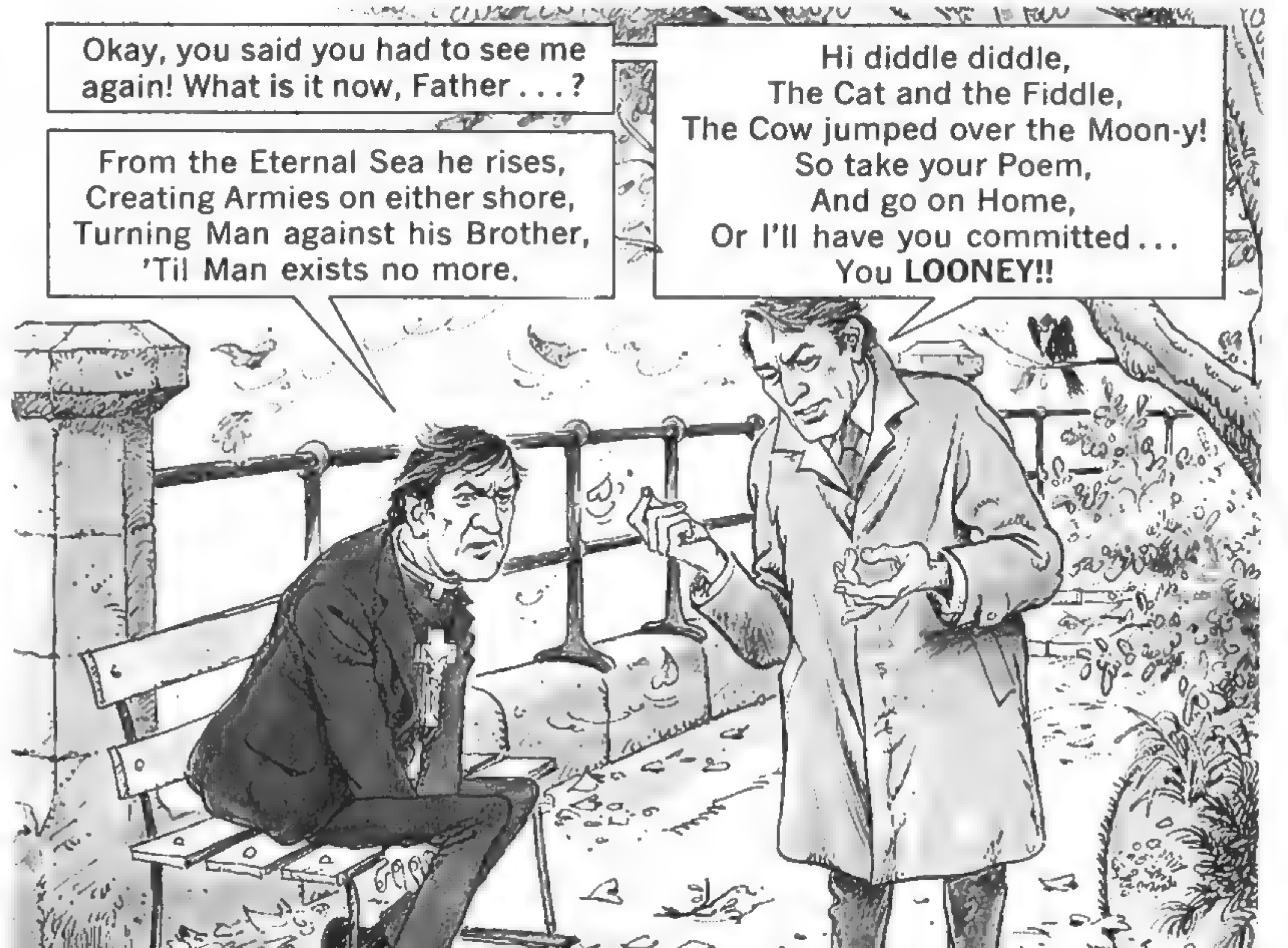
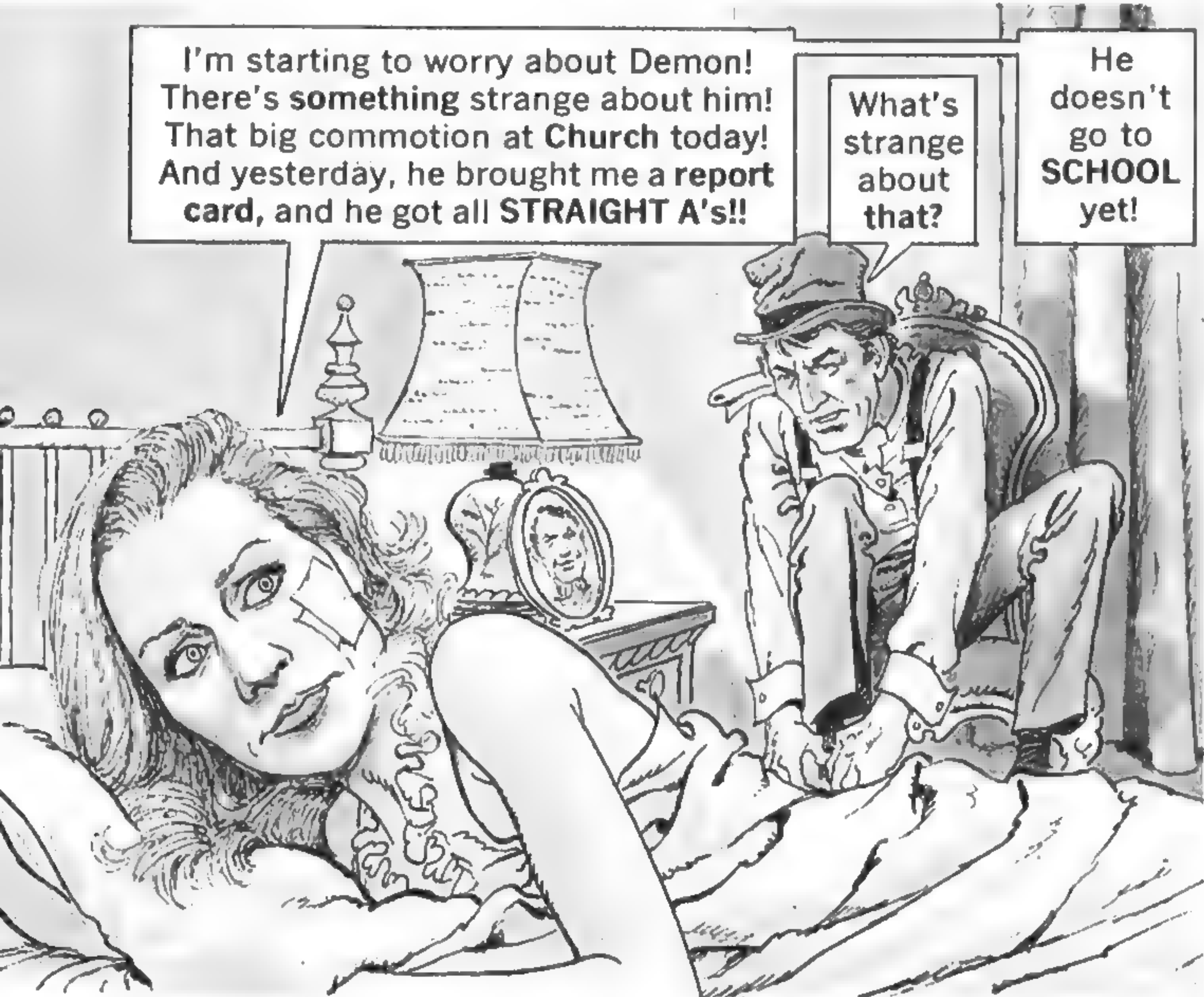
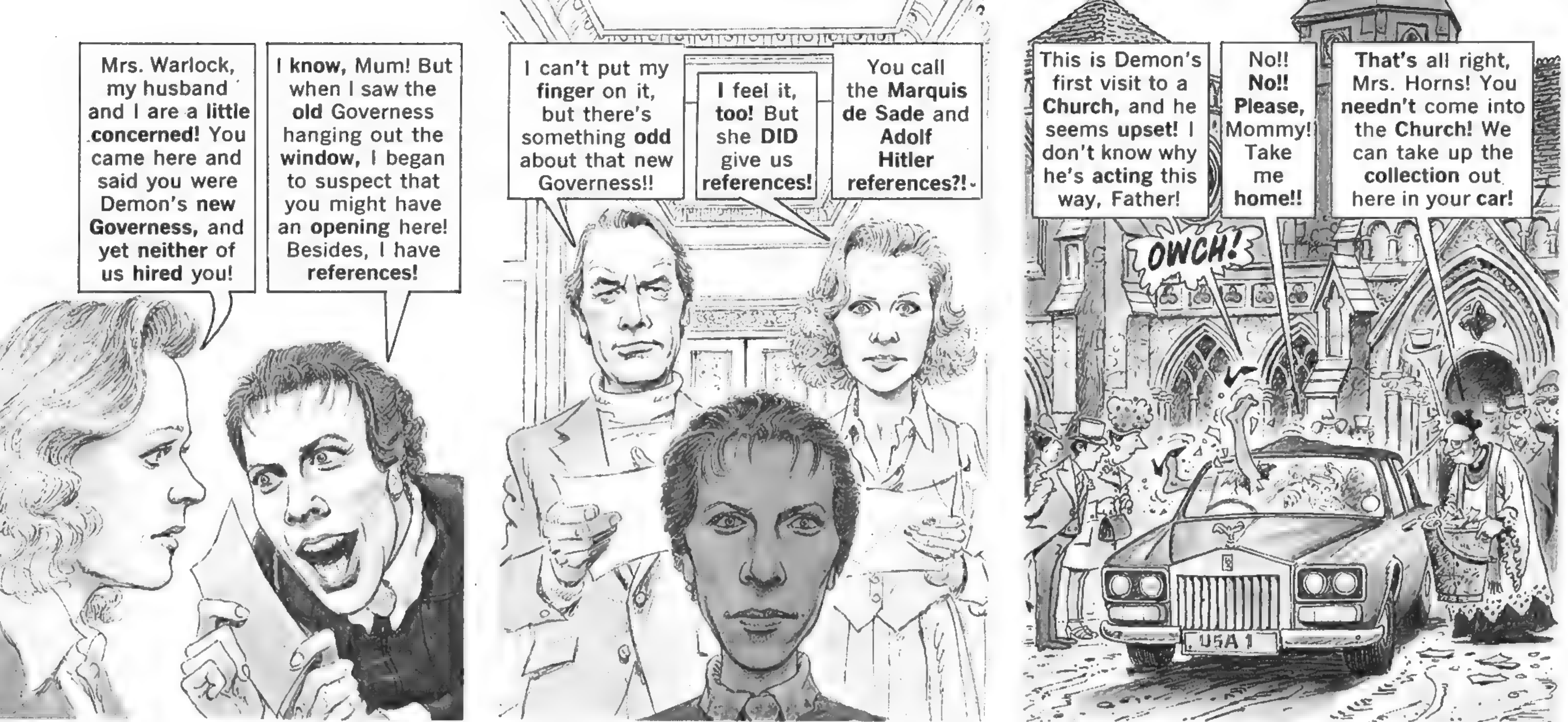
\* SCARY!...how horrible we are at math!



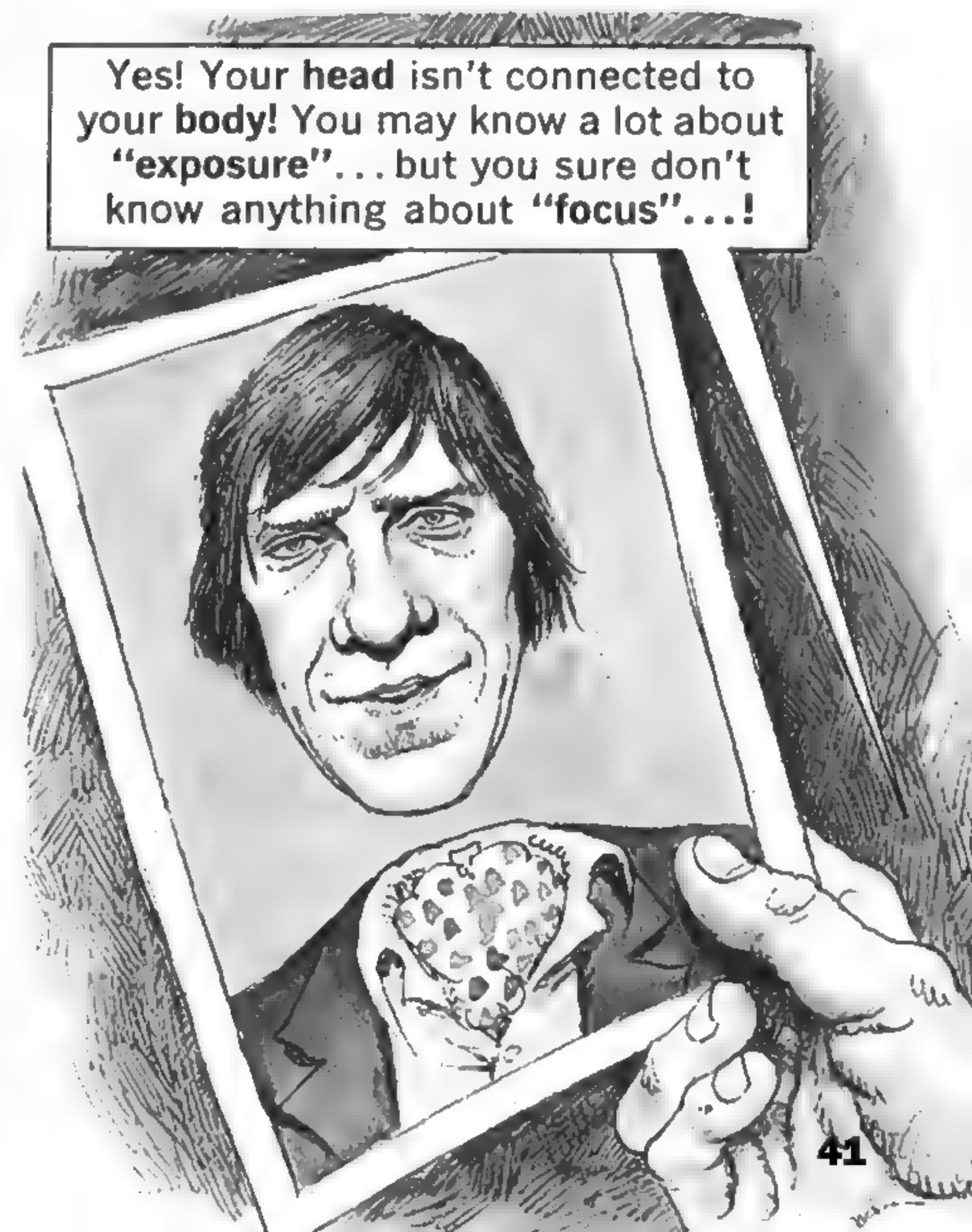
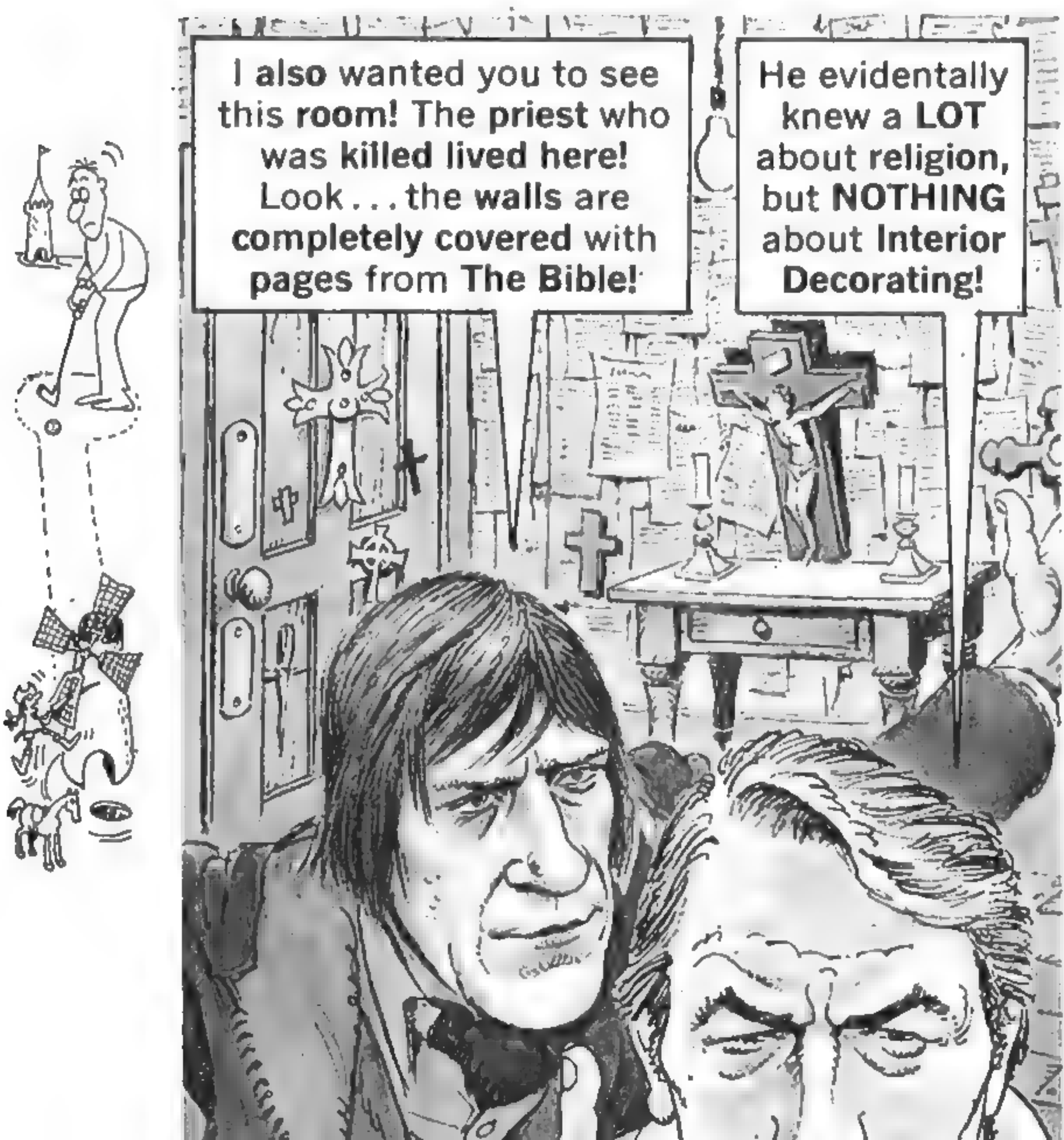
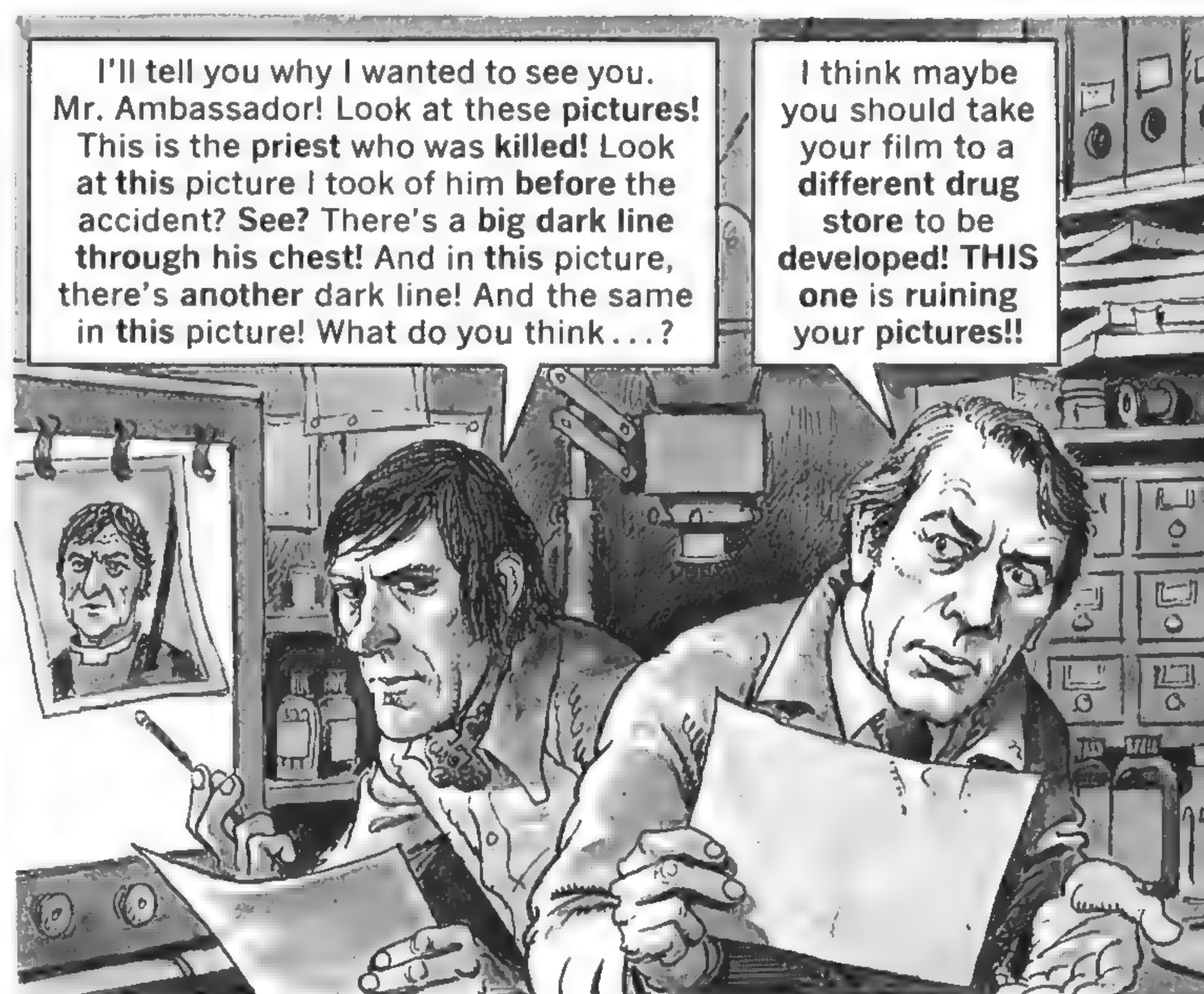
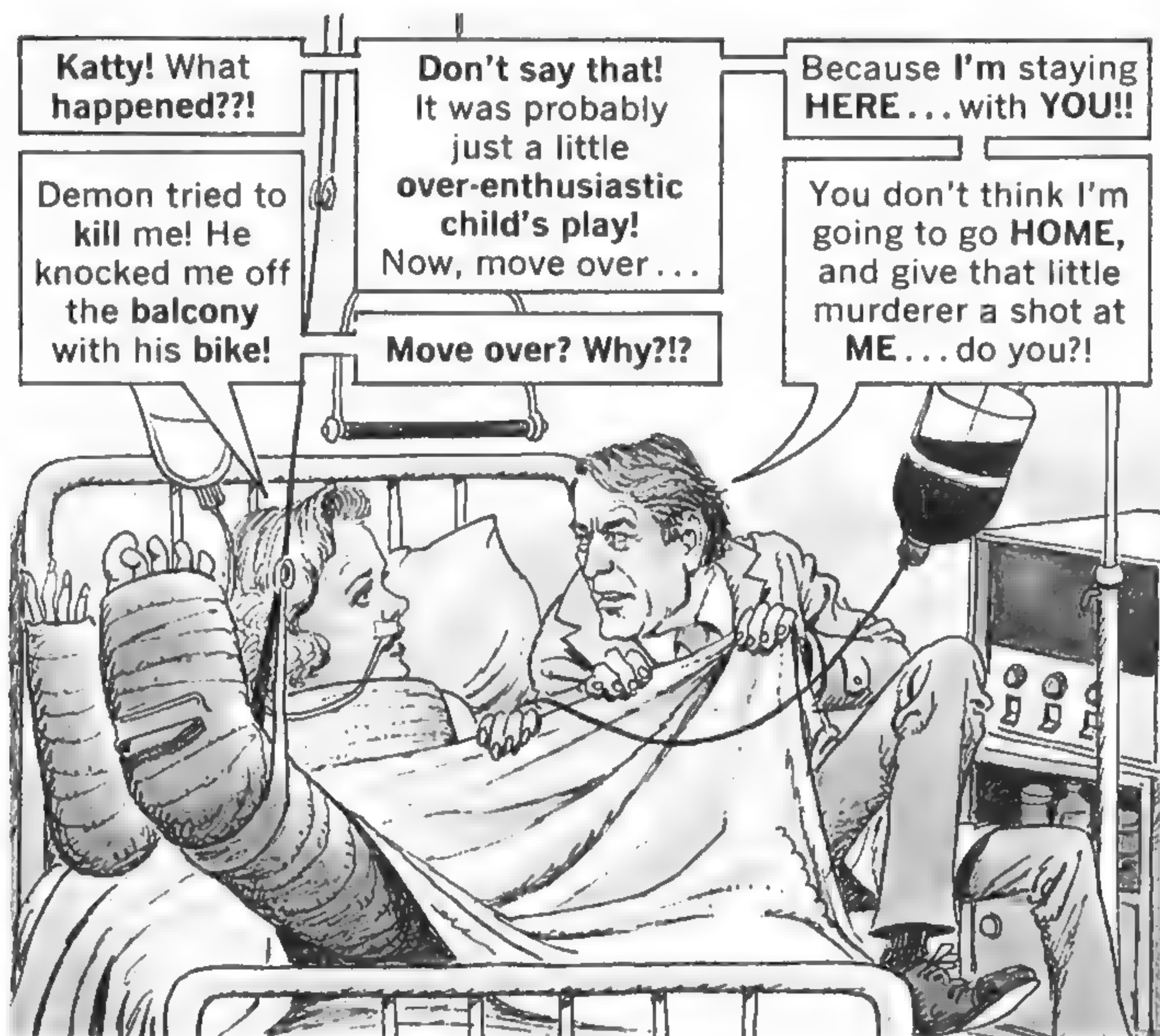
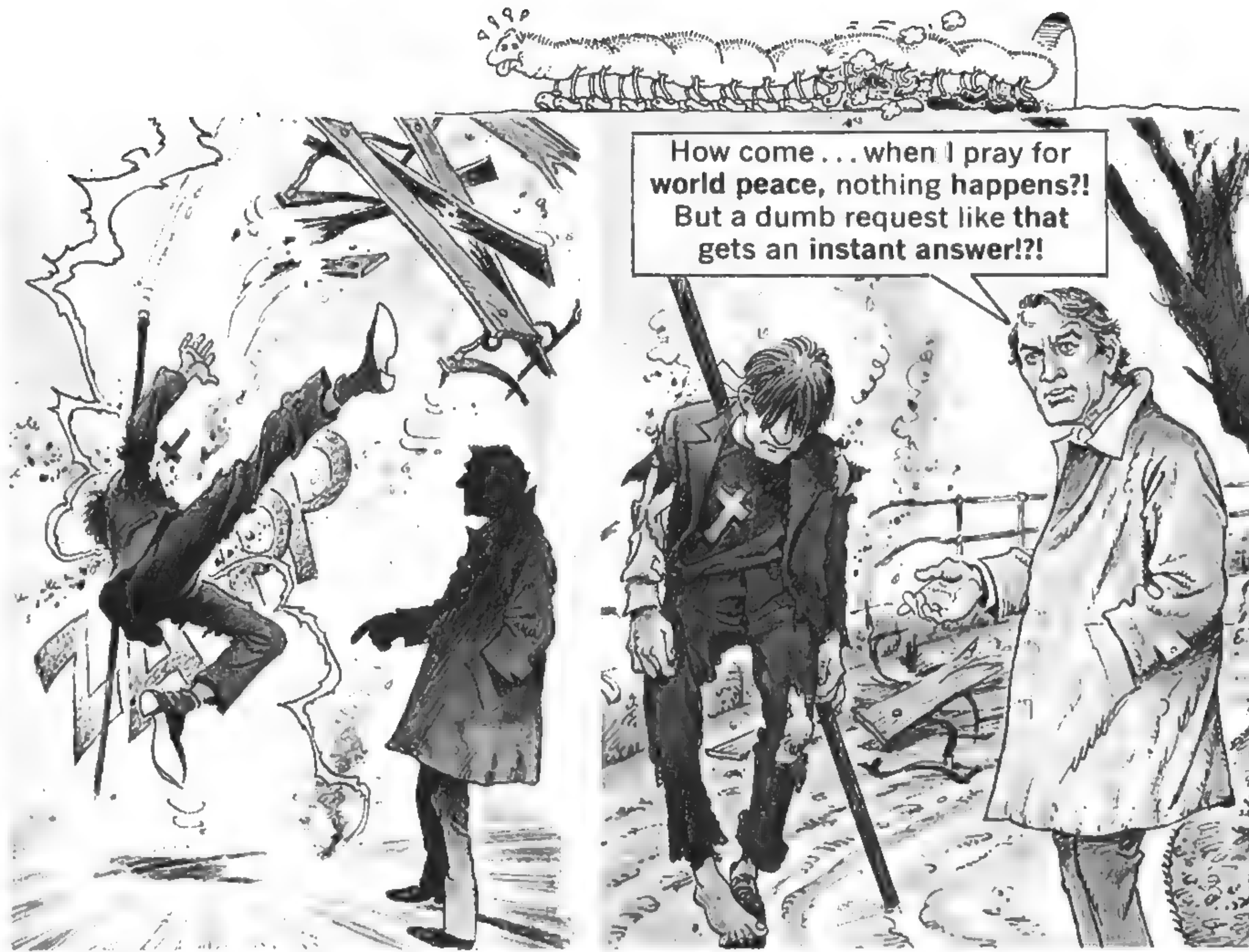
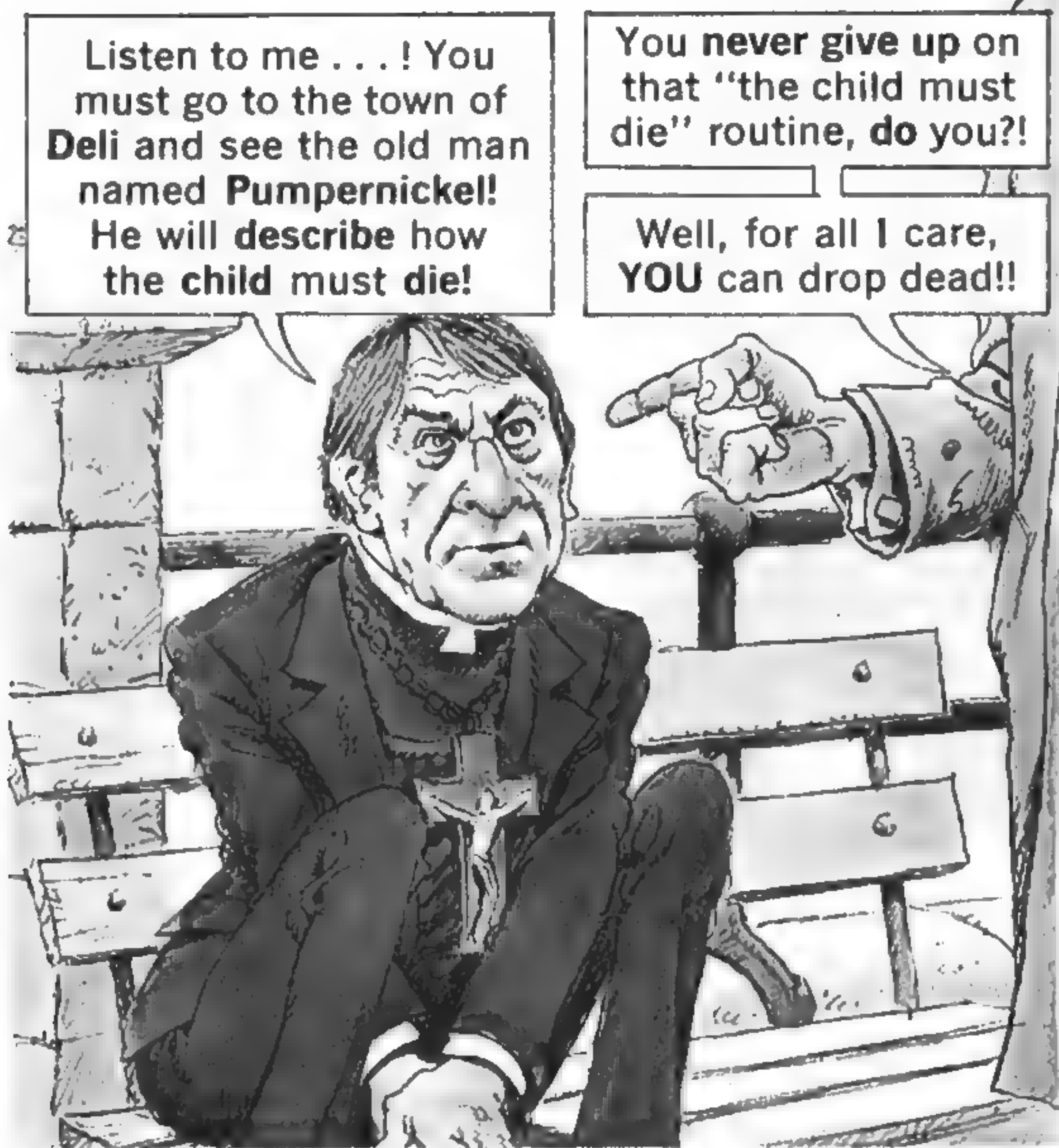
WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST HARRY NORTH, ESQ.













I'm looking for the birth records from five years ago, Sister, but I understand there was a fire! Did the records burn?

No... they were stored in the basement—

Thank God!

—where they were ruined by the water they used to put out the fire!

Well, there was a priest here five years ago! He was tall... good looking... with beautiful piercing eyes and dark skin—

Please! Stop!

You know who I mean?!!

No... but you're turning me ON!!

The priests of the Monastery at Las Zagna were right! Father Splatto IS here! That's him!

Good Lord, What happened to him?

He—he fell from Grace!

But... that doesn't explain his terrible condition!!

Grace was on the fifth floor! He was visiting her when the fire broke out!

He can't talk! He just writes!



Father, tell me!! Where is the real mother of my son? TALK TO ME! TALK TO ME!!

He's writing something!! He's writing, "D-O-N-'T... S-H-O-U-T—" **DON'T SHOUT!!**



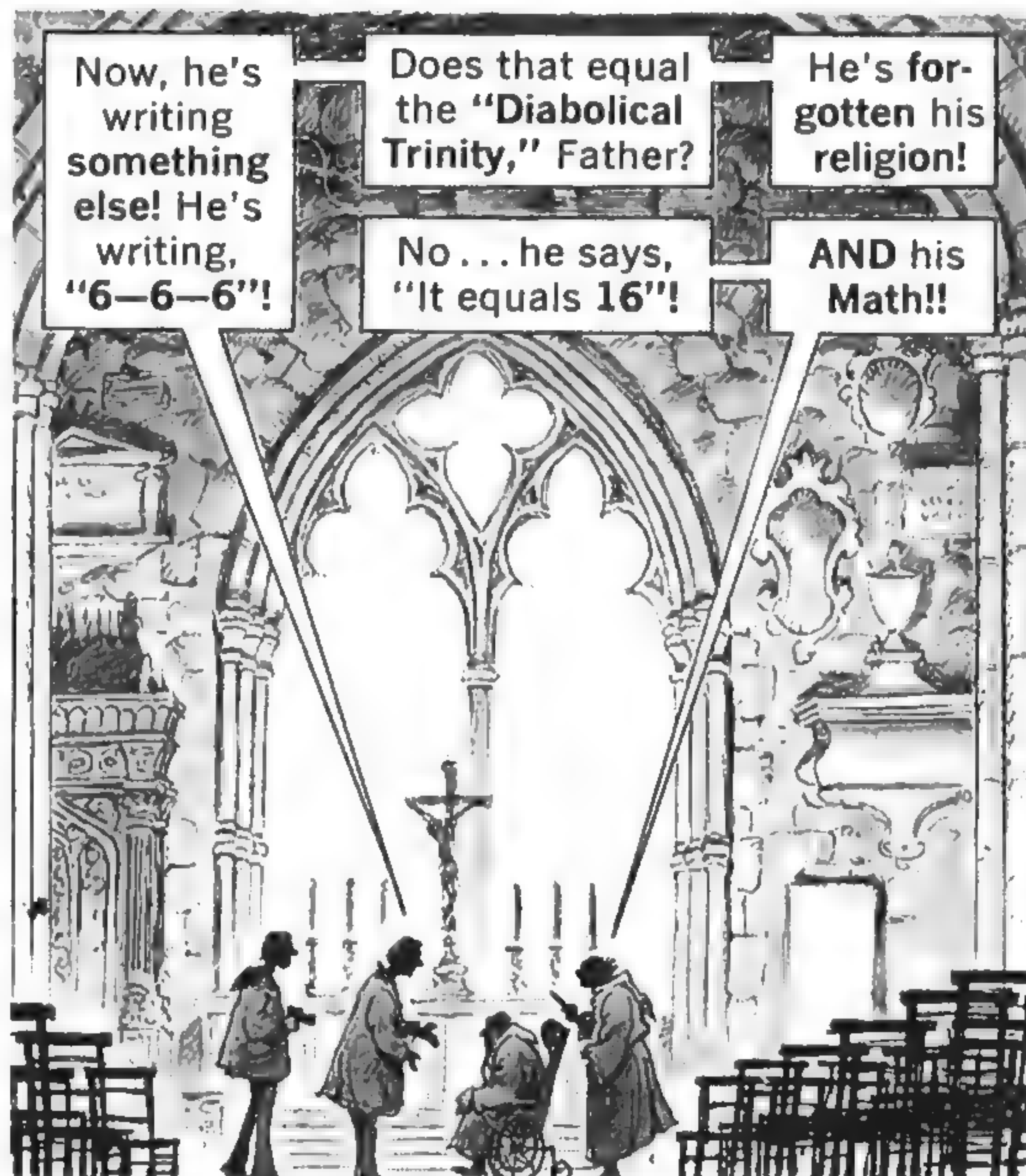
Now, he's writing something else! He's writing, "6-6-6"!

Does that equal the "Diabolical Trinity," Father?

No... he says, "It equals 16"!

He's forgotten his religion!

AND his Math!!



Are you sure this is the place the priest described?

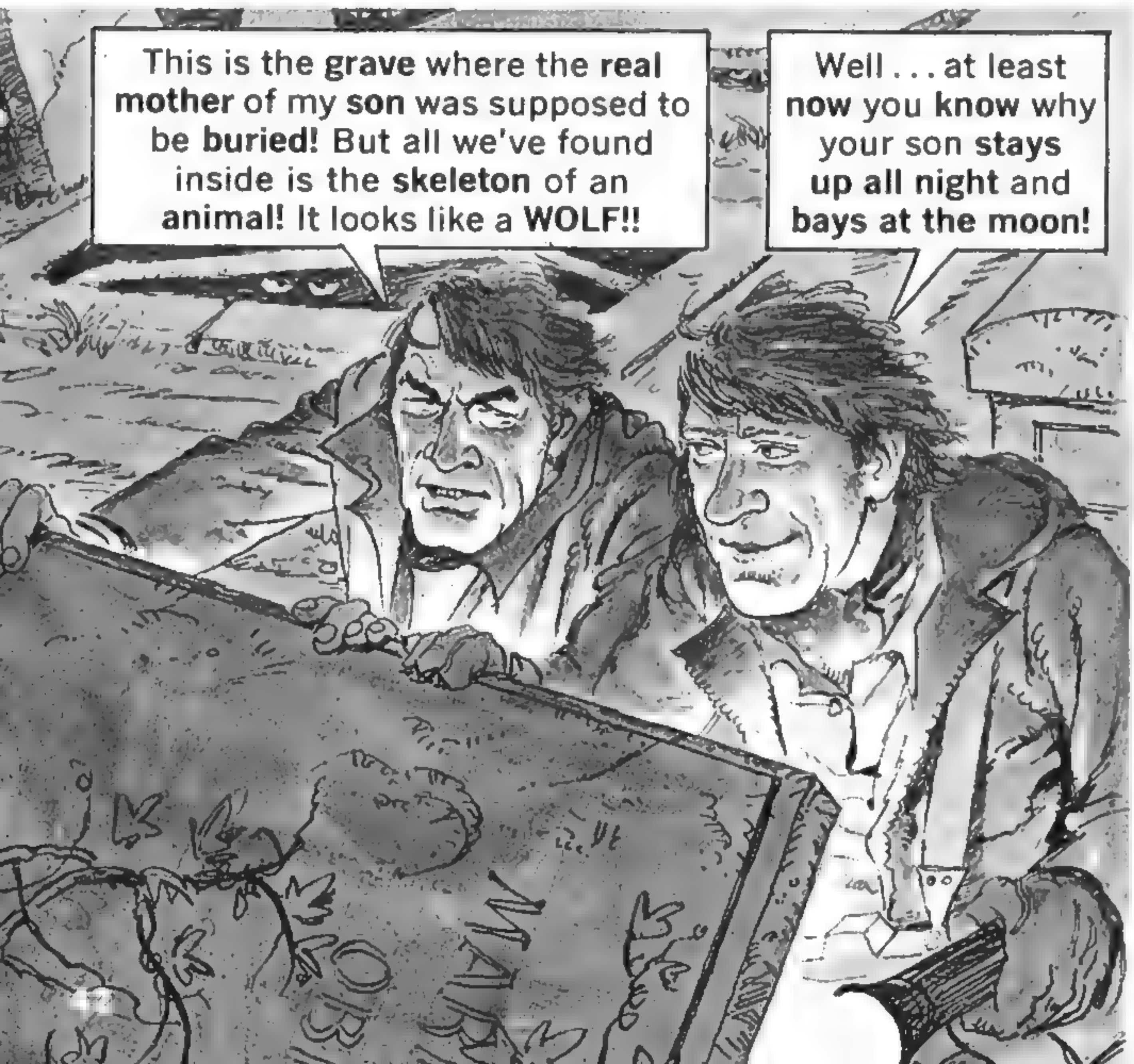
He said it was a desolate place, wrecked and strewn with bodies! What other place fits the description?

The Howard Johnson Motor Lodge, down the road!!



This is the grave where the real mother of my son was supposed to be buried! But all we've found inside is the skeleton of an animal! It looks like a WOLF!!

Well... at least now you know why your son stays up all night and bays at the moon!



We're being attacked by dogs!! I think they're MAD!!

Well, let's just say they're NOT PLEASED! They must be looking for a bone!

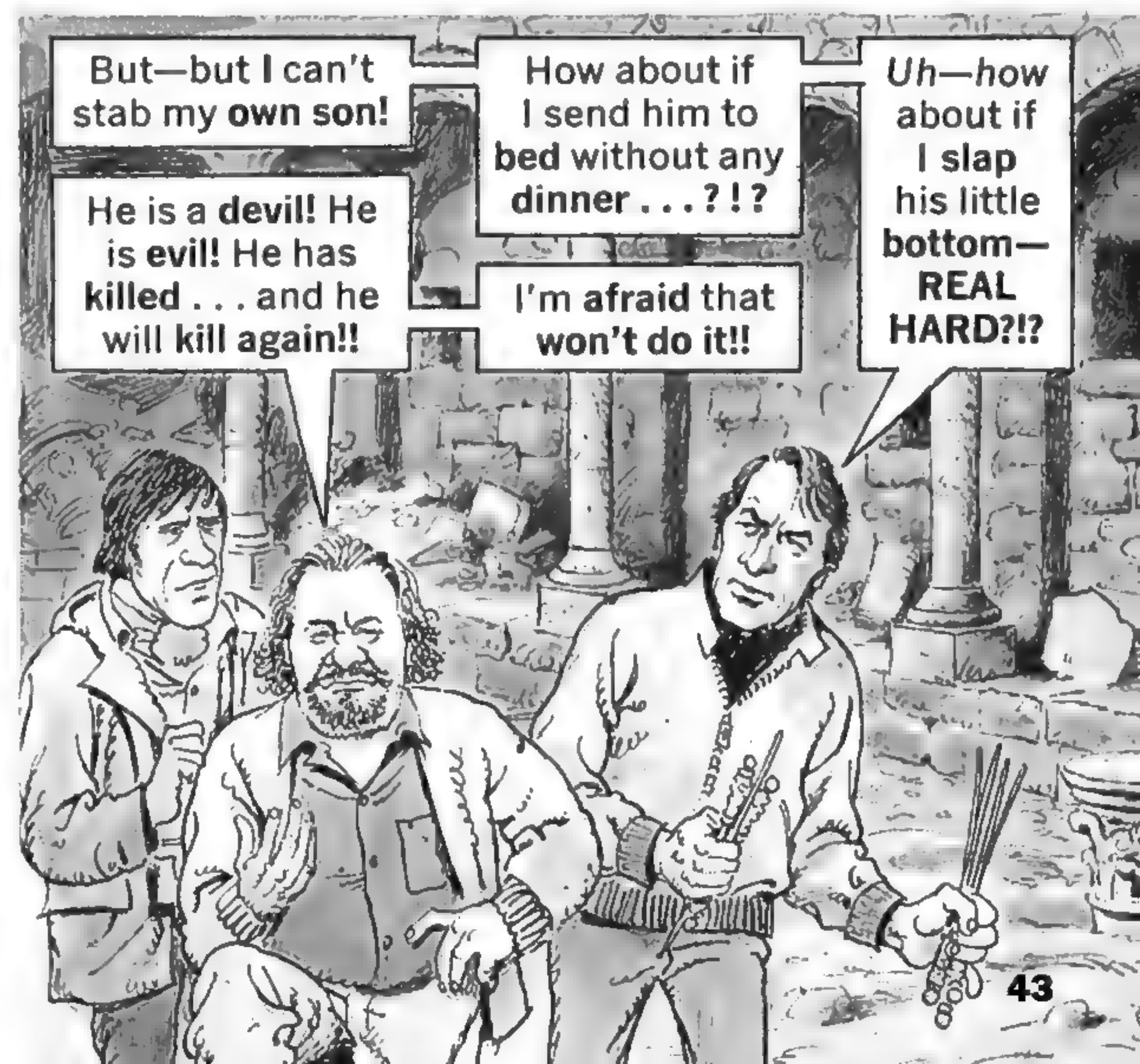
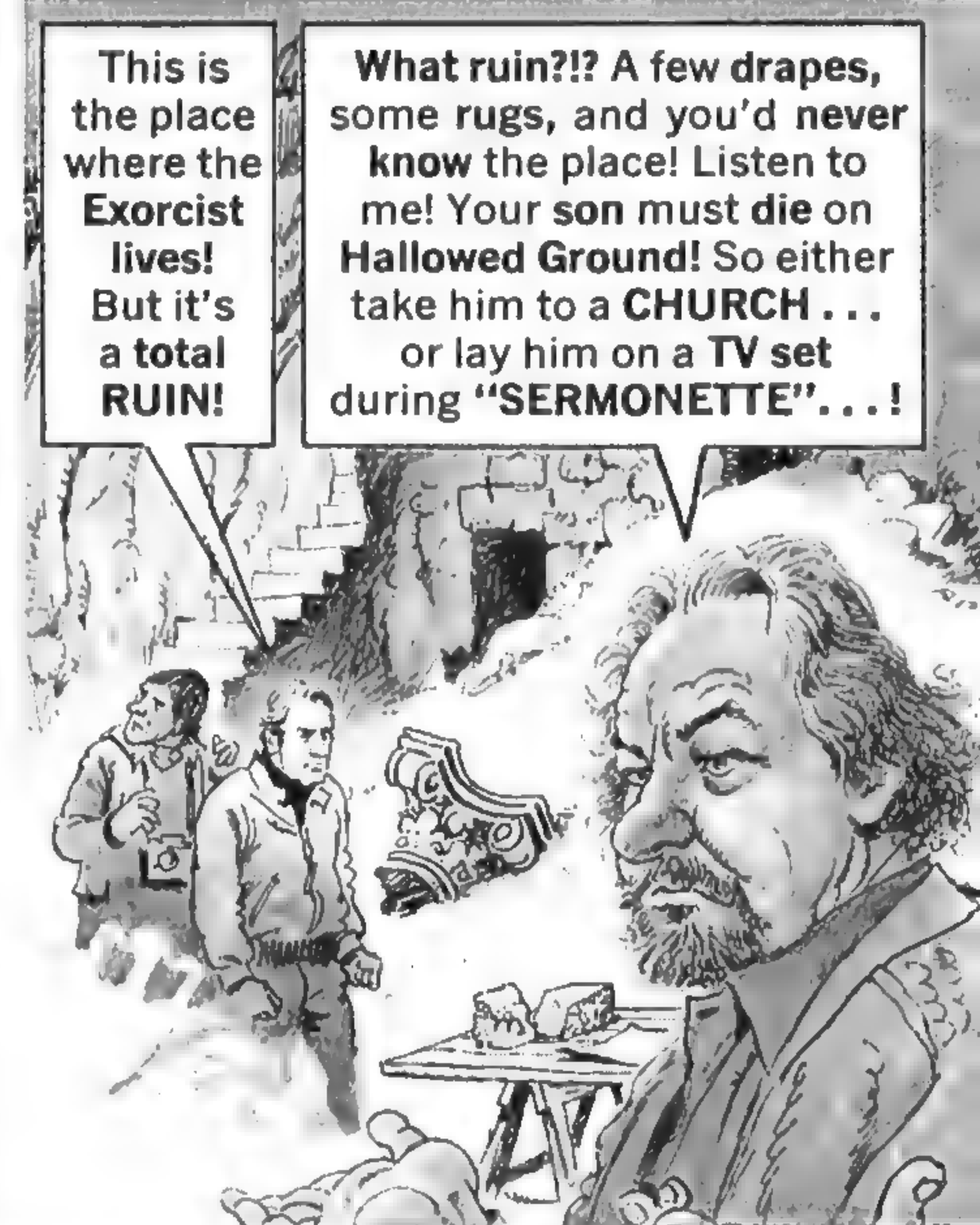
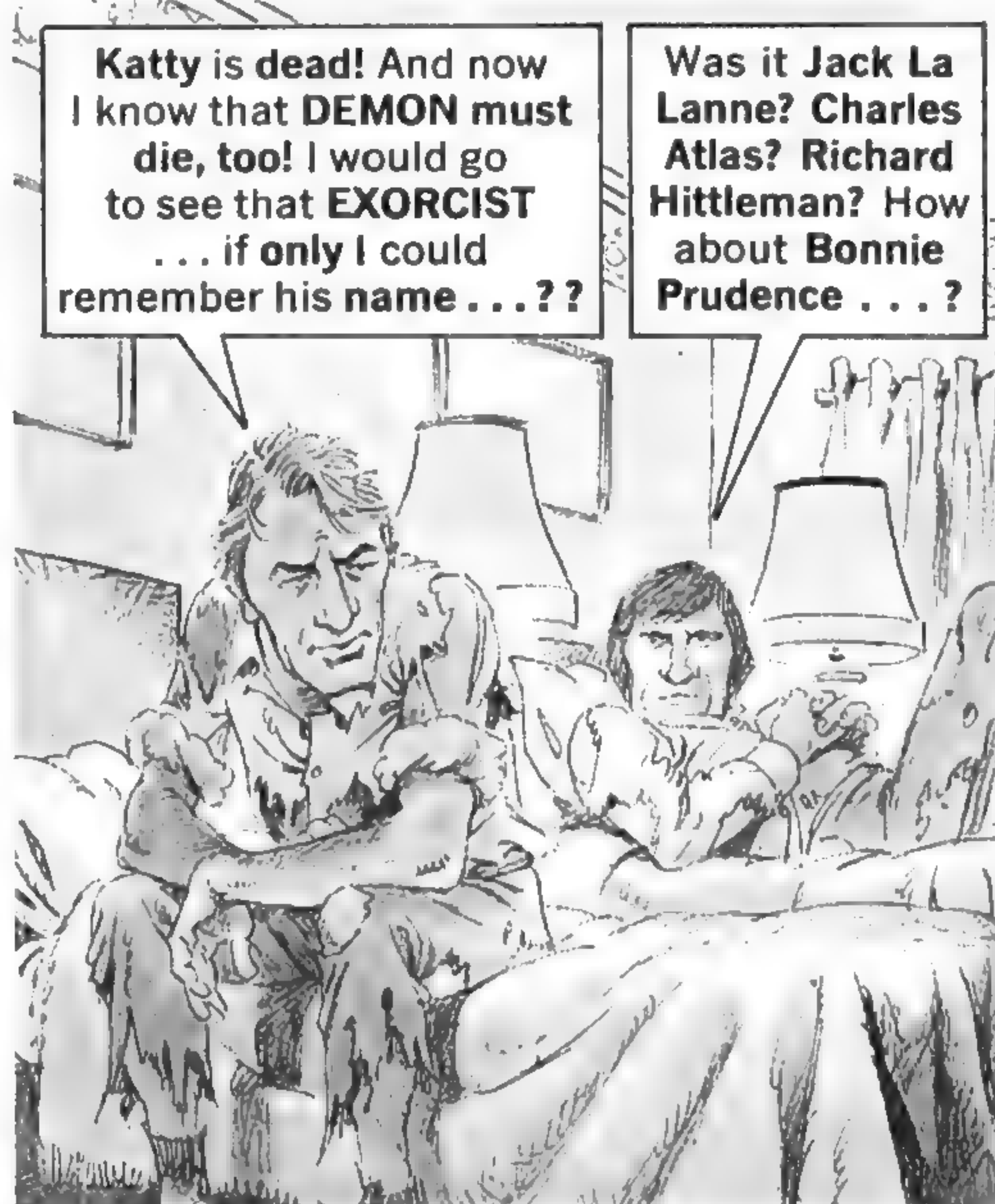
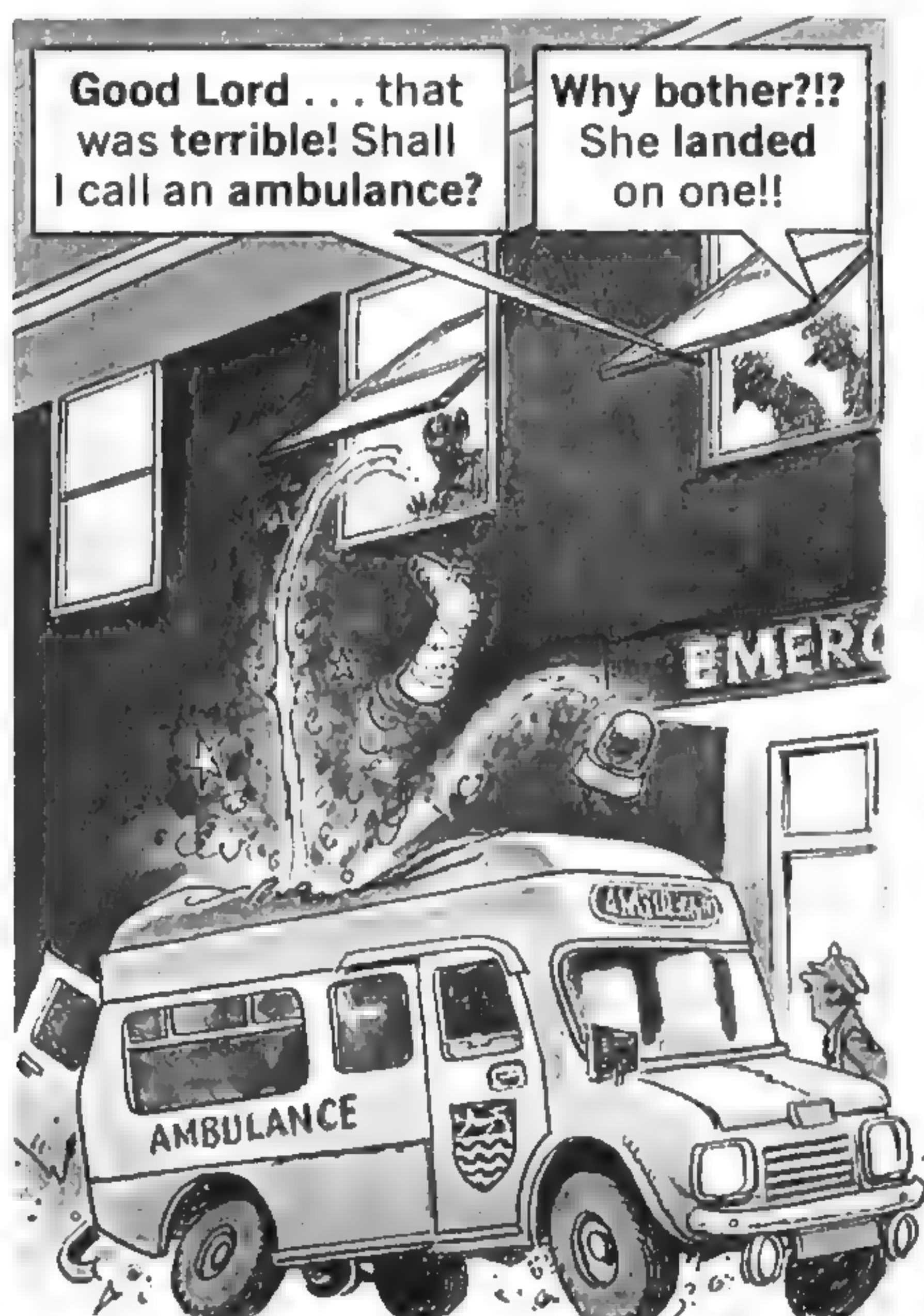
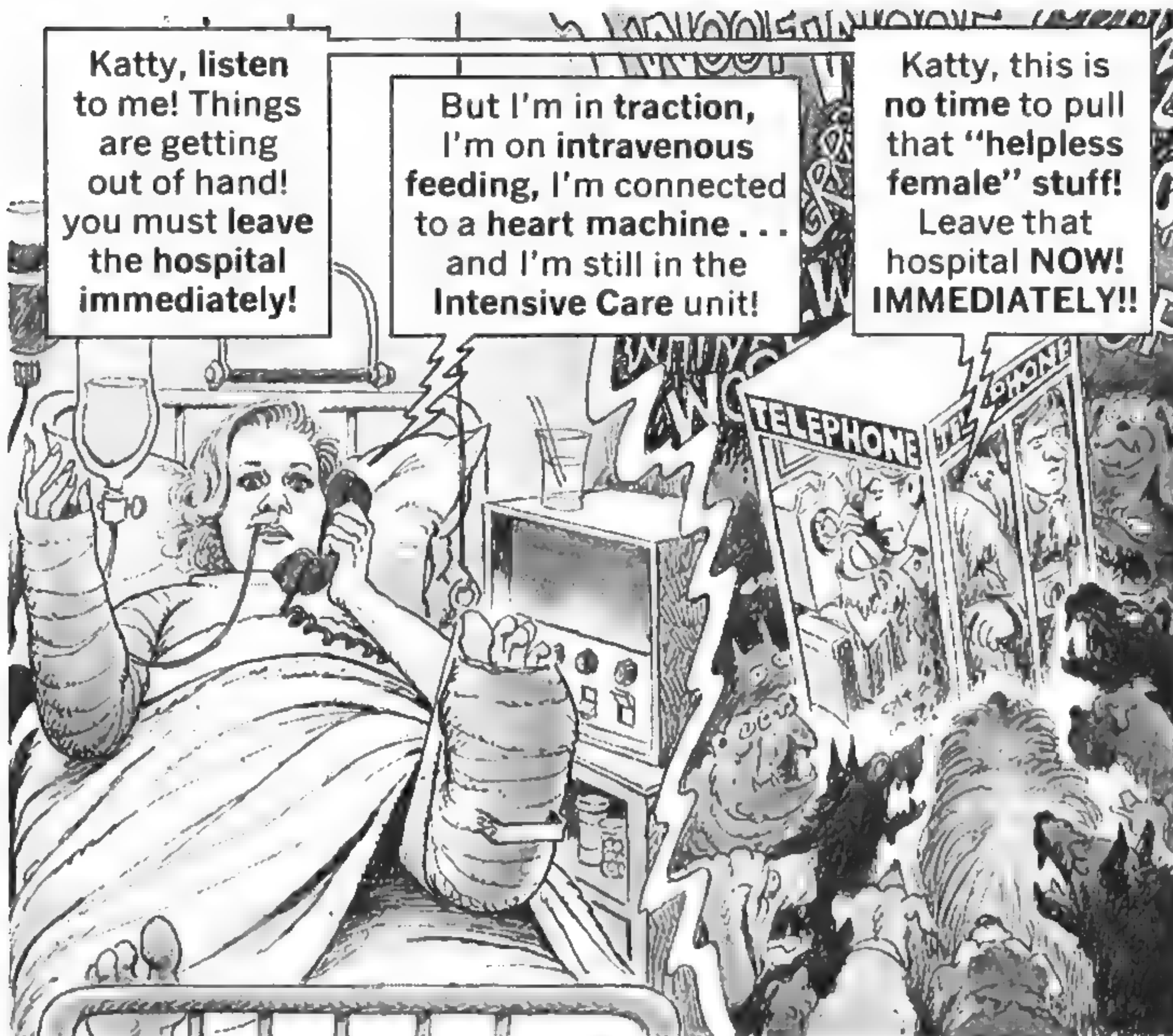
In a CEMETERY?!? There must be forty million bones here! They're looking for MEAT!!

But we don't HAVE any meat!

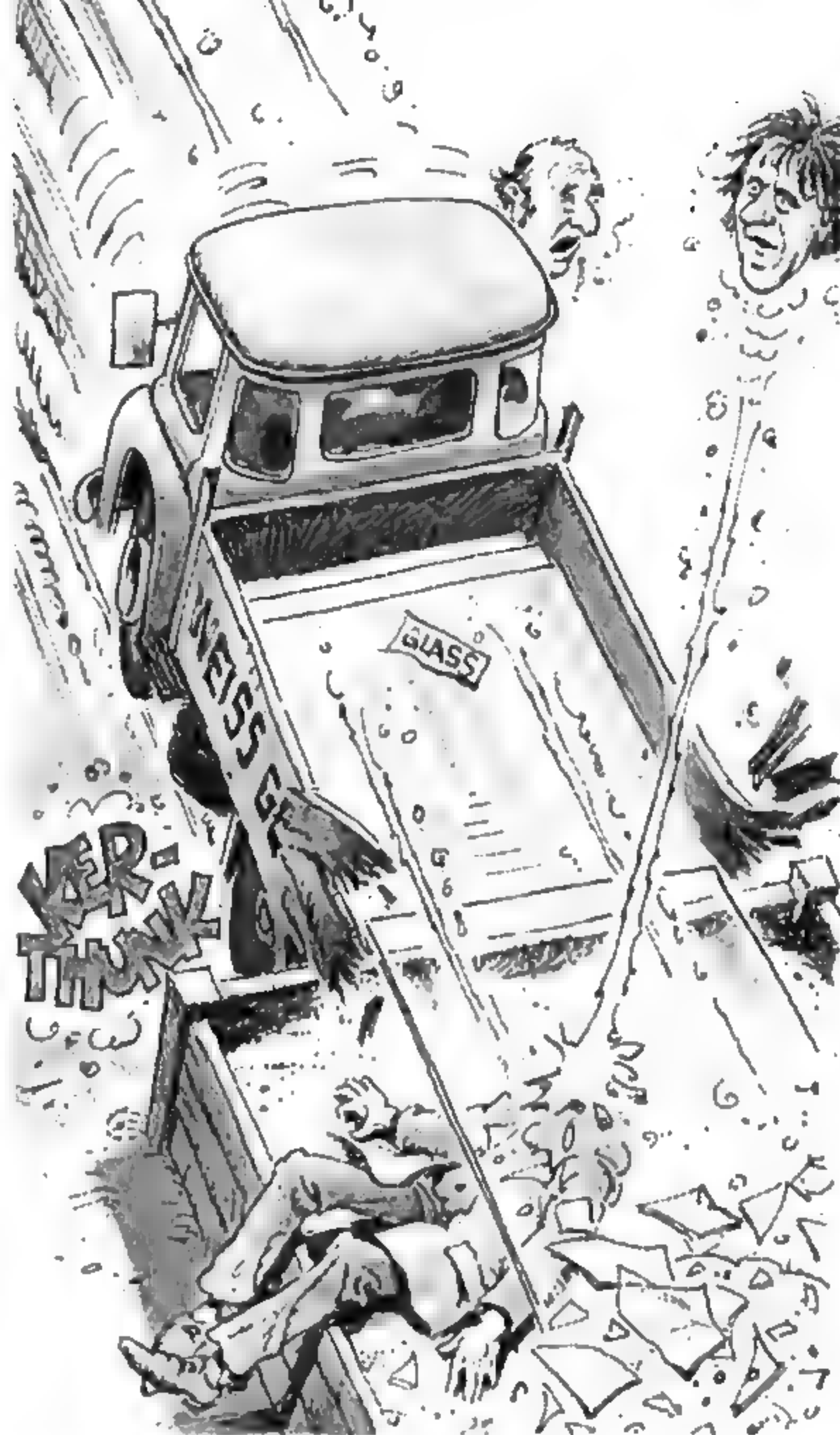
YOU tell THEM that!!















# JUST BELOW THE SURFACE

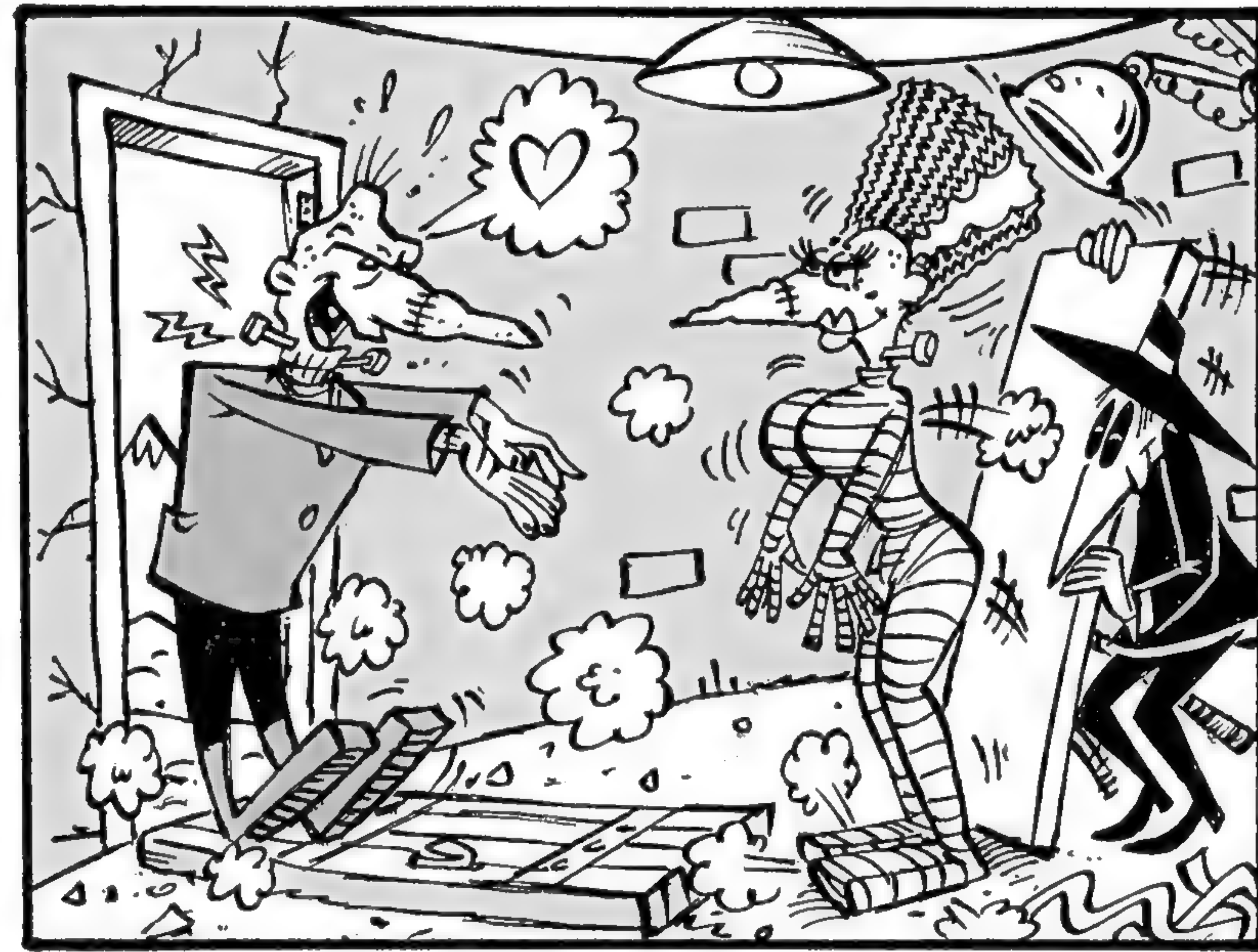
WRITER & ARTIST DOUGLAS PASZKIEWICZ





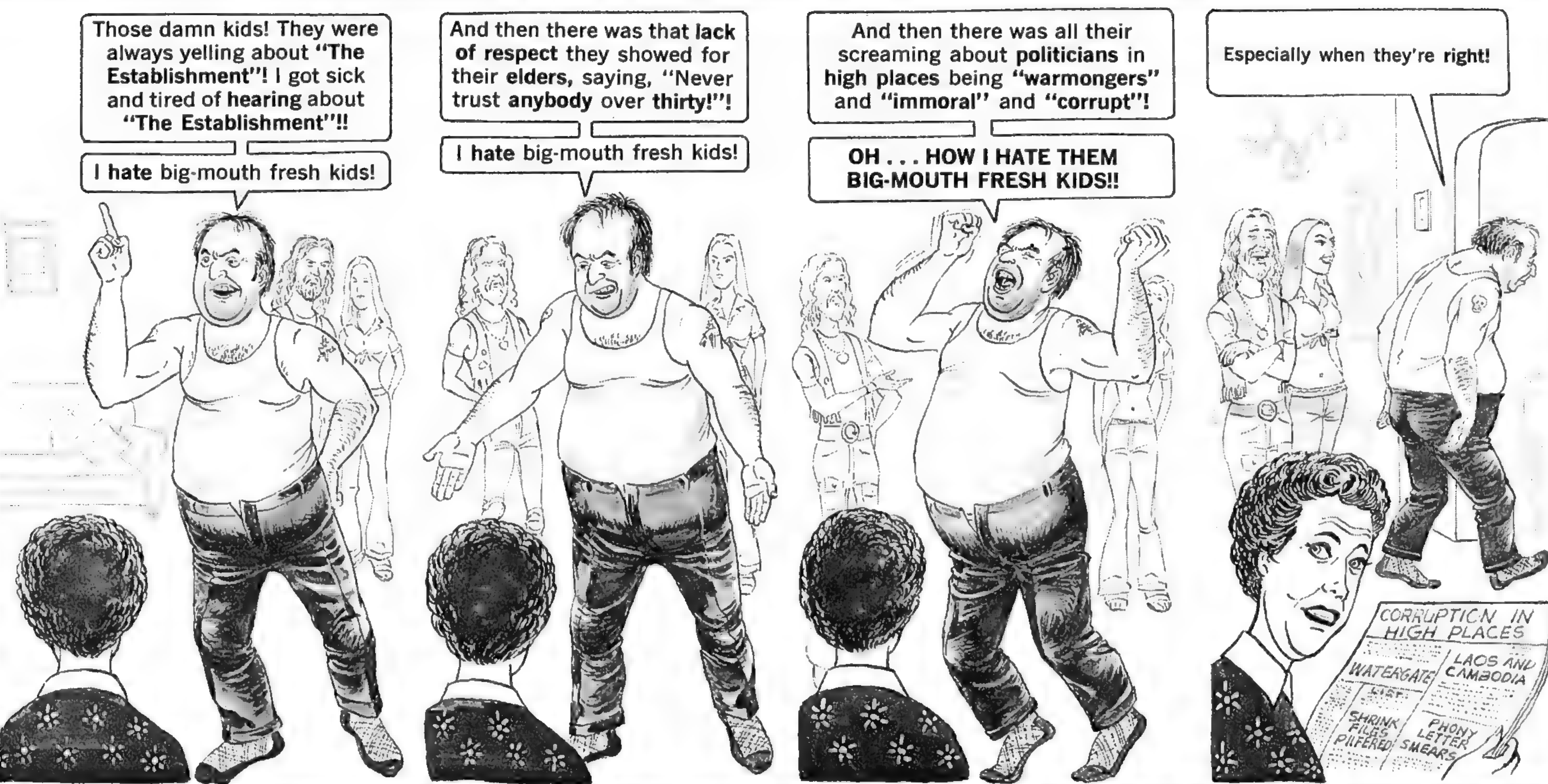


WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST DAVE MANEK



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #365, MAR 1997





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

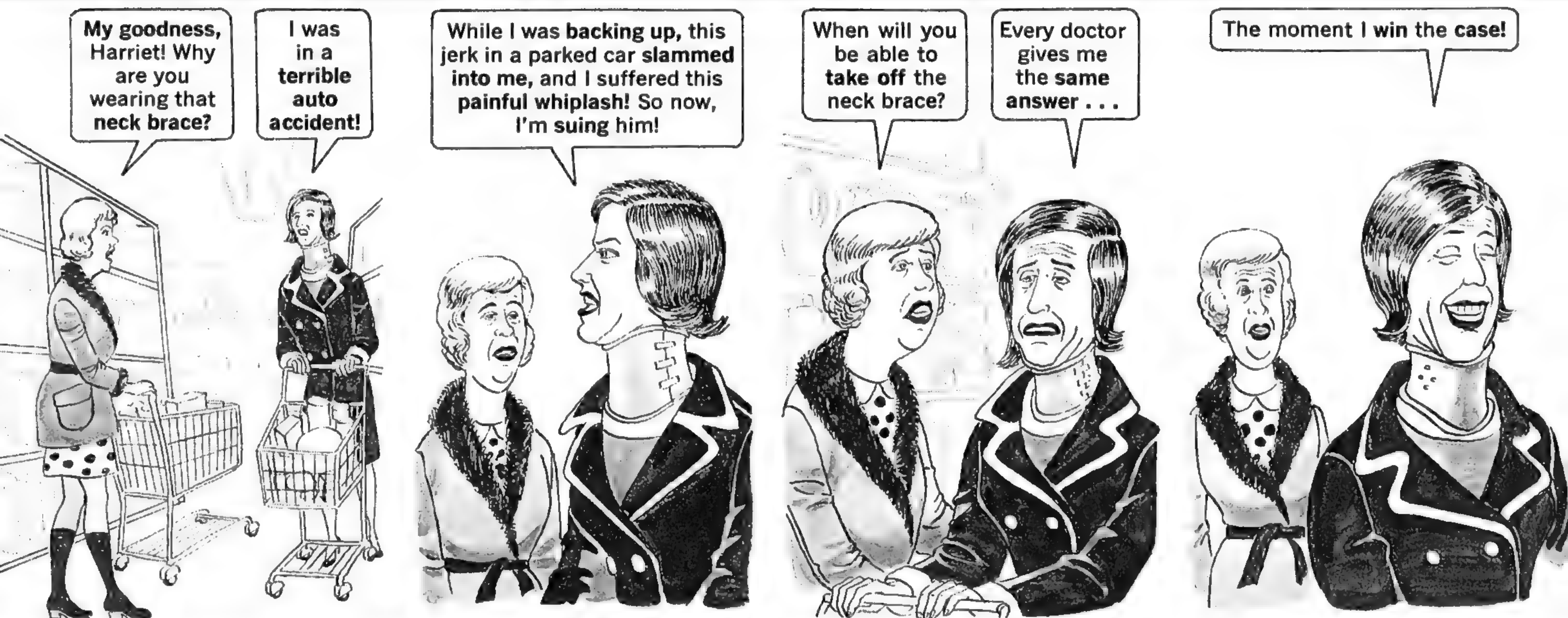
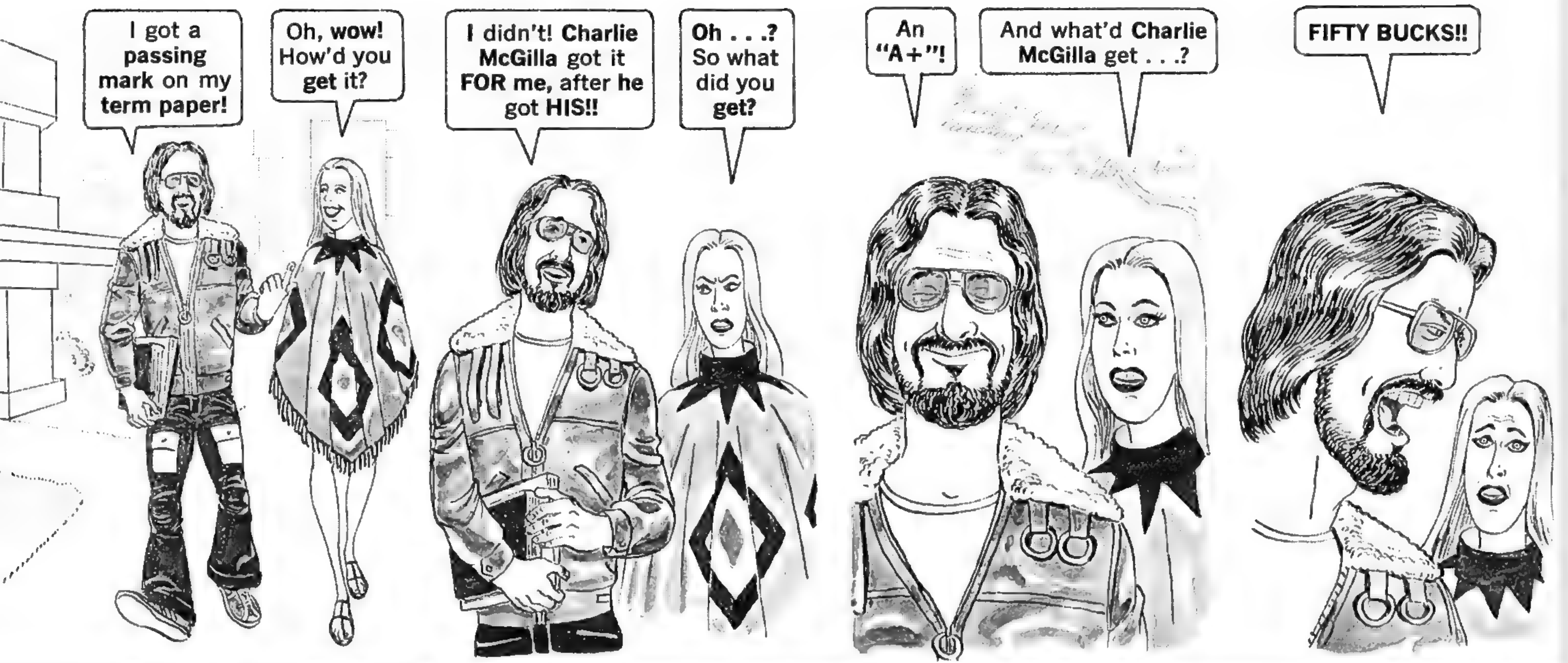
# CORRUPTION



WRITER & ARTIST DAVE BERG









Excuse me, Warden!  
Number 87654 asks  
for permission  
to speak to you!

Okay!  
Send  
him  
in . . .

Oh, yes! You're the  
ex-politician who  
misappropriated half  
a million dollars in  
campaign contributions  
for your personal use?

That's right, sir!

Okay! What  
can I do  
for you?

Well, my Cellmate  
is in here for  
"purse snatching"—

—and I think it's beneath  
my station to share my cell  
with a **COMMON CRIMINAL!**

That's a rather  
expensive-looking  
slide rule! Where  
did you get it?

I stole  
it  
from  
school!

You—you **STOLE** it?!? What's  
happening in this country?!?  
There's a total moral break-  
down! These are the first days  
of the **LAST** days! Don't you  
know it's dishonest to steal?!?

If you wanted a slide  
rule that badly, why  
didn't you **TELL** me!?

I would've brought one  
home from the **OFFICE!!**

What kind of dumb kids have  
we brought up? They take  
foreign substances like drugs,  
and they deliberately inject  
them into their bodies in  
order to dull their senses  
and scramble their brains!

Not only that, but they  
become addicted! Every  
time the pressure is on,  
they escape by using  
these drugs they've  
become dependent upon!

I want to run . . .  
to seek sanctuary  
. . . to find some  
place, some thing  
that will wipe out  
this awful truth  
from my mind!

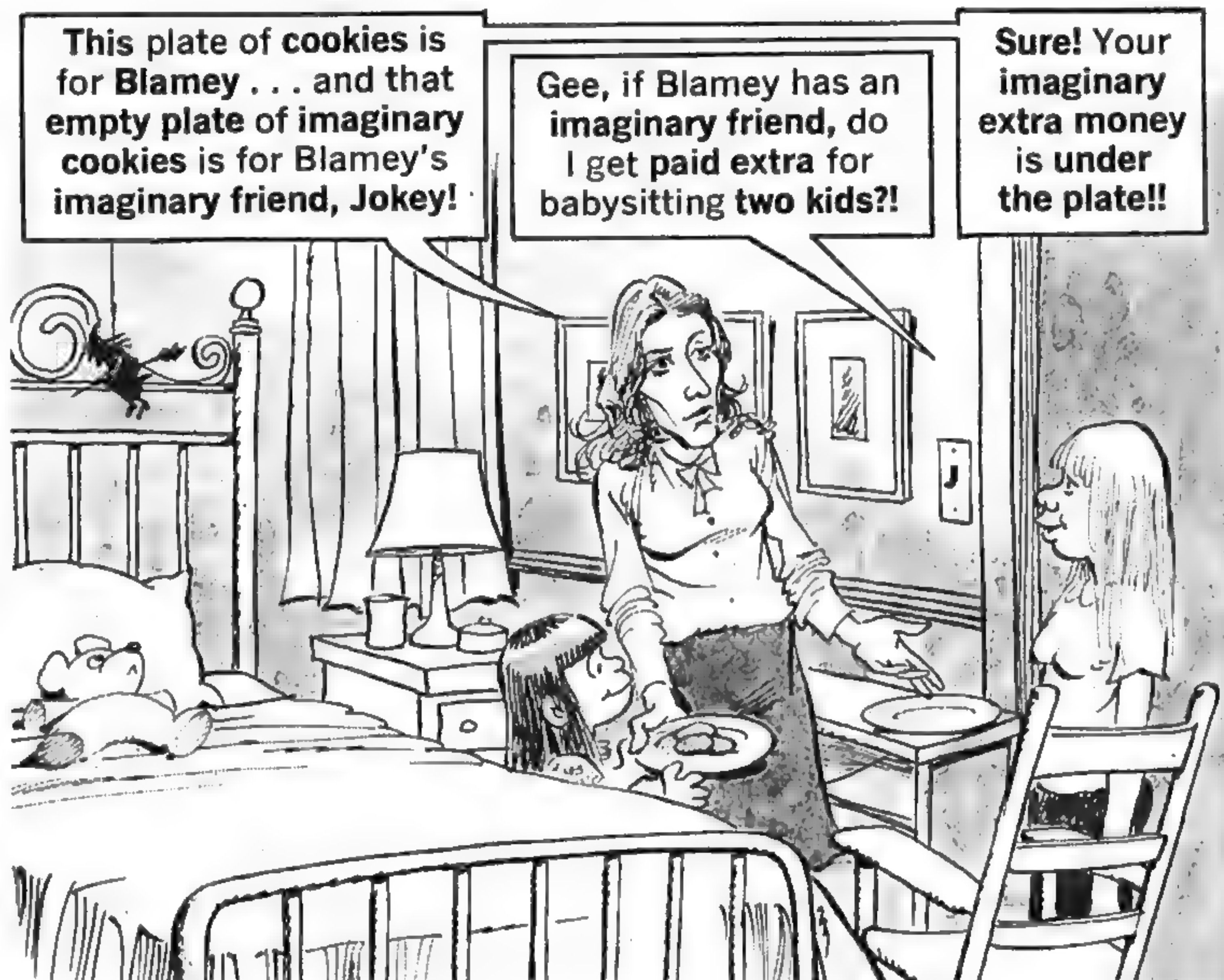
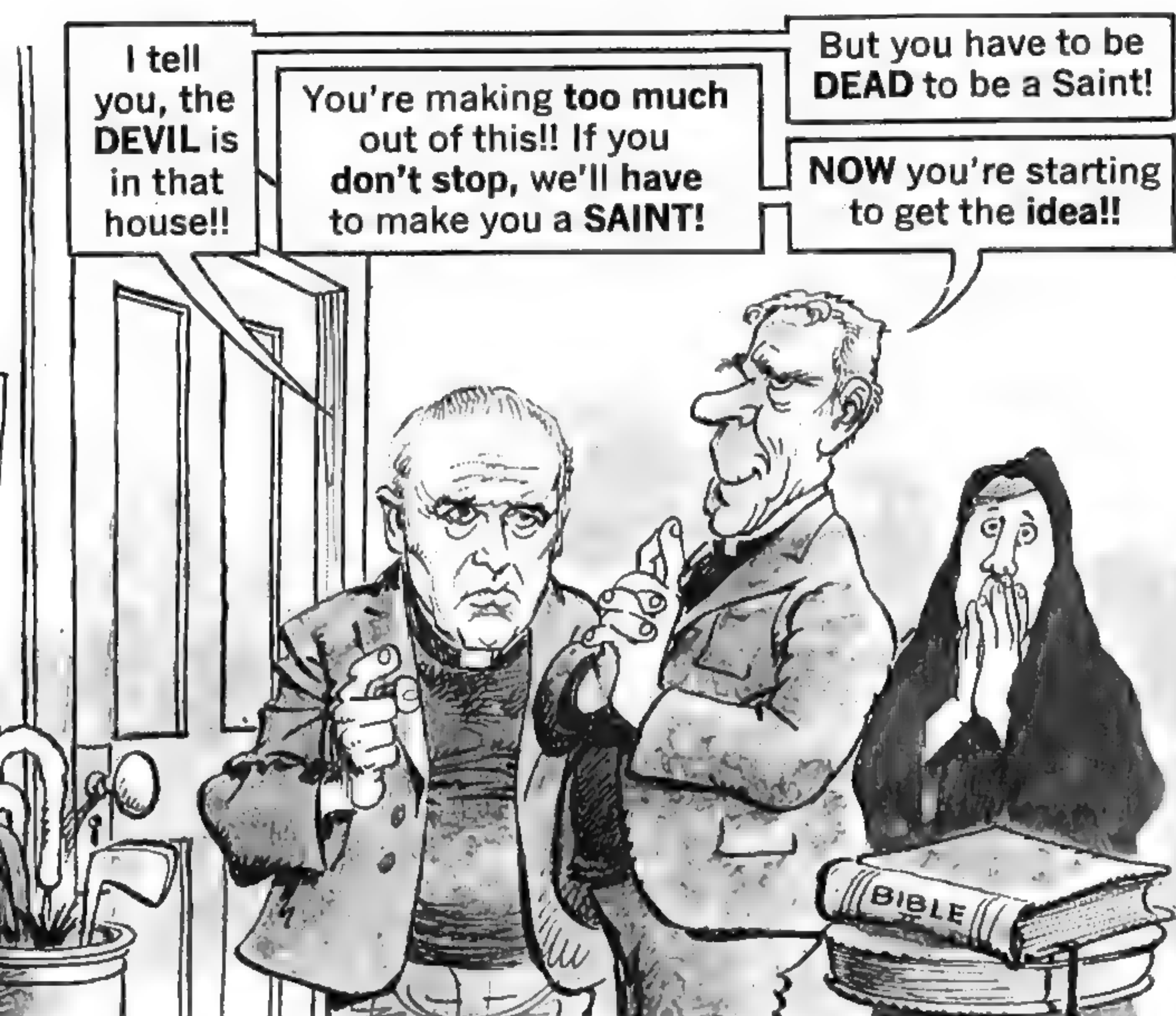
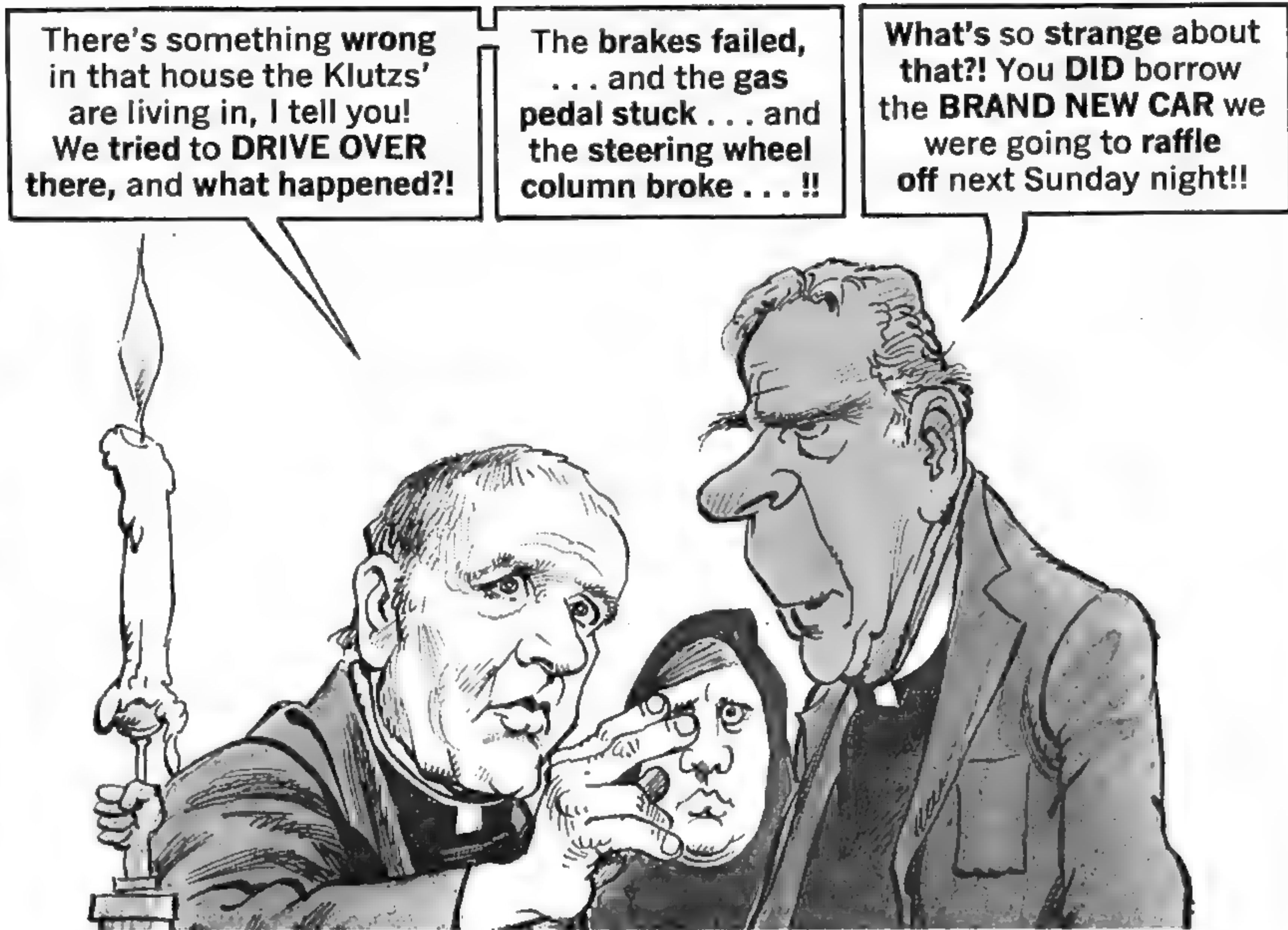
I  
know  
the  
very  
place  
and  
thing!

BAR

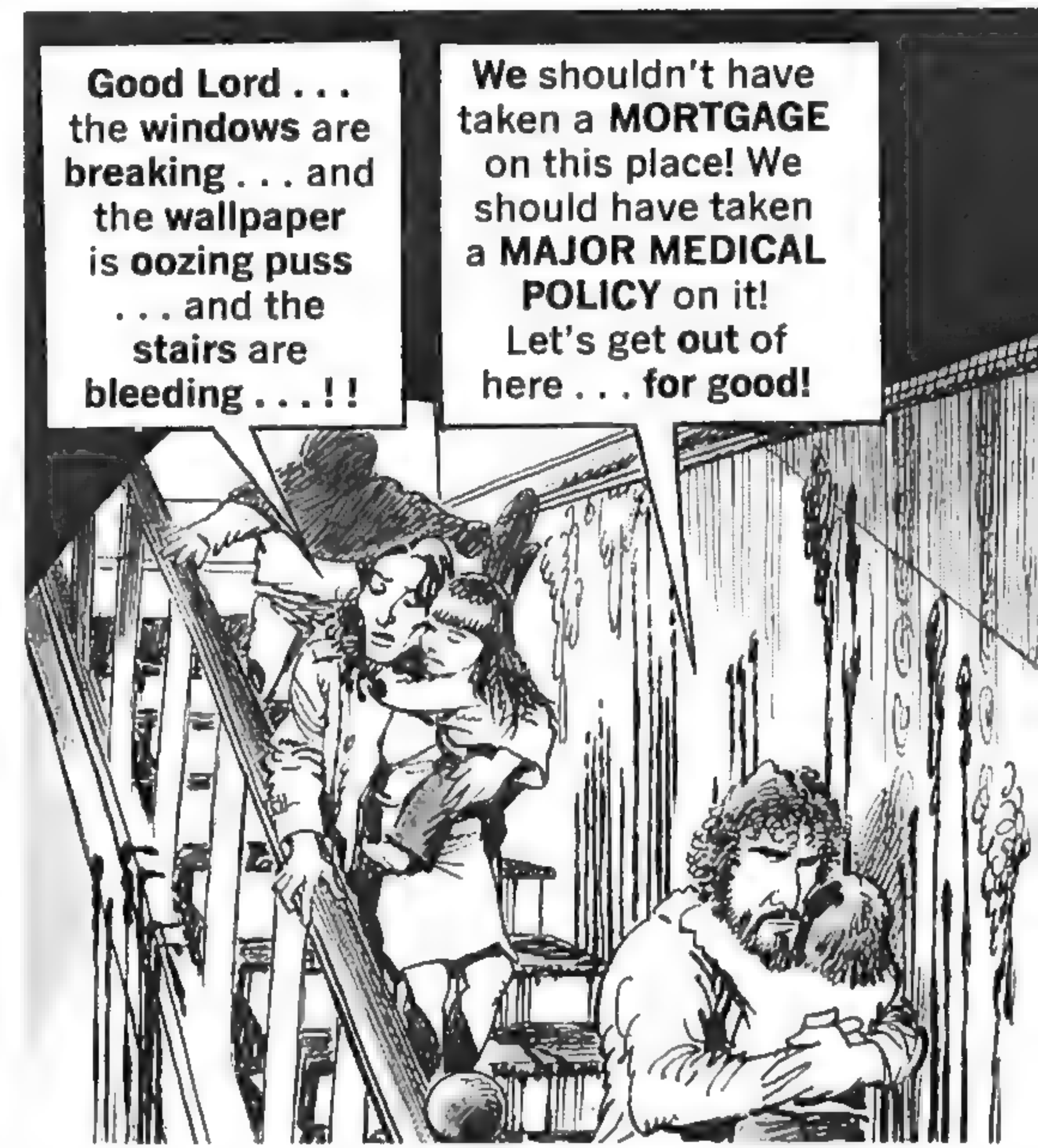
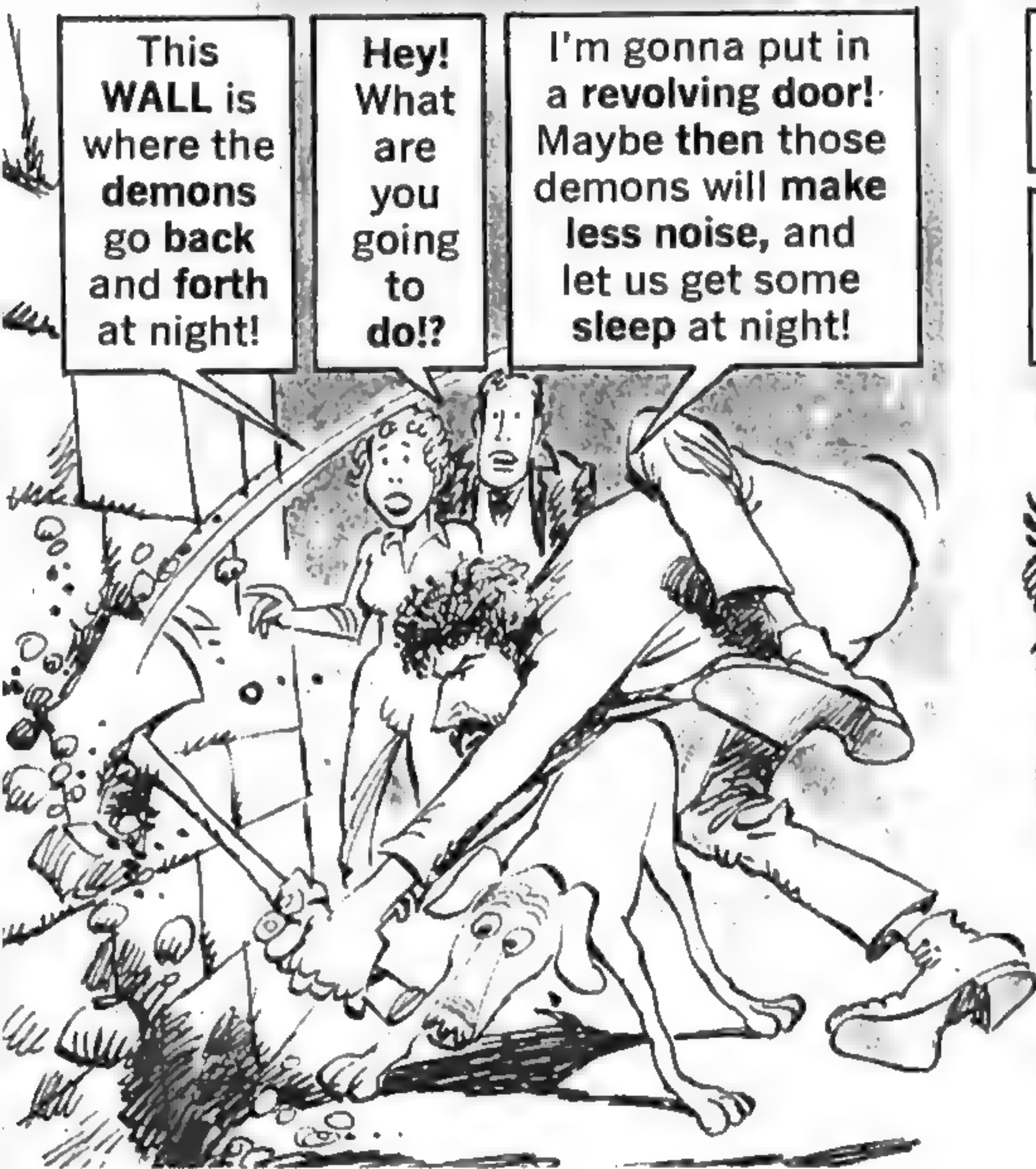
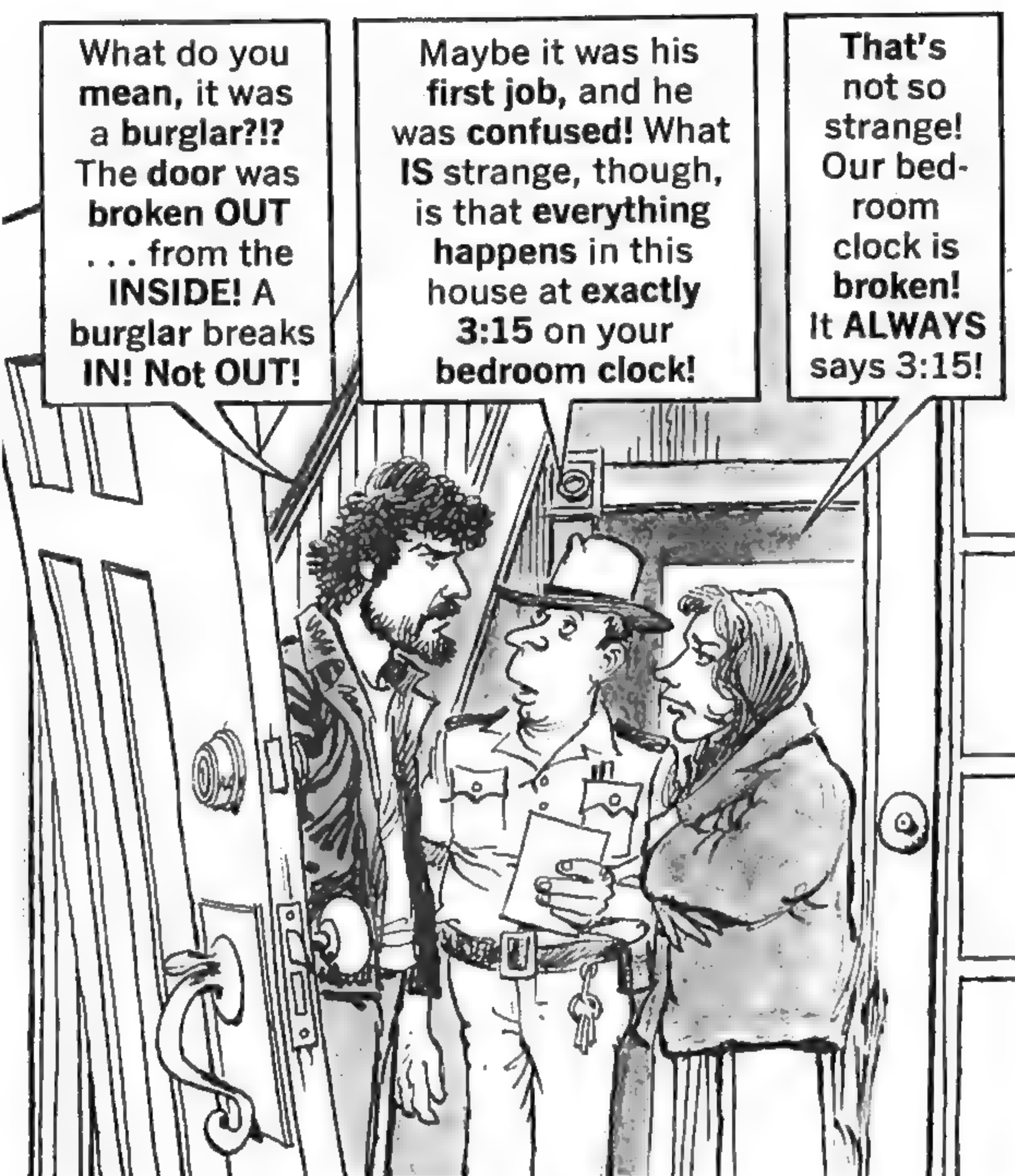




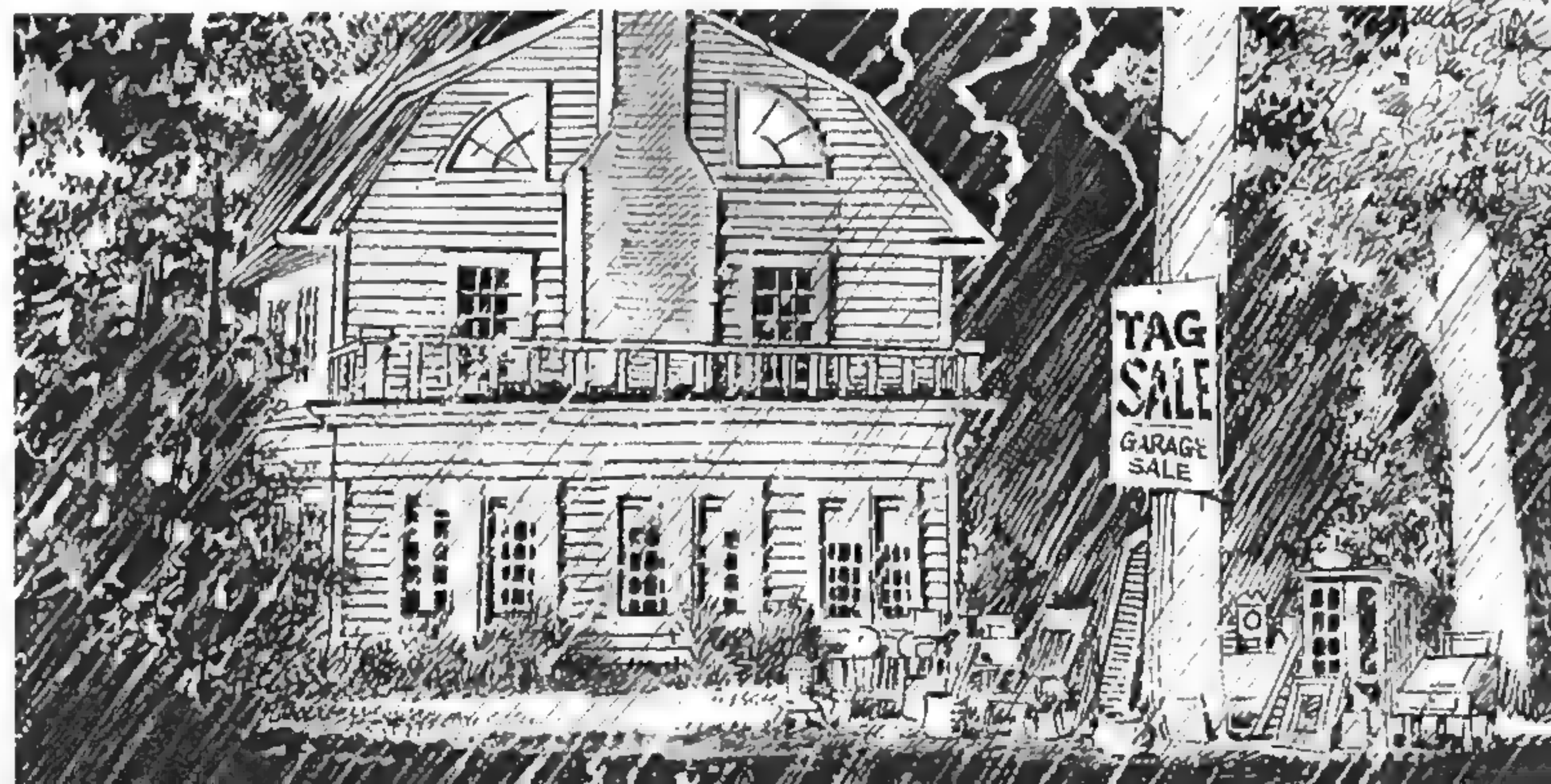








The Klutzs left their house and never went back for their personal belongings. They didn't have to! With the million bucks they've made from the book ... and a few million more from the movie ... why would they want any of that old junk, anyway?!





# ZOMBIE FUN PAGE

## FAVORITE DOG BREEDS OF THE ZOMBIE COMMUNITY

WRITER JEFF KRUSE  
ARTIST TOM BUNK



**MOLDEN  
RETRIEVER**

**ROTTINGWEILER**

**BLOODHOUND**  
(Duh!)

**STENCH  
POODLE**

**BORDER COLLIE**  
(some zombies have  
conventional taste)

**ZOMBIE**  
love is...



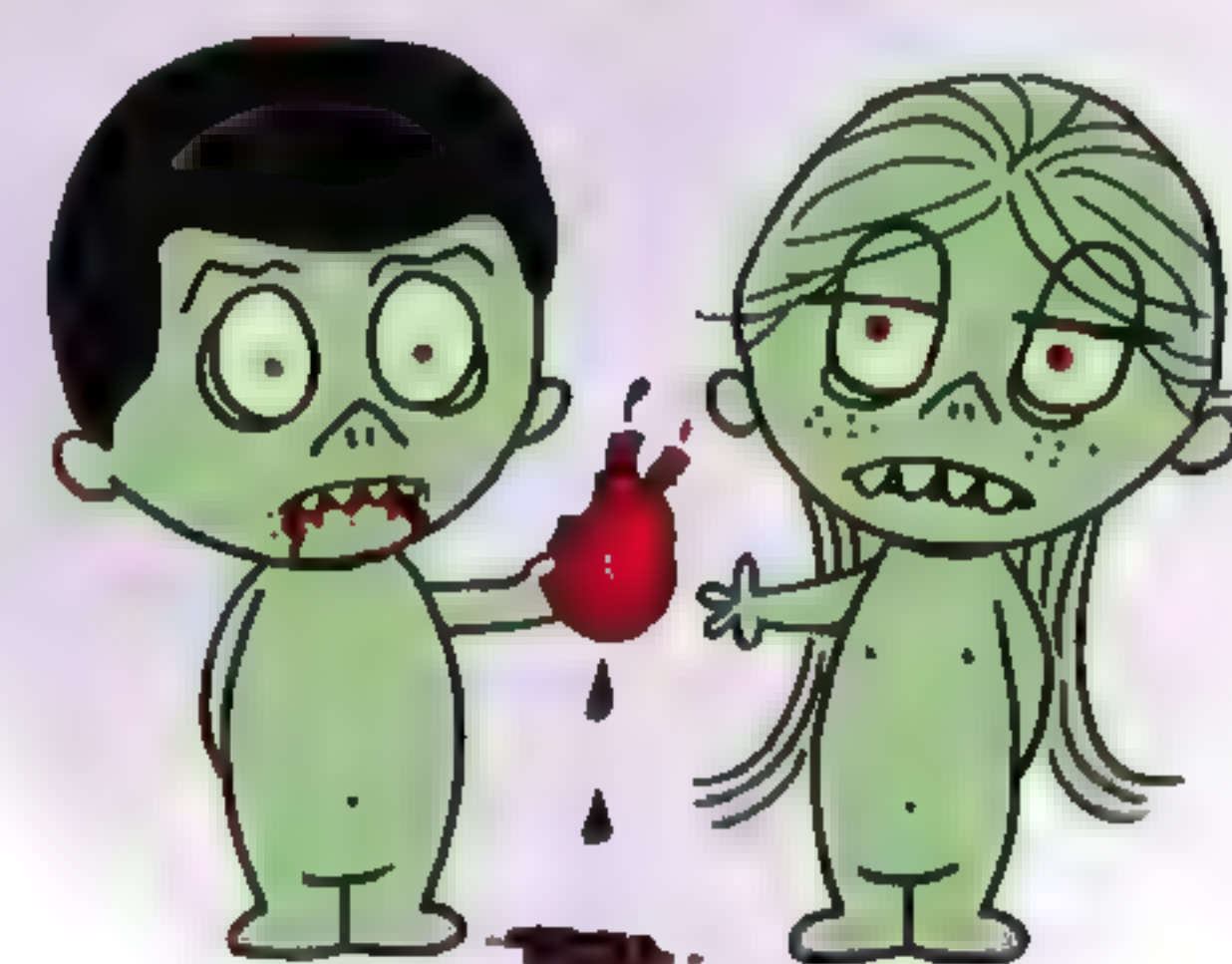
...holding hands.

**ZOMBIE**  
love is...



...helping her get a head.

**ZOMBIE**  
love is...



...sharing your heart.

WRITER & ARTIST **SCOTT NICKEL**

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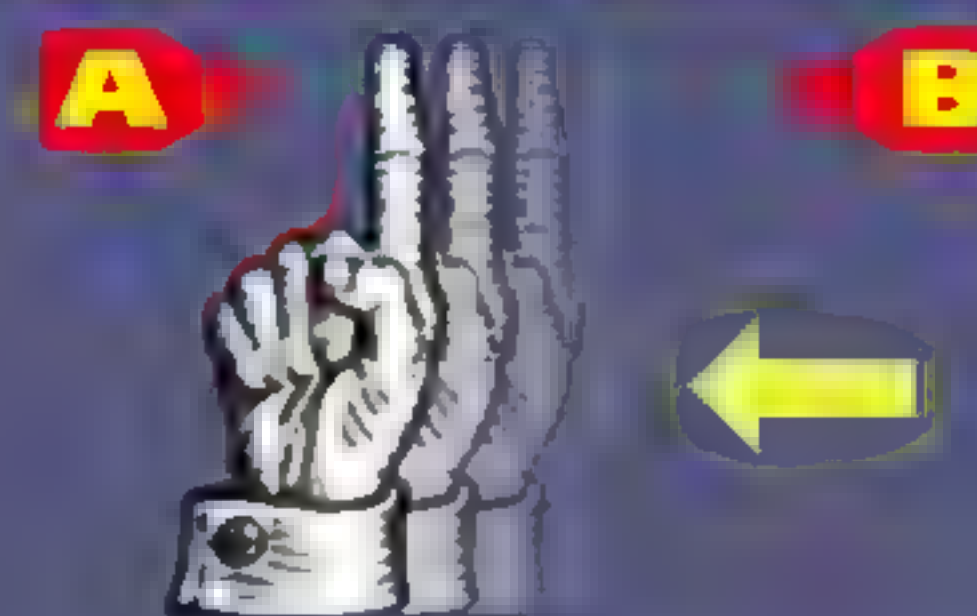


DESPITE OUR MANY  
DIFFERENCES, WHAT  
DO WE ALL HAVE IN  
COMMON DEEP  
INSIDE OF US?

## HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

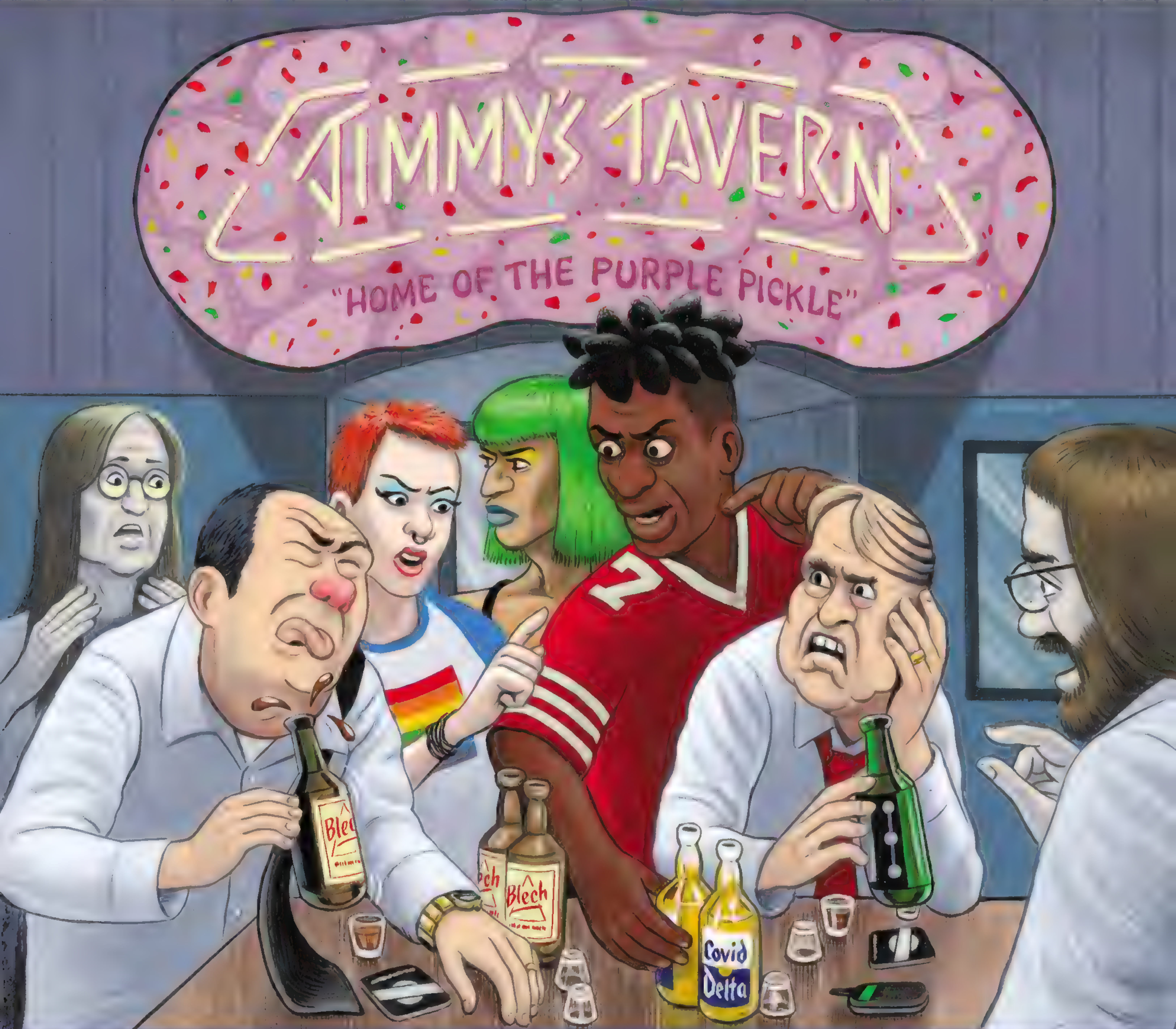
It seems that people have always been, and will always be, unwaveringly divided. Opposing cultural and political attitudes often result in fiery confrontations. Though our differences may seem irreconcilable, a new discovery shows that deep within, there is something that connects us all together. To see what that is, fold-in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A

B



ANTIPATHY AS EXPRESSED BY HOSTILE GI-  
MICKRY IS A COMMON SIGHT IN MAJOR METRO-  
PLEXES. DISAGREEMENTS CAN SEEM EVERLAS-  
TING, AND DESPITE WHAT THE DEMOGRAPHICS  
MAY BE, THIS ONE THING UNITES US ALL.

A

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

B



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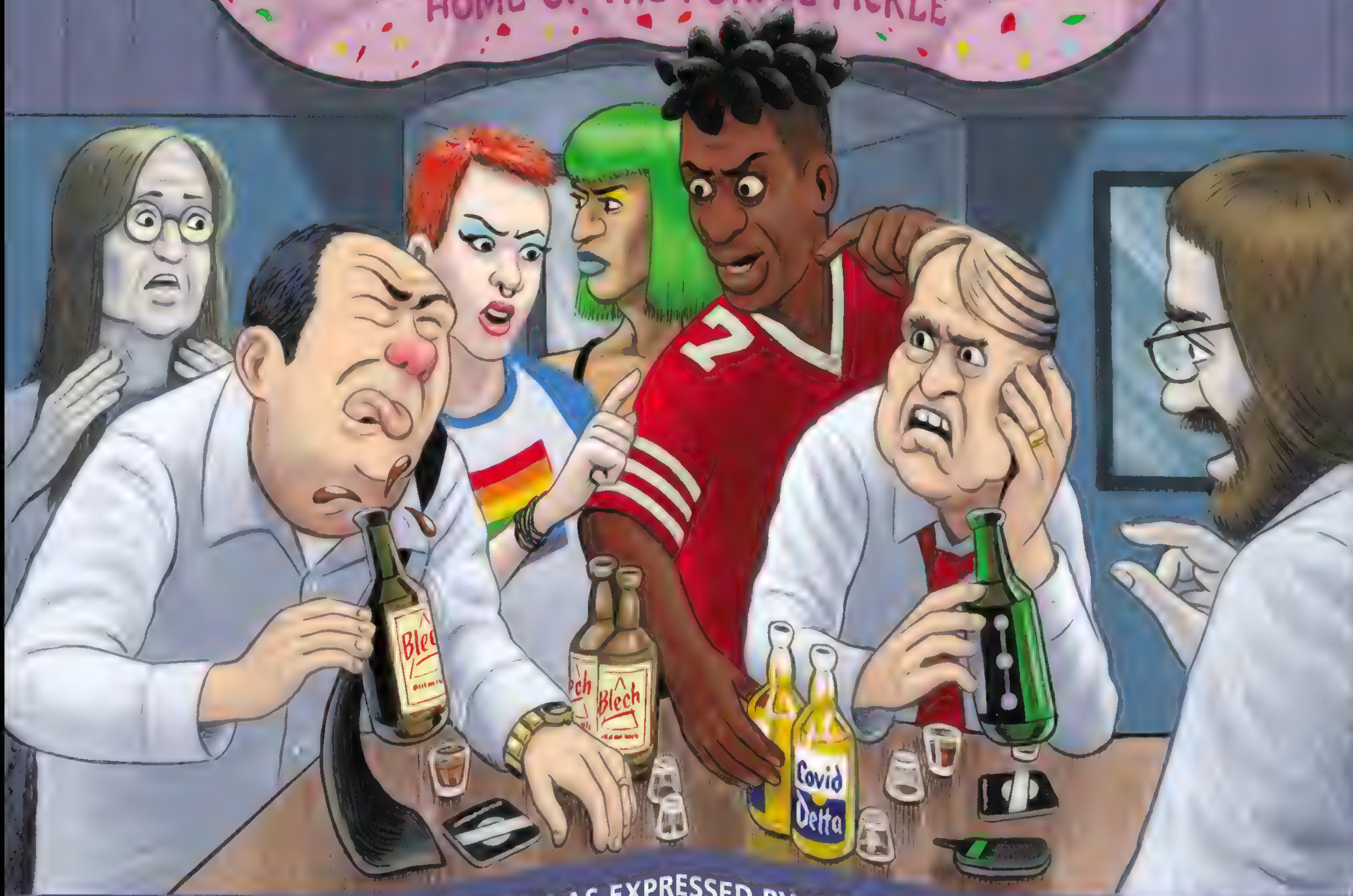


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WRITER & ARTIST: JOHNNY SAMPSON

A

B



DESPITE OUR MANY DIFFERENCES, WHAT DO WE ALL HAVE IN COMMON DEEP INSIDE OF US?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW  
**MAD FOLD-IN**

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SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



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DESPITE OUR MANY  
DIFFERENCES, WHAT  
DO WE ALL HAVE IN  
COMMON DEEP  
INSIDE OF US?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW  
**MAD FOLD-IN**  
It seems that people have always been and will always be, unapologetically divided.  
Opposing cultural and political attitudes have made us very uncomfortable. Though  
our differences may seem insurmountable, a new discovery shows that deep within  
there is something that connects us all together. In so many ways, we are all  
MAD.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A



B



A

B



ANTIPATHY AS EXPRESSED BY HOSTILE GL  
MICKRY IS A COMMON SIGHT IN MAJOR MET RO-  
PLE EXES. DISAGREEMENTS CAN SEEM EVERL AS-  
TING, AND DESPITE WHAT THE DEMOGRAPHI CS  
MAY BE, THIS ONE THING UNITES US ALL

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DESPITE OUR MANY  
DIFFERENCES, WHAT  
DO WE ALL HAVE IN  
COMMON DEEP  
INSIDE OF US?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A

B



A B



MICRO-  
PLAS-  
TICS

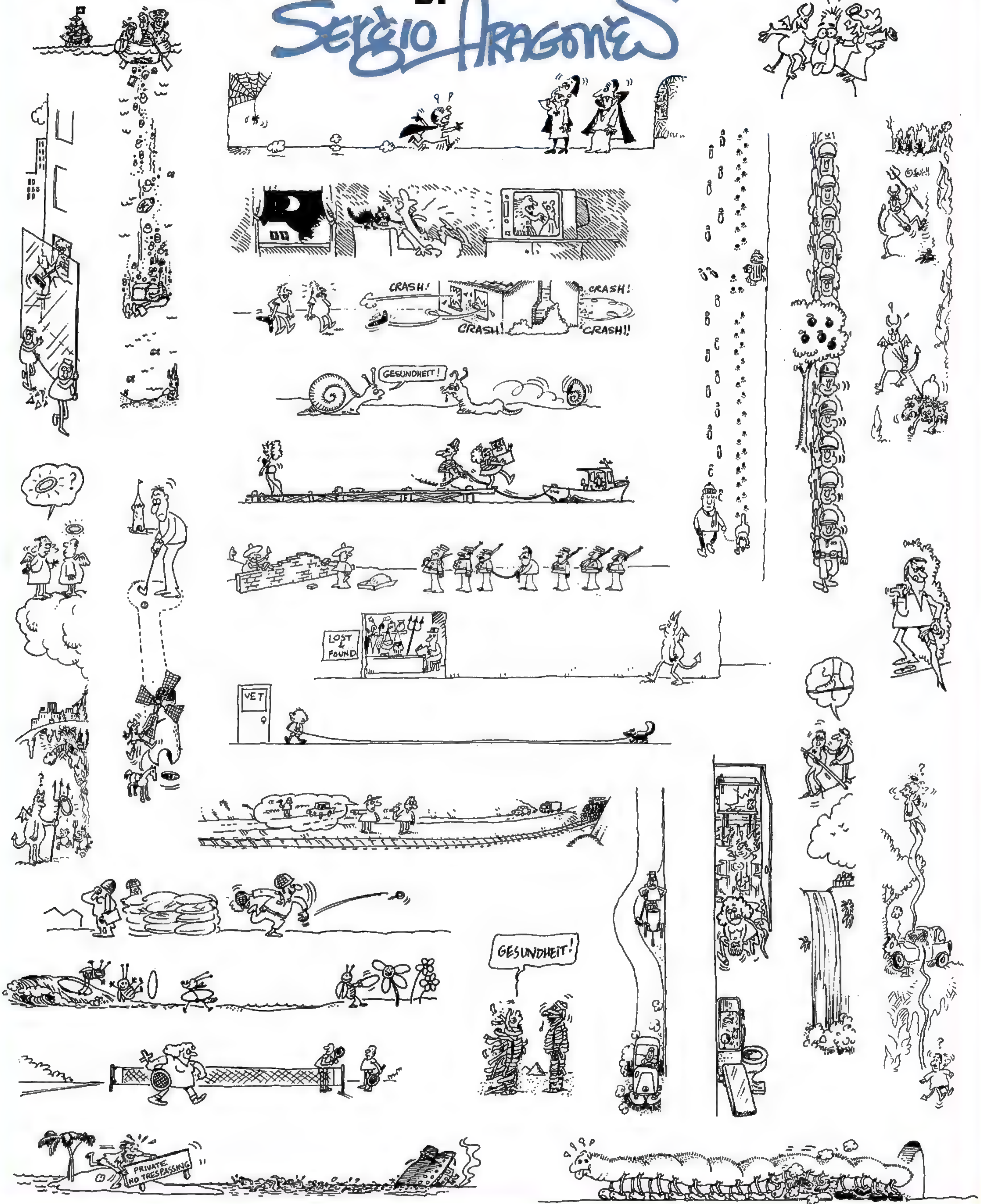
A B



# DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

BY **SERGIO ARAGONES**







KELLY FREAS

## Good things begin to happen

when you find one of 'em in your soup

(mainly, you got a chance to beat the check!)

**Weekly allowance running short?** Just reach for a can of Sham-bugs. It takes only a few short minutes to solve your embarrassing financial predicament.

**Yes, good things begin to happen** when you float a "Sham-bug" in your school lunch soup, mainly because it gives you the chance to blow your top, and stalk out without paying the check.

**Good things for Daddy, too**—because those high-priced fancy restaurants he dines in are particularly susceptible to this sure-fire old gag.

**There are many kinds of Sham-bugs** to choose from. Also steel slivers, hairs, and broken glass if you're squeamish.

Hey . . . have you beaten a check today?



A MAD AD PARODY  
ARTIST KELLY FREAS

Once a day . . . you don't pay . . . with *Sham-bug's*



# MAD

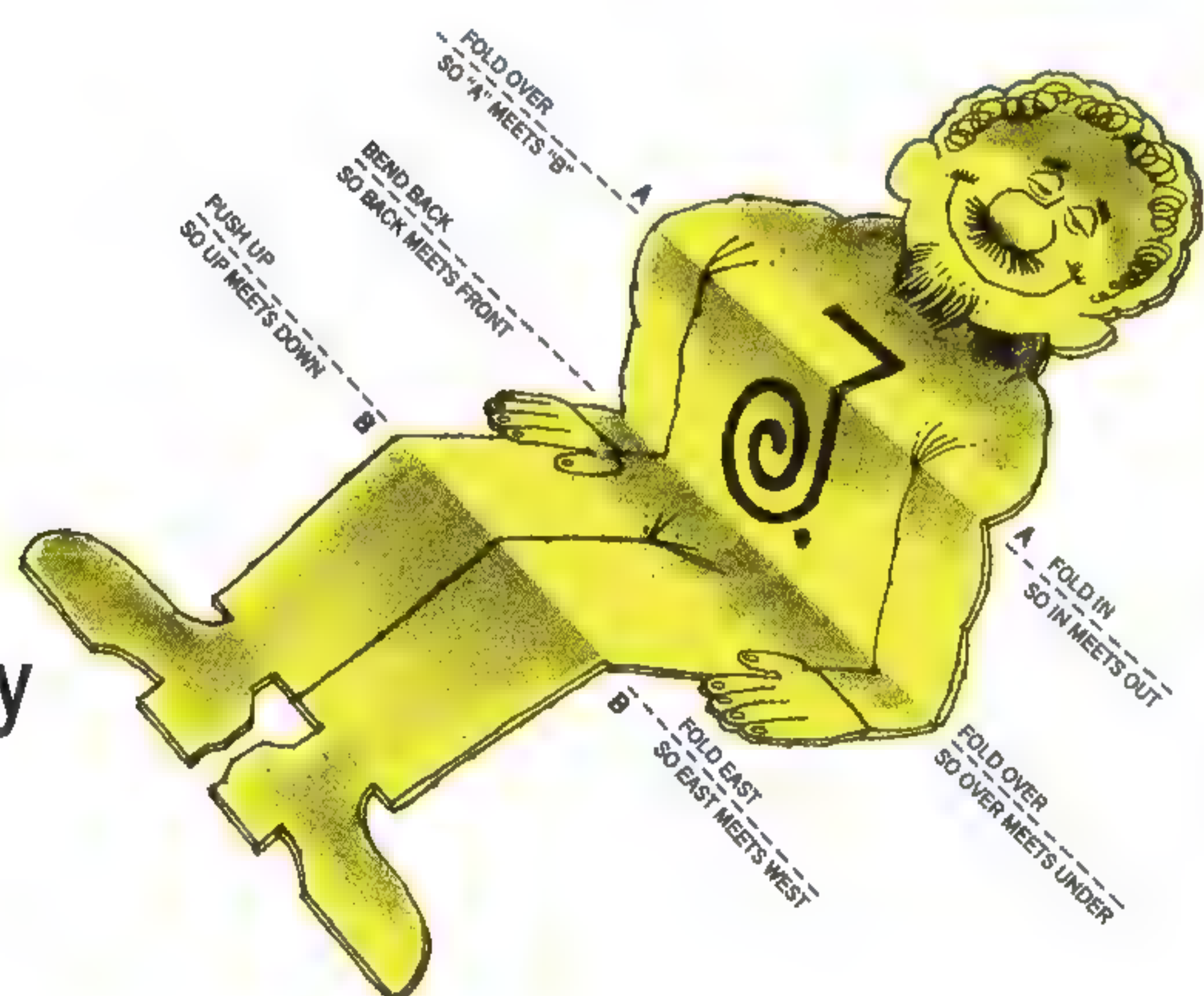
DIGITAL EDITION

## BONUS MATERIAL!

Can you take one more good vs. evil themed parody and *not* hurl? Maybe we should say good vs. bad acting...Or bad acting vs. worse acting? Keeping the theme constant, like Keanu's articulation, enjoy "Constant-theme," from 2005's MAD #451.



And speaking of evil, and the folding in of society we present a prescient and unresolvedly sad MAD classic commentary from the ever perceptive Al Jaffee.





Remember when Keanu Reeves played the focal point of unsuspected multi-dimensional evil trying to break through to everyday existence in *The Devil's Advocate*? How about when he followed that up by playing the focal point of unsuspected multi-dimensional evil trying to break through to everyday existence in *The Matrix*? And, in the same year, 2001, in *Matrix Reloaded*? Not to mention *Matrix Revolutions*? So, just how many times is Mr. Excitement going to amble through the same same part? Judging from his latest devils-and-angels FX-fest, Keanu intends to do it again and again. It's a...

# CONSTANT-THEME

Hiya! Satan here! I'm the ultimate personification of movie evil! So sorry, Harvey Weinstein, you just got bumped down to second place!

This sullen cardboard cutout is John Constant-theme! When Johnny was a child, he was declared clinically dead for 2 minutes! After you see his mumbling performance in this film, you'll say he's got his record up to 90!

Our boy's got "Pizza Hut Lungs!" They have a double crust! And after the cancer gets him, his soul belongs to me. Constant-theme's headed for a realm of unending smoke, and fire, and choking clouds of brimstone! Although, at the pace he burns through cigarettes, he might not notice the difference! When the Philip Morris Company had to pay off their \$2.6 billion anti-smoking settlement, half of the money was profits they made from HIM!

This little chick with a nightstick is Angina Dudson! She's a Los Angeles cop with a twin sister! The L.A.P.D. started hiring identical twins in 1998! Smart move! It helps confuse the hell out of juries, while they're watching videotaped beatings!

Everybody in L.A. has their own personal assistant, but Spaz Chandler is just about the only one whose job description includes exorcising screeching demonspawn — that is, other than Angelina Jolie's assistant, of course! Spaz faces every challenge with spunk and sass! That's because there's only one thing that's older than the ancient curse of the fallen seraphim — the clichéd, wisecracking movie sidekick who talks "street"!

I don't want to call this one "ambiguous," but she puts the "bi" in "Bible"! It's Glockenspiel, the angel with attitude! She thinks that humans are filthy creatures who don't deserve salvation! Obviously she's been watching a lot of *Desperate Housewives*!

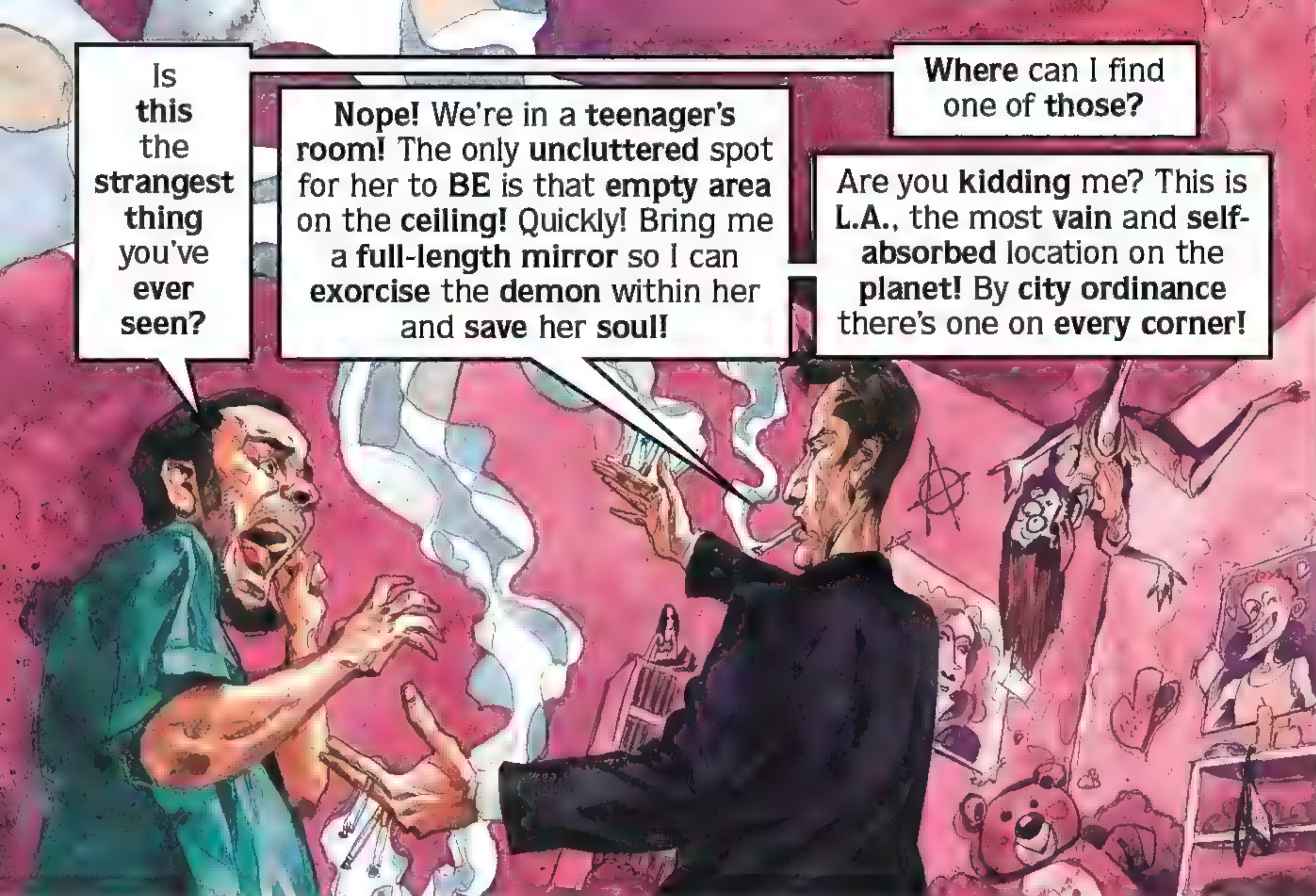
Father Hennessy-On-The-Rocks is a powerful empath and an alcoholic! His inner vibrations lead him to psychically connect with a corpse, which brand him with the same Satanic symbol that indicates my son Moron is ready to use a twin psychic as a fleshy portal between dimensions! Man, forget Hennessy-On-The-Rocks! If I had my druthers, they'd run a breathalyzer on the guy who wrote this ass-trocious, convoluted screenplay!

The psychedelic pimp over here is Papa Midriff! As you can see, he spends a lot of time rooting through Andre 3000's dumpster for clothes! He runs an eerie establishment that caters to a clientele of netherworld freaks and weirdos! It's like an internet cafe, only less seedy!

Bedpan is a black market trader in extremely rare artifacts! He can locate one-of-a-kind items, like the spear from Jesus' crucifixion, the shroud Moses wore to the mountain, or a movie offer that Chris Rock turned down! He's always helping Constant-theme ruin my evil plans, but I'll have my revenge! I keep leaving negative feedback on his eBay profile!

Lastly, there's Howbizarre! He's one of my disgruntled employees! A character that makes a big splash before being consigned back to oblivion! It was perfect casting Gavin Rossdale in this role — he's the lead singer of Bush!



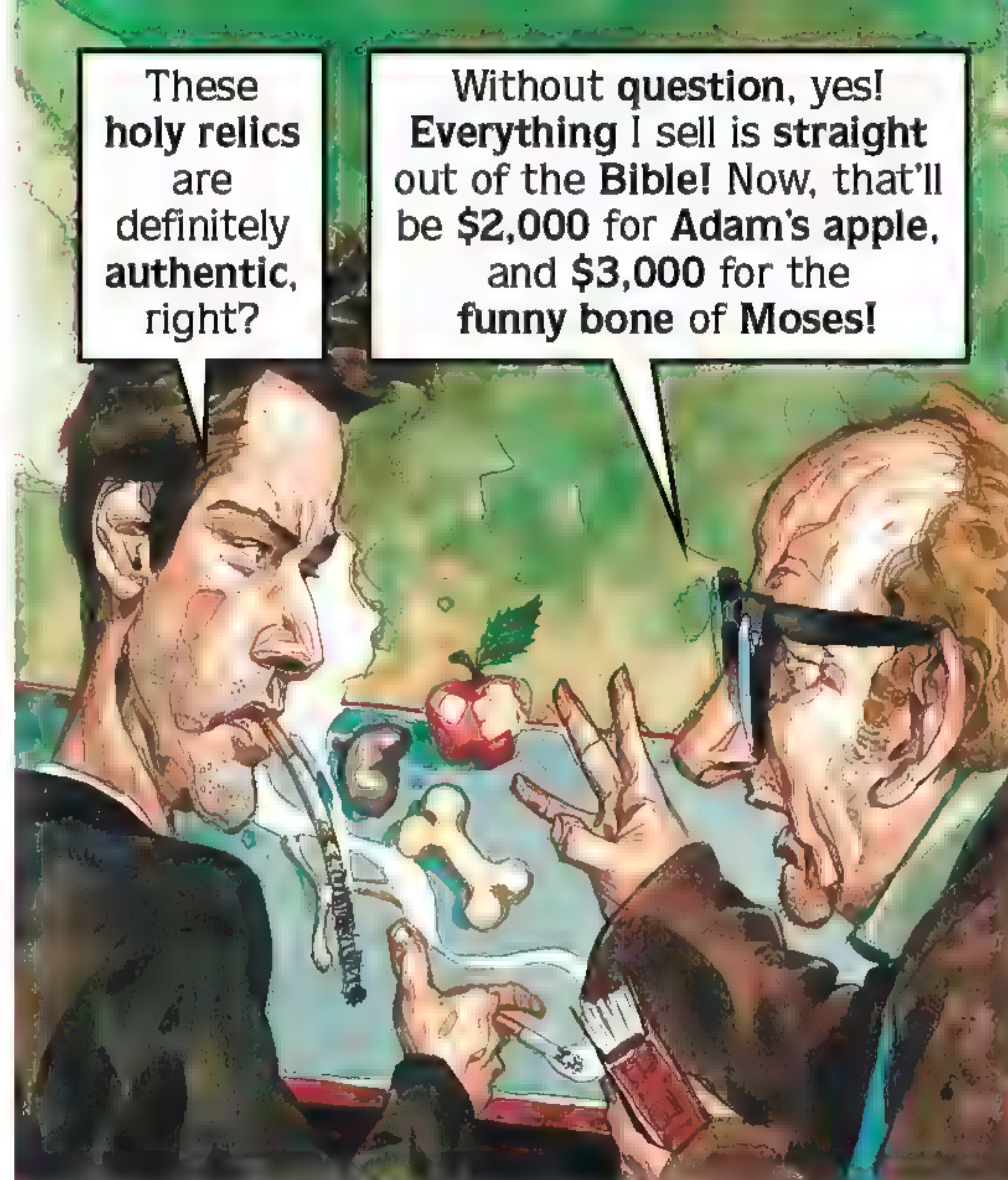


Is this the strangest thing you've ever seen?

Nope! We're in a teenager's room! The only uncluttered spot for her to BE is that empty area on the ceiling! Quickly! Bring me a full-length mirror so I can exorcise the demon within her and save her soul!

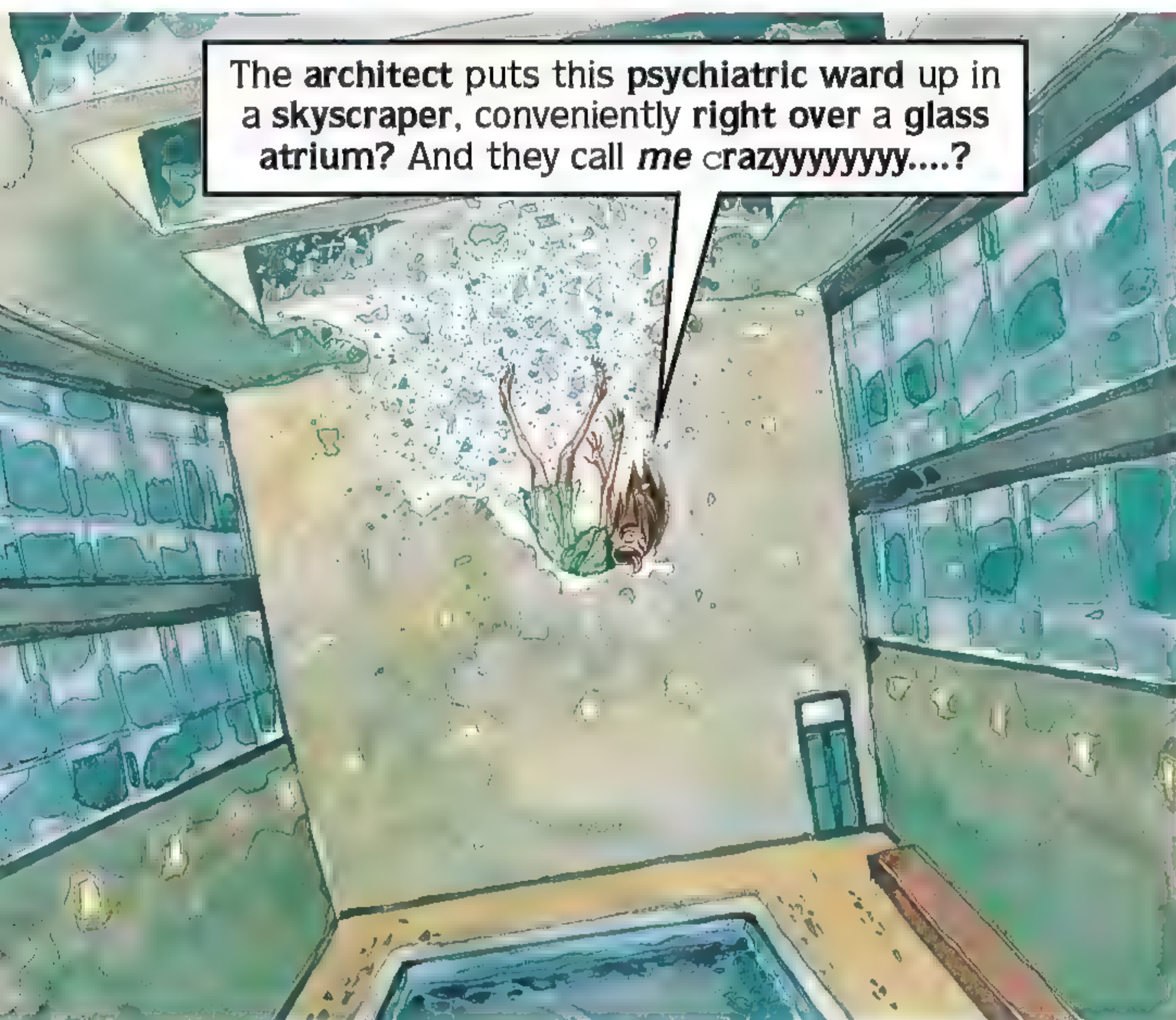
Where can I find one of those?

Are you kidding me? This is L.A., the most vain and self-absorbed location on the planet! By city ordinance there's one on every corner!

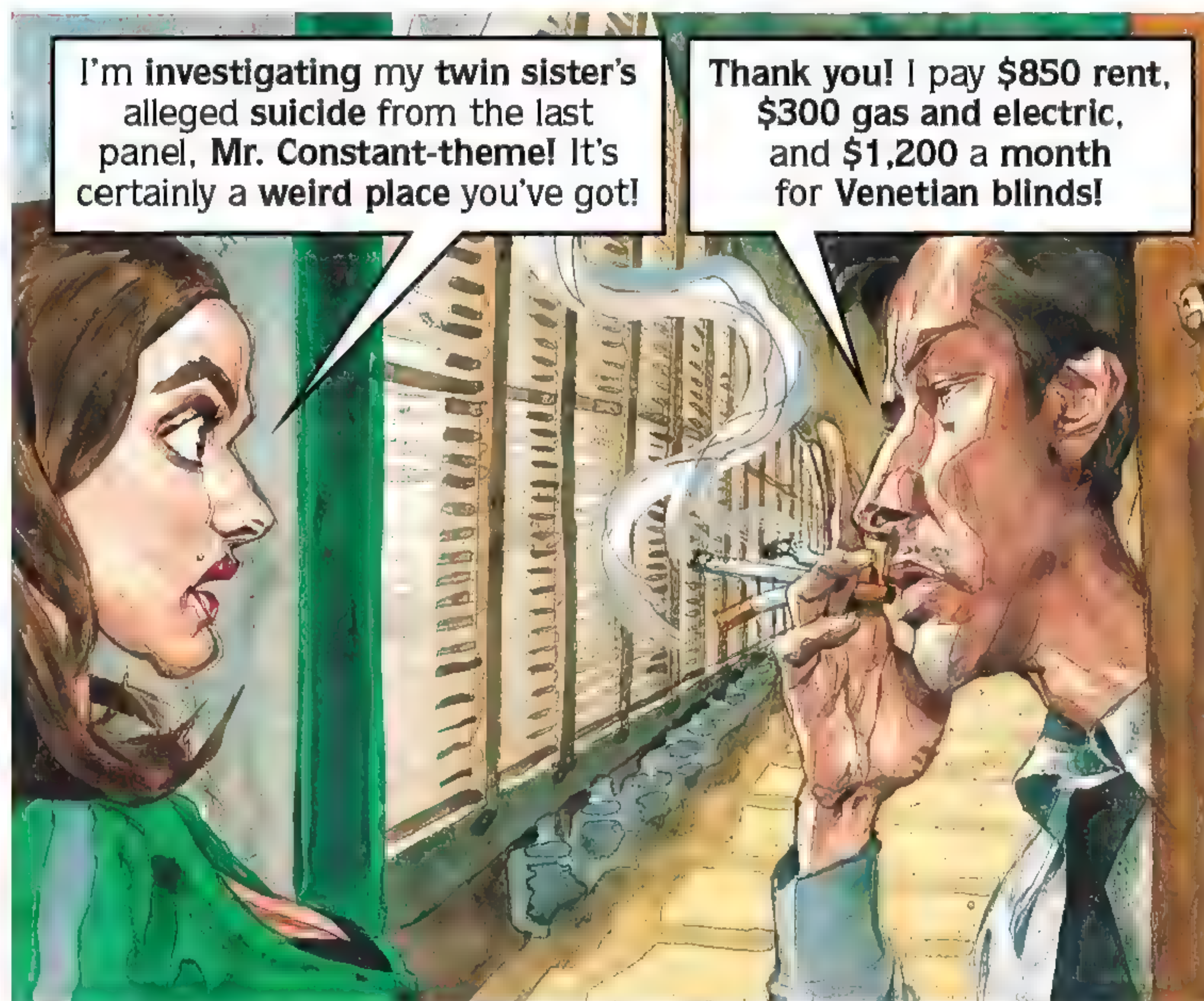


These holy relics are definitely authentic, right?

Without question, yes! Everything I sell is straight out of the Bible! Now, that'll be \$2,000 for Adam's apple, and \$3,000 for the funny bone of Moses!

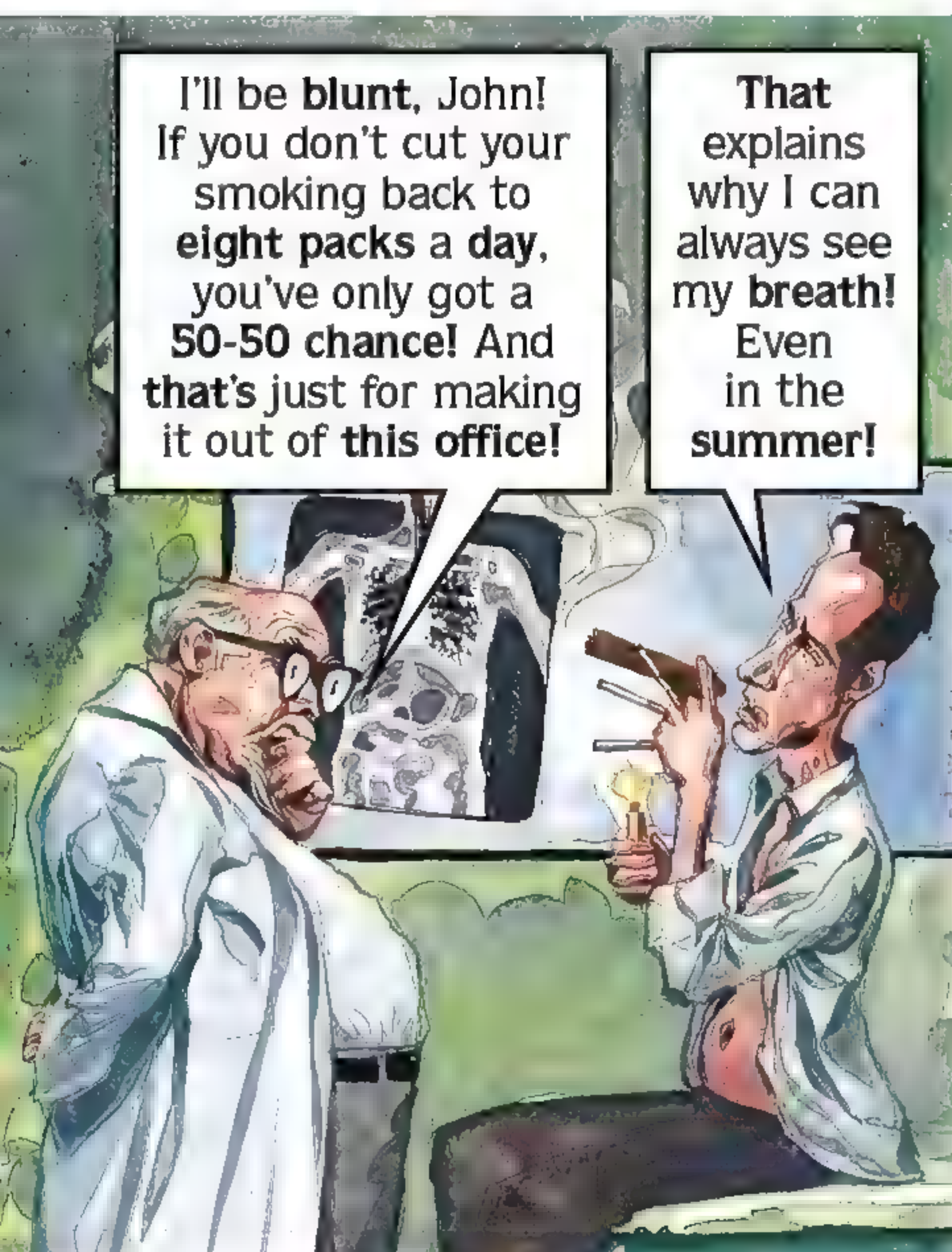


The architect puts this psychiatric ward up in a skyscraper, conveniently right over a glass atrium? And they call *me* crazyyyyyyyyy....?



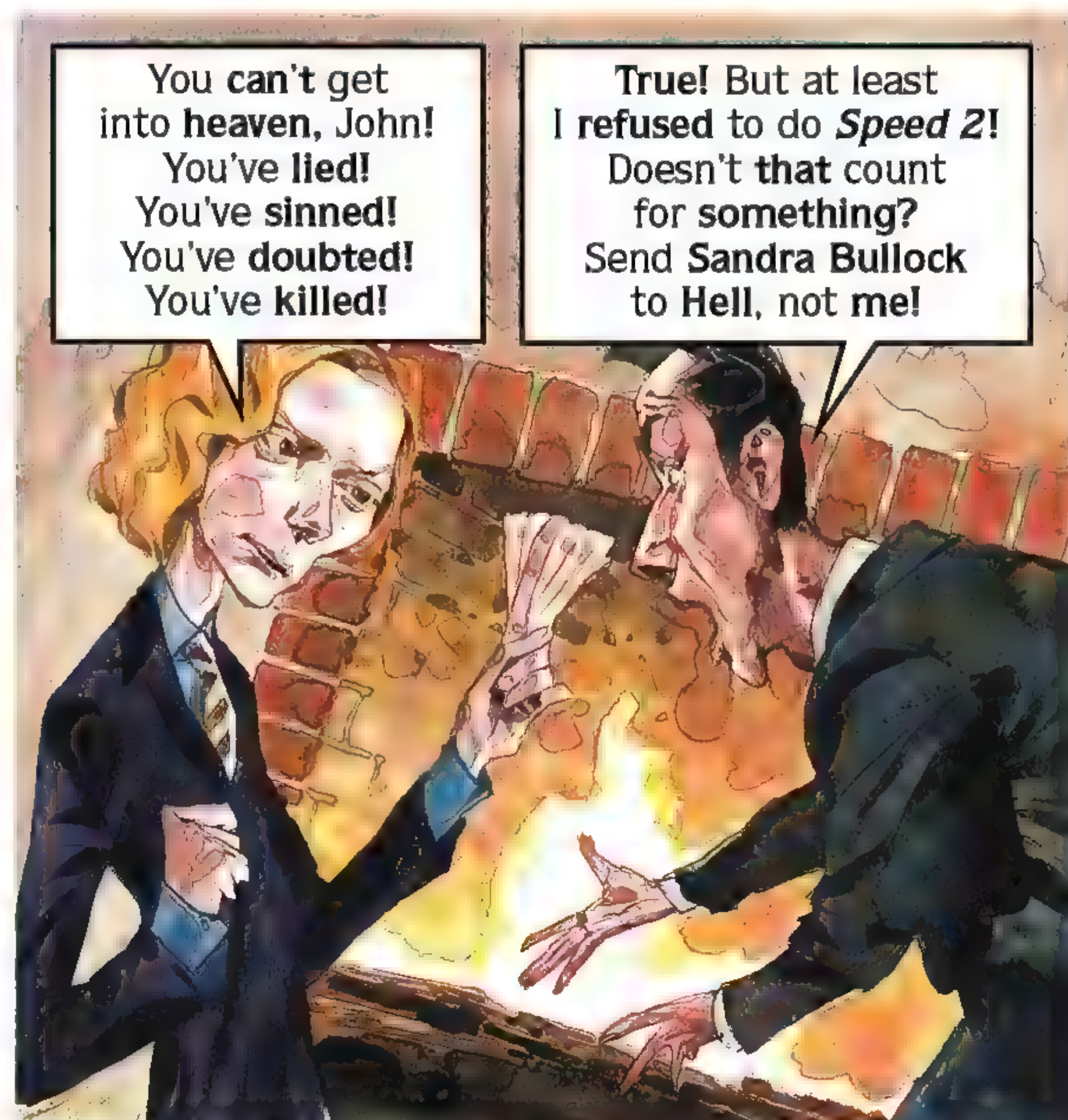
I'm investigating my twin sister's alleged suicide from the last panel, Mr. Constant-theme! It's certainly a weird place you've got!

Thank you! I pay \$850 rent, \$300 gas and electric, and \$1,200 a month for Venetian blinds!



I'll be blunt, John! If you don't cut your smoking back to eight packs a day, you've only got a 50-50 chance! And that's just for making it out of this office!

That explains why I can always see my breath! Even in the summer!



You can't get into heaven, John! You've lied! You've sinned! You've doubted! You've killed!

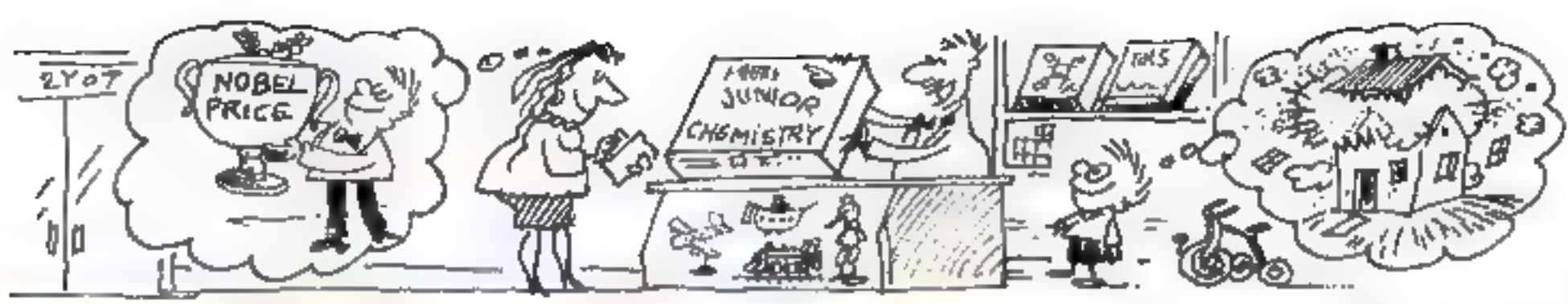
True! But at least I refused to do *Speed 2*! Doesn't that count for something? Send Sandra Bullock to Hell, not me!



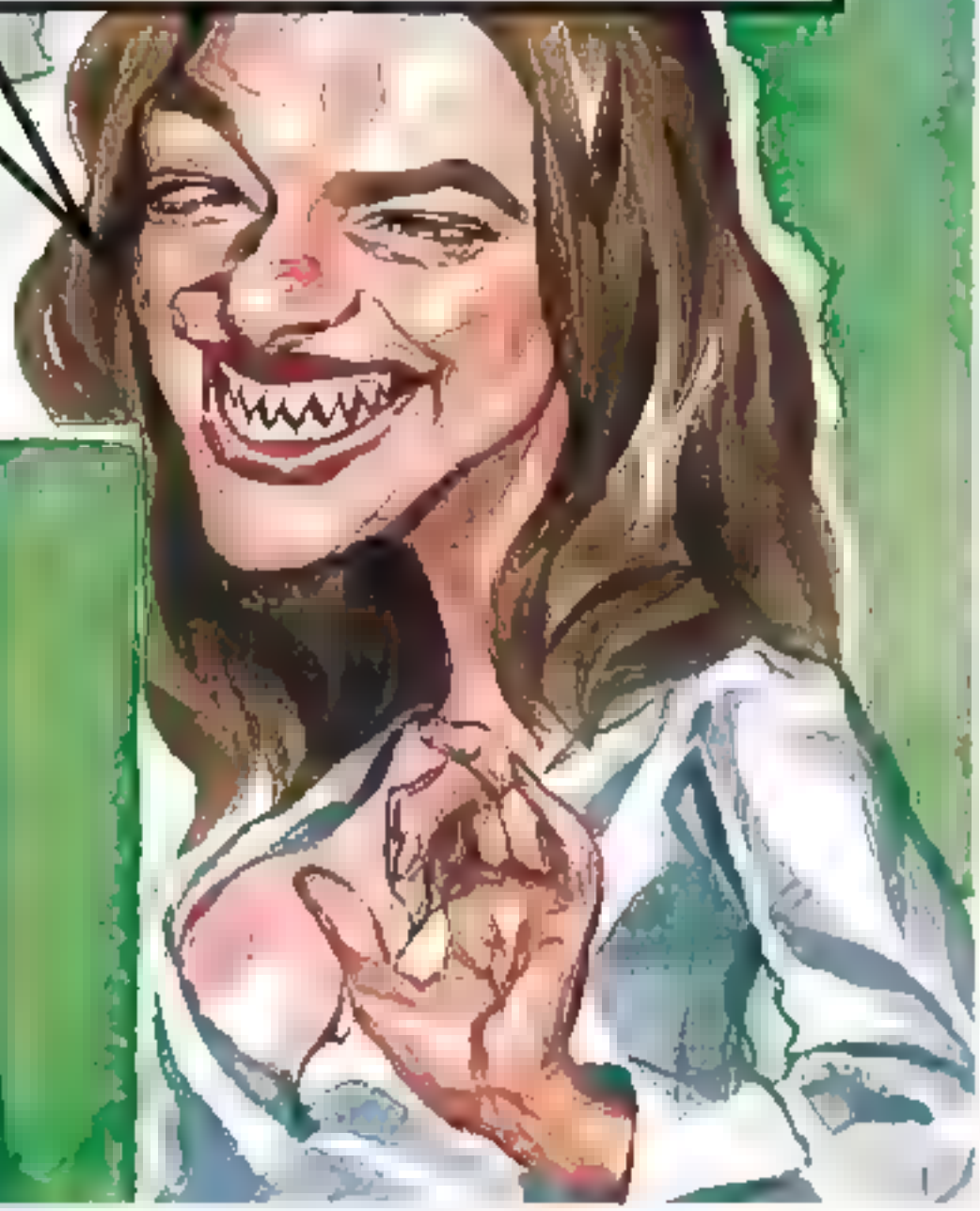
Bleeegghhh! Hackkk! Stinking vermin in my hair, crawling all over me! It's a lot like the last time I ate at the Fresno Mall food court!







A computer search is a good way to find out John Constant-theme's **background!** And it's a **GREAT** way for **lazy-ass screenwriters** to squeeze in sorely-needed exposition! Hmmm...I wonder if these nude photos of **Satan** were Photoshopped? Okay...here he is! **Interests:** standing alone against the **Lord of Darkness** and his army of **demons!** **Alone?! So, he's single!**



Look at these things! I wish I had **The Bug Zapper of Bathsheba!**



Are you sure you can locate my **sister** in **Hell**, by staring into **Cuddlefuzz's** eyes?

It's **working!** I can feel myself descending into the **fiery realm of man's eternal agony!** Either that or **Cuddlefuzz** is **clawing my junk!**



Oh, this is more like it! I'm most definitely in **Hell** now!

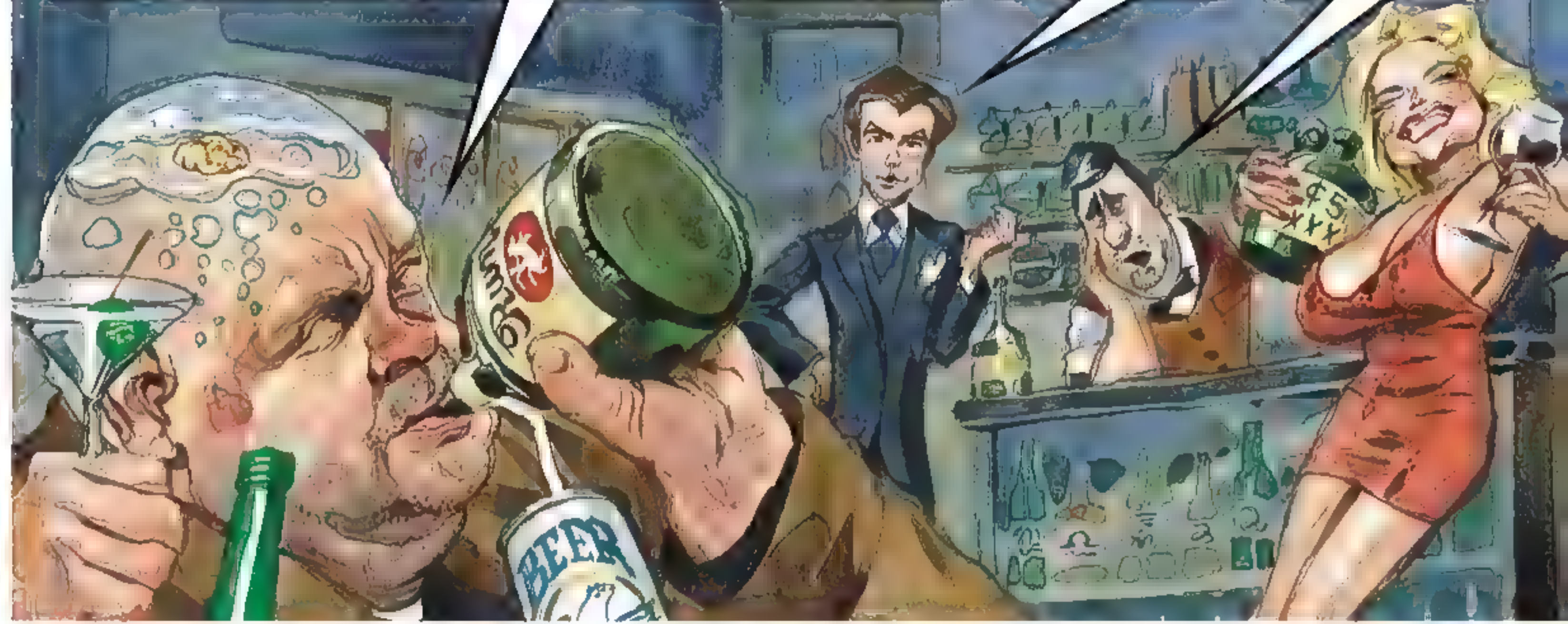
Flee, while you can! It's **inhuman!** They're showing the **director's cuts** for every screening! **Even Zoolander!**



Now I know how **Satan's son** plans to enter **Earth!** I must tell **John** immediately! But I have a **compulsion** to drink every bottle of liquor in this shop! Even though I'm drinking gallons, it tastes like every bottle is **empty!** Howbizarre's **demonic force** must be controlling me! Yeah, the cops'll believe **THAT** one when they pull me over for **DUI!**

Tsk, tsk. **Shocking behavior** from a man of the cloth.

The sad thing is, he's only the **3rd** most wasted person in here!



Oh no! **Bedpan** is dead and covered in **flies!**

This is **awful!** Just **awful!** I'd assumed that the loud **buzzing noise** when I spoke to **Bedpan** on the phone was another **bad connection!** I cancelled my cell service for nothing!



I hope this **bathtub stunt** helps me **reconnect** with my dormant **psychic abilities!** Do I need to take off all my clothes for this?

Let me think... **no!**

Whaddaya mean **NO?!** Ya **freakin' jerk!** Now I hope **Satan** **does** kick your ass!





You killed my friend, the priest!  
You killed my friend, the antiques dealer!  
You've completely ruined this year's Secret Santa!

Taking fragile human souls and destroying them is what I do best! Well, me and Xbox game programmers!

Let's see! I'm up against a divine being, organically imbued with the powers of Satan and God Himself!  
Clearly, my only rational move here is a punch in the mouth!



Dear God, it's horrible! An invisible hell-demon just kidnapped Angina! First her sister, now her! I haven't seen Satan take such a personal interest in one family since the Baldwins!



Where's the chair, Papa Midriff? By electrocuting myself, either I'll discover the details of Satan Junior's plan, or I'll be dead! It's a no-lose situation!

No can do, John! I'm entirely neutral! I'm Switzerland!

I think you're just too afraid to fight!

Okay, so I'm France, too!



Uhhhh! Guhhhh! Whoa!

Turn off the juice! He's flatlining!

No, that's just his natural monotone! He always says his lines that way!



This is where your 50,000-volt vision of the scavenger told us to go! But before we fight the demons, let's make sure we're properly equipped!

Holy water?

Dragon's breath?

Dramatic ambient lighting?

Check!

Check!

Check!

OFFICE DIRECTORY:  
ENRON  
43RD FLOOR  
HALLIBURTON  
58TH FLOOR  
STARBUCKS INC.  
51ST FLOOR  
WALT DISNEY CO.  
67TH FLOOR  
SATAN & SONS  
666TH FLOOR

HELL

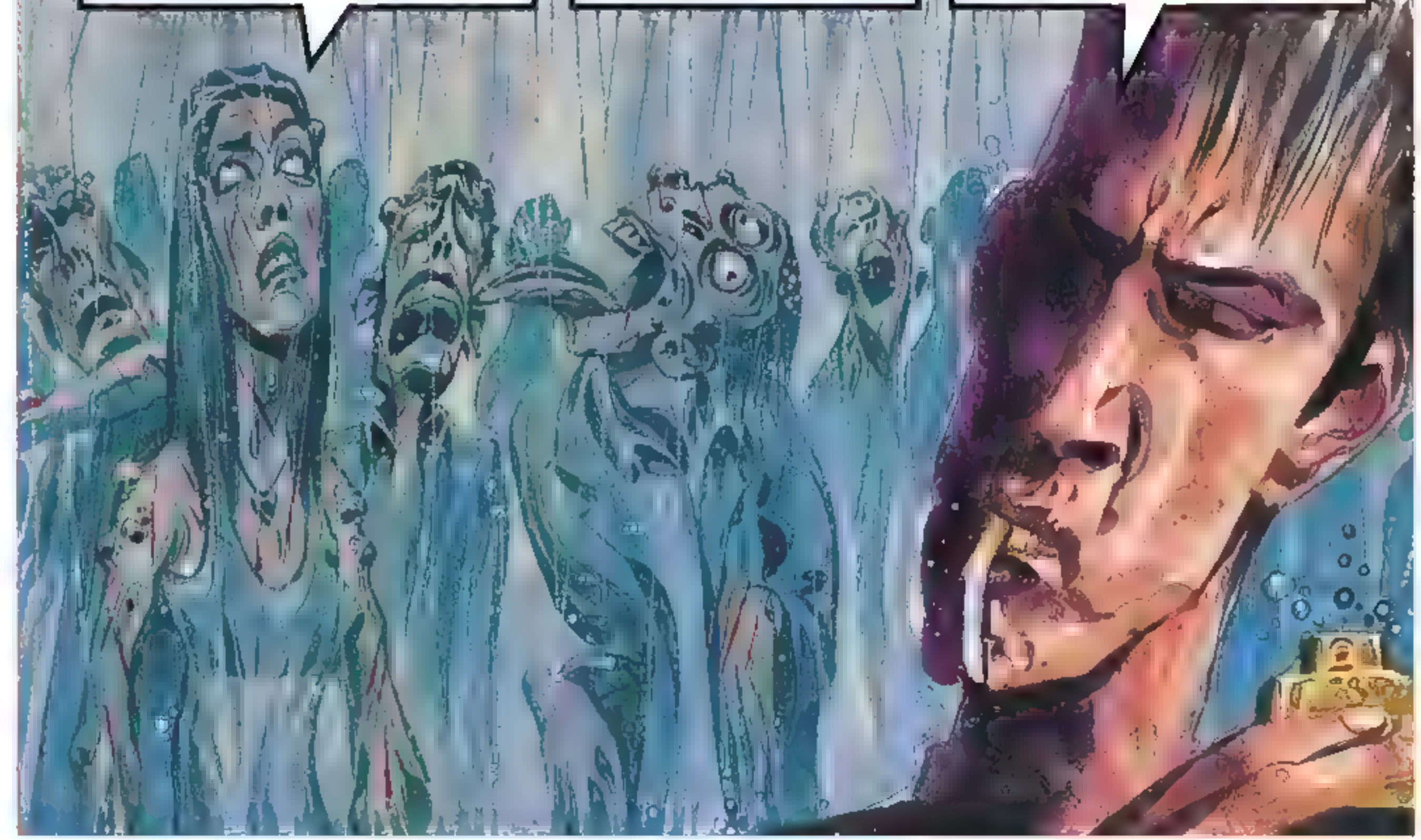


Yum, yum, delicious Red Bull!

Red Bull? I thought only holy water could stop demons like us!

Yeah, but the Catholic Church didn't want to pay for product placement, so we went with Red Bull!

Cough! Hack! There's just one catch to this! With all this liquid spraying, I actually have to stop smoking for 30 seconds!





Listen! That first demon you exorcised was trying to grease the interdimensional entryway for Satan's son! That's not allowed, but the loophole in an alternate Bible lets him cross over to our plane by possessing a psychic, and using her as a conduit! When the first psychic killed herself to thwart the plot, they needed a quick replacement! Luckily, her twin also happened to be psychic! The empath priest's amulet slowed them down, sure, but now they've got her AND the Spear of Destiny!

That makes no sense!  
It does if you've just suffered a massive head injury! Time for me to die now...gack!



Ha Ha! Yes, that's right! The mastermind was ME, the angel Glockenspiel!

Wow, what a shock! There were about eight characters in this movie! Five of them are dead...one of them's the hostage...and one of them is me! It's harder to predict the winner in a game of Rock-Paper-Scissors!



Hello, Constant-theme!  
I knew you'd make a special trip to watch me die!

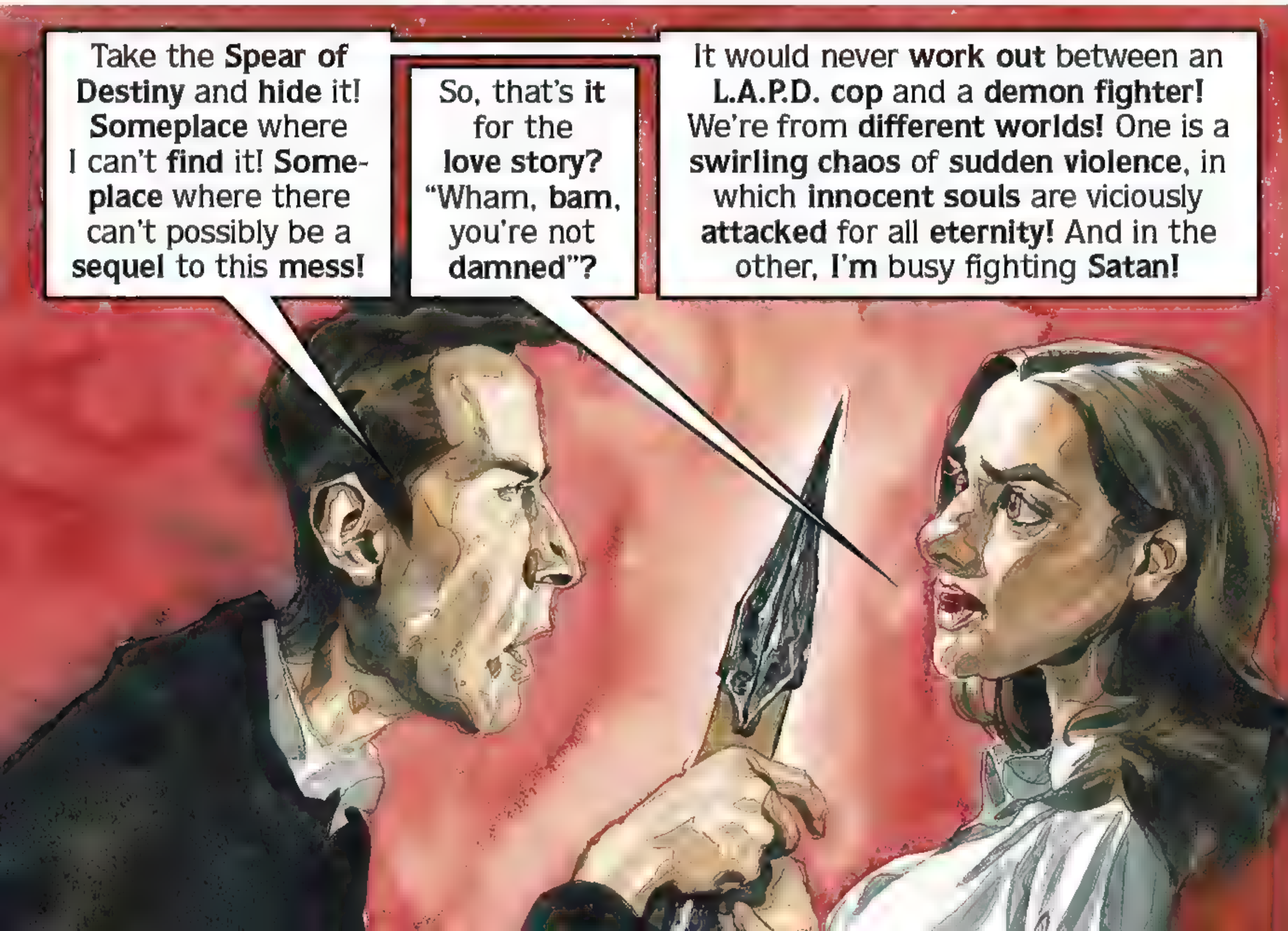
Tch! It's nothing a hundred film critics wouldn't do! But seriously, John, first you electrocute yourself to get information! Then you kill yourself again, to summon me! Why don't you just buy a friggin' Blackberry already?



I get it! By killing yourself, you knew I'd show up and banish my son Moron back to the underworld, and that would finally redeem you and you'd go to heaven rather than hell! Well, if I can't take you to hell with me, I'll heal you so you can't go anywhere at all! It'll be like having a "standby" ticket on a major air carrier!

Ggggyyaaaahhh! You're ripping out my cancerous tumor with your bare hands! What is this?

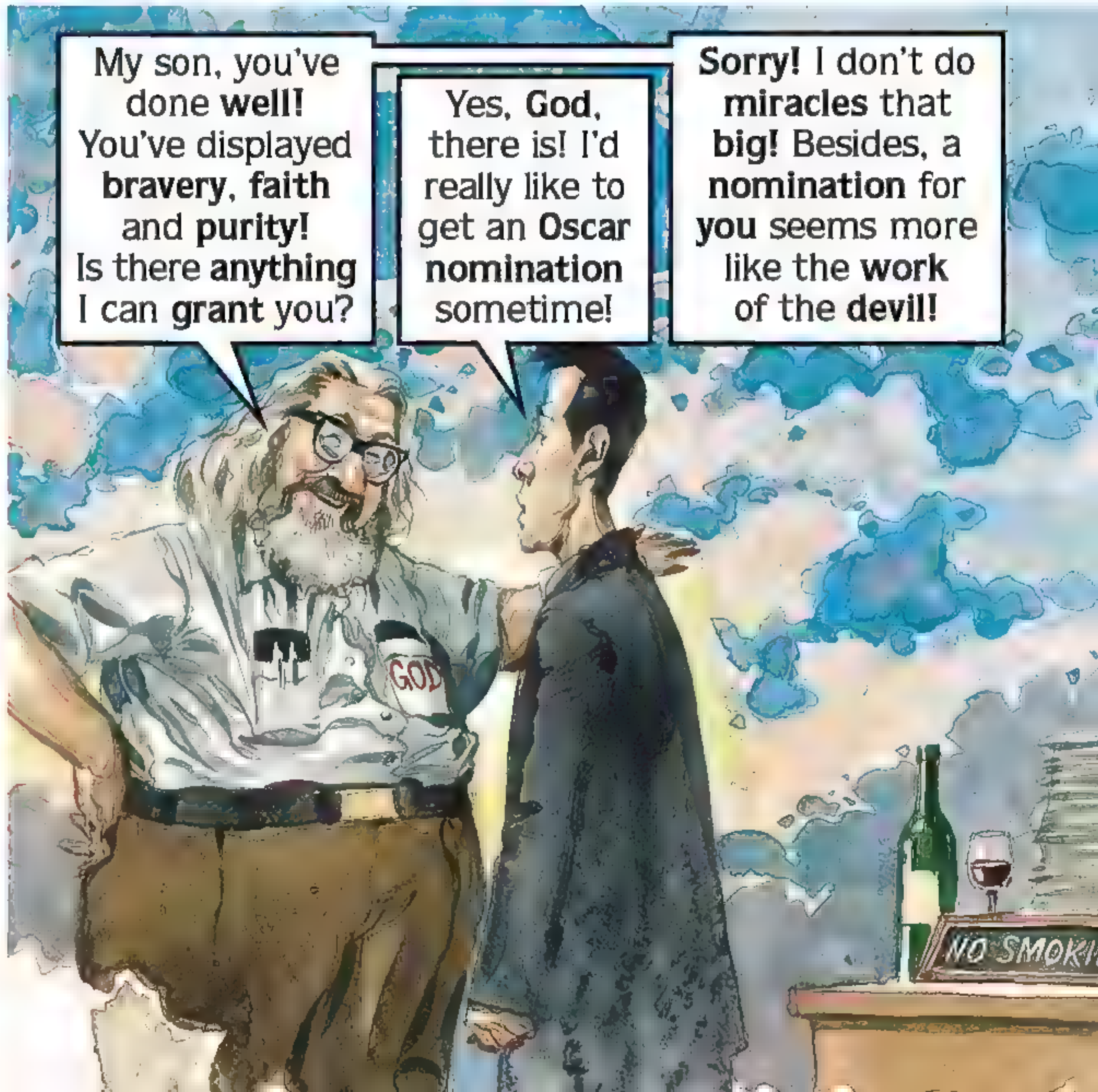
It's the Republicans' new health care plan! That'll be a \$15 co-pay, meatbag!



Take the Spear of Destiny and hide it! Someplace where I can't find it! Someplace where there can't possibly be a sequel to this mess!

So, that's it for the love story? "Wham, bam, you're not damned"?

It would never work out between an L.A.P.D. cop and a demon fighter! We're from different worlds! One is a swirling chaos of sudden violence, in which innocent souls are viciously attacked for all eternity! And in the other, I'm busy fighting Satan!



My son, you've done well! You've displayed bravery, faith and purity! Is there anything I can grant you?

Yes, God, there is! I'd really like to get an Oscar nomination sometime!

Sorry! I don't do miracles that big! Besides, a nomination for you seems more like the work of the devil!



**WHAT DIRE  
SITUATION IS LAW  
ENFORCEMENT  
FAILING TO  
CONTROL?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Between murders, assaults, drugs, prostitution and robbery, fighting street crime has always been difficult for policemen all around the country. However, there is one type of crime that is proving to be tougher to stop than any other. To find out what this particular crime is, fold page in as shown.



**FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!**

**A**

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

**B**

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**POLITICIANS ARE ALWAYS SAYING THAT CRIME AND VICE  
ARE DOWN. BUT CITIZENS WHO'VE BORNE THE  
BRUNT OF VIOLENCE SEE A FUTURE OF INJURY AND FATALITY**

**A**

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

**B**



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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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POLICE

BRUTALITY

**A** **B**



**MAD**



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

